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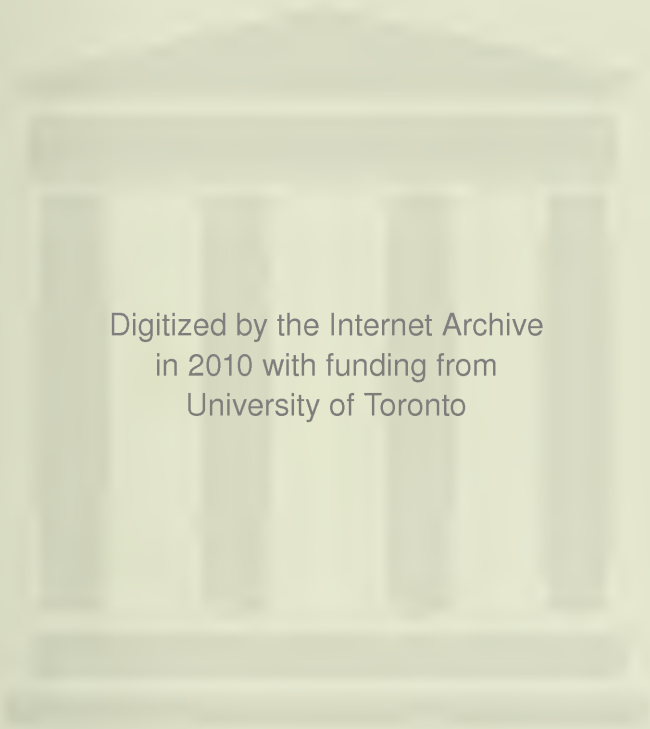

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LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
THOMAS HODGKIN

Thos Hodgkin

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS HODGKIN

FELLOW OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
D.C.L. OXFORD AND DURHAM, D.LITT. DUBLIN

BY
LOUISE CREIGHTON
AUTHOR OF
'LIFE AND LETTERS OF MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D.,' ETC., ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

14 b 877
11/9/18

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1917

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TO THE WIFE AND CHILDREN
WHO WERE THE JOY OF HIS LIFE
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

My object in this book has been to give a portrait of a man, not an account of the various causes in which he was interested, nor even, in the first place, of the work which he actually achieved. I have tried not so much to write about Dr. Hodgkin as to let him tell the story of his own life, and express his ideas and opinions in his own words. This has been made the more possible because it was characteristic of him to love to express himself in writing. He not only wrote many books, pamphlets, and articles, but he had a large and varied correspondence from youth onwards to his ripe old age. For the early part of his life I have had the use of an interesting autobiographical fragment; for the last twenty-five years of a brief daily diary, and also of a yearly summary in which he recorded the leading events and activities of each year. He also kept copious travel journals, but of these I have not made much use except when he went to places not often visited, because they consist in the main of accounts of the things seen, recorded for his own future use, and are not distinguished by special personal traits.

I am most grateful for the generosity with which all this mass of material has been placed at my disposal, and for the kind way in which my request for the loan of his letters has been met by his family and friends. Of course I have to deplore that some of his correspondents have either not been able to find his letters or have not kept them. This has been specially the case with the letters to some of his principal historical correspondents—Viscount Bryce, Professor E. A. Freeman, and Count Ugo Balzani. But from the mass of letters entrusted to me, it has been possible to select enough to show Dr. Hodgkin's many interests and

activities, and to reveal much of his character and disposition.

As a member of another Church it has naturally been impossible for me to explain, as it were from inside, his work and influence in the Society of Friends. Here I have been glad to supplement his own words by the words of others who could write as Friends themselves. I have wished to make clear what his work for the Society was, and what were his opinions as to its position in the Church of Christ, but I have not considered it my business to discuss his opinions, still less to controvert them. My one desire has been to state them fairly, and to let him speak for himself. There is very much that all can learn from a life conscientiously and devotedly lived in accordance with the convictions held, even when complete agreement with those convictions is impossible. No one can fail to be impressed with the earnestness with which Dr. Hodgkin sought the truth, with his devotion to the truth which he believed had been revealed to him, and with his tolerance to those who differed from him. He never provoked controversy, and as it would be difficult to write about him in a controversial spirit, so I hope it will prove equally difficult to read about him in a controversial spirit.

It is obvious that it would have been impossible for me to prepare this book without the constant assistance of Dr. Hodgkin's family. I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the confidence they have shown me and for the help they have generously given me. His sisters, Lady Fry and Mrs. Waterhouse, his brothers, Jonathan and Howard Hodgkin, and his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Fry, have helped me in the same generous spirit as his own children have shown. Amongst all I am bound to single out the two who were nearest to him to the last, his wife and his eldest daughter. They have given ungrudging help, and shown unfailing patience with me in every stage of my work.

For myself I can truly say that not only did I feel it an honour to be asked to write Dr. Hodgkin's life, but it has proved a real refreshment during these three sad years to spend my spare time in company with a man of his temper

and character. I can but hope that the life of one who was essentially a peacemaker, but who could yet speak strong words when necessary in the cause of righteousness, will help others, troubled and dismayed by the difficulties of these dark days, to find refreshment and strength in living at least for a time in a serener atmosphere. We can feel confident that the faith and hope which sustained him all through his life would not have failed him had he lived to pass through the trials which we are called to face. We may not think about them as he might have thought, nor act as he might have acted, but we can face them in his spirit, and so gain something of his trust and hope.

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,
August 30, 1917.

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LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
THOMAS HODGKIN

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

THOMAS HODGKIN was born on July 29, 1831, in Tottenham, then a peaceful country village. His home was in Bruce Grove, a lane turning off from the wide high-road that led to London past the tall elm trees named after the seven sisters by whom they were said to have been planted. Bruce Grove was so called because it was part of an avenue leading up to Bruce Castle. On one side was a row of semi-detached houses, one of which was the home of the Hodgkin family. At the top of the row was a much larger house standing in its own grounds, in which lived Thomas Fowler. Several of the other Bruce Grove houses were also inhabited by members of the Society of Friends, for Tottenham was then the centre of a little Quaker circle.

Thomas's ancestors had belonged to the Society of Friends since its foundation. They were farmers or wool-staplers, leading quiet, industrious lives either at Shutford or Shipston on Stour. Thomas's grandfather, John Hodgkin, preferred learning to business, and with the help of an uncle, aided by his own zeal for study, fitted himself to earn his living as a private tutor, a lucrative occupation in those days. To learn French he travelled in France, then in the throes of revolution, and his vivid account of the scenes he had witnessed used to delight his grandson. He married and settled at Pentonville, moving

in 1815 to the pretty little village of Tottenham. His pupils were chiefly ladies, daughters of wealthy merchants and bankers living in the neighbourhood of London. He rode on horseback to give his lessons, his saddle-bags weighted with books for the use of his pupils. His favourite art was caligraphy, though he taught a great variety of subjects, and he attached much value to beautiful penmanship. He published two books on caligraphy which are still sought after by collectors. The high standard of the family in this matter is shown by the frequent laments of his grandson over his own bad handwriting.

Only two of John Hodgkin's sons lived to grow up. They were educated at home by their father. The elder, Thomas, became a doctor and was a great feature in the lives of his nephews and nieces, known as ' Uncle Doctor ' ; the younger, John, became a successful conveyancer with a large practice. He was eminent as a teacher of law, and his chambers were always full of pupils. But religion was the first interest of his life. After a severe illness he retired at the age of forty-three from professional life, and devoted himself entirely to religious and philanthropic work. He travelled far and wide to minister to different Quaker congregations, and his preaching was greatly valued.

John Hodgkin the younger married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Luke Howard, an eminent member of the Society of Friends. This marriage, in the opinion of his son when he came to review the past, did much for John Hodgkin. He had been brought up rather ' in the repelling, forbidding side of Christianity in the traditional school of Quakerism. It could not be said that the joy of the Lord was their strength, but by learning to know Elizabeth Howard he came out of the bondage of the law into a new world of love and heavenly love and liberty from which he never afterwards removed.'

John Hodgkin describes his wife as ' possessed of strong powers of mind and from an early age fond of study. She was indefatigable in her method of acquiring knowledge, not soon weary, or casting off one pursuit for another.' The Howards lived partly at Tottenham and partly at Ackworth Villa, in Yorkshire.

Thomas, the subject of this memoir, was the second child of his parents. He had one brother, John Eliot, older, and two sisters, Mariabella and Elizabeth, younger, than himself. When he was only four and a half years old his mother died at the birth of her fifth child, who survived her only a few days. Thomas was passionately attached to her, and she was a living memory to him all through his life. Till his own death he never failed to keep the anniversary of her death. In an autobiographical fragment written in his old age he says :

My earliest years were full of happiness because I had my dear mother's love round me night and day. 'Dear Mamma !' how I loved her. I do not remember ever having seen a cloud upon her face, ever having heard from her one vexed or chilling word. . . . I enjoyed even the drudgery of the spelling book because she taught me. I have been told that when I was a very little fellow I complained that I was often being talked to about 'our heavenly Father,' and nothing was said about a heavenly Mother. One day I heard my father read 'Jerusalem which is from above is free, which is the Mother of us all !' They say that I shouted with delight because I had at last found something in the Bible about the heavenly Mother.

Seventy-seven years after his mother's death he wrote :

I was only four years old when my dear mother was taken from us, and most truly I felt at the time that the light of my life went out of it with her. I don't think anyone can tell what a child's grief at the loss of its mother can be, who has not as a child experienced it.

He remembered his mother as wearing the Friends' high muslin cap, but she did not dress in the extreme of the old Quaker fashion.

It was a home full of love and happiness. One and a half years before her death Elizabeth Hodgkin wrote, 'Few have to tell of five years of such unvarying sunshine in wedlock' ; and in her last letter, written when her elder boy was away with his aunt, she said, 'Dear fellow, how I have missed him all day . . . never pity me for being surrounded by these little busy, noisy but entwining beings.'

Very few days after she had written these words, she was taken from the husband and children she loved so well. One by one the three who were at home were lifted up to say farewell to her. To Thomas she said :

Dear little Thomas, does he know mamma is going away and he will never see her again here ? Will he pray every night and strive to be a good boy and come to her in heaven ? He has to struggle with his little naughty tempers. He must try to do what he knows he ought to do, and when he does not succeed he must try again.

Amongst those who tended her on her death-bed was the children's nurse, Betsy Hitchcock, and as she thanked her for her faithful service she said, ' I hope thou wilt stay with the children as long as thy master needs thee.' With faithfulness and devotion Betsy fulfilled the trust laid upon her.

The six months after his mother's death were a blank in Thomas's memory, continuous remembrance only began with him at the age of five. His mother's encompassing love had smoothed all difficulties, afterwards he remembers constant friction with brother, nurse or governess or grandfather. His grandfather had come to live with them some years before on the death of his wife, and as he was an invalid there may have been times when he found the liveliness of the children a little overpowering. Thomas had an impetuous temper, and, accustomed to the understanding sympathy of his mother, he now often felt himself misunderstood and unjustly dealt with. He speaks of his little life as being often a battle and a hard one, and of the little nurse Betsy—she was a tiny woman—as having often ' sheltered the children from the harsh treatment of unsympathising goodness.' Close at hand in Bruce Grove was his dearly loved aunt, that ' angel of loving kindness,' Rachel Howard, the wife of his mother's brother. He describes her as the very incarnation of kindness and all but a mother to them. She constantly looked in to see how the motherless little ones were getting on, she never failed to remember their birthdays, and endeared herself to them by constant acts of kindness. To be under her care, he said, was to be

'in the freshest and most fragrant of clover.' When she died in 1892 he wrote, 'One feels as if heaven itself would be more heavenly when she entered it.' John Hodgkin was overwhelmed with his own sorrow, but he tried to do all in his power to fill a mother's place to his children. He visited each child at night in its crib, spending ten minutes with each in talk and prayer, and anxiously watched and noted their development, especially in spiritual graces. But with all his fond and anxious love John Hodgkin was not one of those who had much natural understanding of children, or knew how to play with them, and the little ones stood rather in awe of him. Tommy's loving nature enabled him to get over this awe, and he was evidently his father's pride and delight. As the years went on, the relation between them grew closer and closer, till he could write, 'The affection between us was filial, brotherly and next to conjugal affection and confidence.'

Thomas Hodgkin's religious feelings were early developed; he was a conscientious child and took a very intelligent interest in religious subjects. Indeed, as one reads his father's notes of early religious talks with this child of six, it would seem that only great natural simplicity and sincerity of character can have saved him from growing up either a hypocrite or a prig; but, as one very close to him in his young life says, 'his thoughts seemed to be always white.' He is described as a very handsome and attractive child, with bright complexion and curly hair which caused him to be much admired. In later years he was greatly pleased when on visiting an old friend of his mother's she said to him, 'Thou art just like thy mother. I heard her voice in thine over and over again.' He was very affectionate and lively, often in mischief, not from naughtiness but from childish spirits, his quick temper too sometimes led him into scrapes; always easily pacified, he never bore malice. From childhood he loved reading of all kinds. Milton was a great favourite from the day when he being about ten years old, his father read to his two boys the first book of 'Paradise Lost.' Thomas listened spell-bound. 'Paradise Lost' became to him for some years not only 'a glorious poem but a secondary revelation.' He set

himself at eleven years old to learn it by heart, and learned about twenty lines a day till, when he had mastered somewhat more than the two first books, something made him desist.

The early education of the Hodgkin children was entrusted to a young governess, Rachel Stickney. Thomas describes her as 'a good conscientious woman much too sadly in earnest about everything to understand the quick changing lights and shadows of childhood's sky.'

There was at that time a religious movement going on in the Society of Friends, which led some of its members to join the Plymouth Brethren. John Hodgkin was bound by many strong ties to those who held the advanced evangelical views of the Brethren, but his whole-hearted allegiance was given to the Society in which he was born. The religious discussions of the time were full of interest to Thomas, who even as a child had a taste for theological questions. The children's governess, Rachel Stickney, was attracted by the teaching of the Brethren, and her Calvinistic tendencies made her take an exceedingly gloomy view of any childish naughtiness, but she was too loyal to John Hodgkin to sever in any outward way her connexion with the Society of Friends whilst in his house. If her religion tended to make her severe, her other gifts helped to compensate for this. Thomas remembered gratefully her interest in history, and his reading of Mrs. Markham's 'History of England' with her was the happiest lesson in the week. When he was ten, they read Robertson's 'History of Charles V,' reading it as they walked through the fields together.

John Hodgkin was determined that his sons should be good classical scholars, and Thomas began Latin at five. At that early age he was once taken up out of bed, where he had been lying ill with influenza for three days, and made to learn the indicative of *amo*, a serious interference, he considered, with the rights of an invalid. The boys were taught by an old French *émigré*, who had taught their father and uncle and also their mother. They learned by heart the Latin rules in the old Eton grammar, with only the faintest comprehension of what it was all about. Their next master was a Presbyterian minister—tall, silent,

JOHN HODGKIN AND HIS CHILDREN

1839

From an oil painting by Julius Sperling

unapproachable, but a good teacher. When Thomas was nine it was arranged that he and his brother with four other boys belonging to the Society should form a class and be educated together. The class met at the big house at the end of Bruce Grove, the home of one of the boys, Robert Nicholas Fowler.[1] There were two tutors, one an Irishman, William Aherne, who grounded the boys carefully in classics but filled these gently nurtured children with terror by his wild outbursts of fury and abuse. Like children they never complained and the parents never knew, but the unhappy man ended by going out of his mind. The other tutor, a kindly but unimpressive man, brought competition into the class and made the boys take places. Thomas, who was one of the younger ones, was generally third or fourth and only once bottom to his great mortification. He recalled these days as very happy ; the boys played games, chiefly rounders and hockey ; in later life he regretted that he was taught nothing about birds and wild flowers. He was full of Biblical knowledge, and at the age of ten read Macaulay's Essays with rapture.

In 1842, at his evening visit to his sons, John Hodgkin, sitting between the two boys' beds, told them that he was going to marry again. Later, when the children visited their future stepmother, Ann Backhouse, at her home in Darlington, she told the boys she would love them dearly for their father's sake and make them as happy as she could. Thomas became devotedly attached to her, and calls her ' the kindest and sweetest tempered of women.' She was sadly delicate and had to lead very much the life of an invalid, but her presence brought order to the family which had missed a mother's care. She introduced the custom of a ' settlement ' in the evening, gathering the children together into the drawing-room, a plan at first rather resented by them. Thomas occupied himself in these evening hours with drawing out genealogies of the Kings of England, genealogies being then ' the master passion of his soul.'

It was only for a little over two years that the gentle presence of this much loved stepmother brightened the

[1] Late member for the City of London and twice Lord Mayor.

children's lives. When she died in 1845, leaving one son, Jonathan Backhouse, Thomas mourned her almost as much as his own mother.

In looking back, Thomas Hodgkin recalls the atmosphere in which he grew up as 'charged with controversy but very genuinely religious. Governess, nurse, and tutors were all alike men and women who were honestly trying to follow Christ, though they may sometimes have forgotten how hard it was for the little creatures whose hands they were holding to keep up with their longer steps.' His recollections of the Tottenham meeting were not on the whole weary, though the morning meeting lasted nearly two hours and the evening meeting an hour and a half. He writes:

Beautiful in my remembrance were the quiet meetings on Sunday evening. The light of the setting sun often streamed in through the windows, making light-pictures on the opposite wall which from the flaws and streaks in the badly finished glass bore the shapes of twisted columns, and brought to my mind imaginations of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

There was a 'lively ministry' in Tottenham meeting-house, but though as an old man Thomas Hodgkin could recall the faces and even the voices of many who gathered there, it is not strange that of all the earnest discourses he heard there during twenty years and even of 'the powerful, well-reasoned sermons' of his father he could remember scarcely anything. Yet even if a good deal of day dreaming went on in his childish brain, he believed that the children all understood the meaning of silent worship and in their little way practised it.

Many of the happiest remembrances of their childhood were connected with their visits to Ackworth Villa, the home of their mother's parents. It was a little heaven for them. There, surrounded by the delicious country sights and sounds and smells, they learned the indescribable charm of the real country. The drawing-room at Ackworth had been painted *in tempera* by an Italian artist, and the dancing, flower-wreathed Graces, the shepherd playing on his flute, the vine-covered trellises, which opened for him a door into

THOMAS HODGKIN

1839

From an oil painting by Julius Sperling

whole regions of beauty and mystery, are believed by Thomas to have called forth that love for Italy which so powerfully influenced his life.

The grandparents and the other relations young and old who gathered there added to the joys of the life at Ackworth. The grandfather, Luke Howard, is described as an impulsive man of genius, very popular with his grandchildren because he never fussed or scolded. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and one of the founders of the science of meteorology, and made a special study of the shapes of clouds. The names which he gave to them have been generally adopted by meteorologists. Thomas thought 'that the clouds seemed to gather in their most beautiful shapes round their namer's dwelling, like the beasts round Adam.' He loved to think of him standing in the verandah and watching the dear clouds, the study of which was the delight of Luke Howard's life. The grandmother, dressed in the old Quaker fashion, always wore a dark silk gown with a white muslin kerchief folded across her chest; her calm face spoke of a deep inward peace which did not allow her to be worried by the things of time. She was not a petting or a spoiling grandmother, but all the same the children loved her. There were not only the joys of the country at the Villa, but a library, which showed the broad and liberal tastes of its collector, in which Thomas often spent pleasant hours. To him Ackworth was 'the home of many happy memories.'

In the spring of 1844 Thomas and his brother Eliot were sent to the school at Grove House, Tottenham, which had been founded in 1828 for the sons of 'Friends in comfortable circumstances.' The Schoolhouse was a fine old red brick building standing surrounded by spacious grounds on the Great North Road. The headmaster, Thomas Binns, a thoroughly good conscientious man, desired first of all to make Christian gentlemen of his pupils. Though Binns was a little punctilious about trifles, Thomas Hodgkin held that this was probably useful to him and his brother, 'who had scrambled up into boyhood in a long motherless home.' A born ruler, he made a point of trusting his boys, and they feared him and not one ever dared to take liberties with him. He had a morbid dread of emulation, and did

not allow the boys to take places, which made their work 'dull and spiritless.' 'After the somewhat stimulating atmosphere of the class' Thomas felt that he had passed into a different and lazier world and that a slacker hand was upon the reins. A little Frenchman, an ex-officer of Napoleon's, gave one of the pleasantest and most useful lessons in the school, holding a free and easy conversation class in French at which he encouraged the boys to ask questions and accustomed them to the sound of a foreign language. Another school practice, of which Thomas felt the value in after life, was the weekly recitation. This took place whilst the boys were engaged in map making or mechanical drawing. Each in turn had to recite a piece of prose or poetry. This not only stored their minds with fine literature, but gave them a certain self-confidence. Thomas did well at this recitation, and he believed that it helped him later in preaching and speaking. Of history teaching at school there was practically none; he kept up his own study of history because he loved it.

Thomas enjoyed hockey, one of the few games he learned to play pretty well, but at cricket he says he was always 'an incurable muff,' and never arrived at being able to throw a ball decently overhand. The boys were not taught to swim, though they occasionally bathed in the river Lee on summer days.

Thomas says that his 'uncle doctor' watched the progress of his two nephews at school as the trainer in a racing stable watches his colts. Neither he nor their father considered the classical teaching at Grove House up to the standard they desired for the boys, and determined before long to send them elsewhere. They were sent for by their uncle to have their proficiency in the classics tested by Professor Malden, and he decided that they were quite fit to enter University College, London. So Eliot went there in 1845, and Thomas followed the next year when he was only a little over fifteen.

Before going to College, Thomas had his first experience in foreign travel, a great epoch in the life of one to whom in later years travel was a source of never-ending interest and enjoyment. The father and uncle took the two boys

for a six weeks' trip on the Continent, during which they covered much ground. They went up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence to Switzerland and on to the Tyrol, going down the Danube to Vienna. They came back to Trieste and thence to Venice, Verona, and Milan, and home by Como over the Alps. On looking back, Thomas felt that the travelling was too hard for health and the highest kind of enjoyment, but in his recollection enjoyment far outweighed fatigue. His uncle had a theory that travelling was itself a kind of fever and should be treated with low diet, a severe theory to be applied to two growing lads. Some of the incidents of this journey which stayed in his memory show how his historic sense was already developing, for he remembered that they attended a session of the Swiss Federal Diet at Lucerne and heard a discussion on the admission of the Jesuits into Switzerland. He saw the Austrians 'lording it in Venice,' and felt there was thunder in the air. Europe was preparing for 1848. No later journeys, however extensive or interesting, blotted out for him the recollection of this first one, which in old age he wrote of as remaining in his memory 'the greatest landmark of foreign travel.'

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE LIFE

Soon after his return from his first continental journey, Thomas began his life at University College, London. Oxford and Cambridge were in those days closed to Friends by the existence of religious tests. He was only fifteen, and he believed that he would have gained much by two more years at school. Especially he regretted the interruption in his mathematical studies, and it remained one of the disappointments of his life that he never got fairly into the Differential Calculus though he just stepped on to the threshold.

Looking back he saw that he was much too young to have the whole responsibility of his education thrown upon him. He wrote:

At school I was happy and free from care: I had a capital place, in fact near the top, in the studies of the place: and though I was a muff at most games (not at hockey), still I was undoubtedly one of the *Dii majorum gentium*, and enjoyed, not too keenly I think, the feeling of power which my position gave me. At College I was of course at first nobody, but that did not matter so much as the awful weight of care which came upon me. I was ambitious and conscientious. I wanted to please my dear father, and I knew that I was entered for a race which my backers keenly desired that I should win. But this knowledge and the dingy aspect of my surroundings in Gower Street and Hampstead Road (for I was still at heart a country boy), and the far too mature and grave character of the men with whom I at first lodged, all made the early years of my college life a time of depression and joylessness. I do not think that the care of business when I was one of a firm responsible to the public for millions, or the cares of a family when the

delicacy of wife or child have made me most anxious, have ever weighed on my spirits more heavily than the cares of my own education between 1846 and 1848.

There were distinguished teachers at University College in those days. 'Towering up intellectually above all his fellows was the mathematician Augustus De Morgan.' Of him Hodgkin said that he was 'one of the grandest figures' he had ever known. In the qualities of essential greatness, breadth and keenness of intellect, purity and nobleness of soul' he had known few to compare with him. Then there was 'the refined, soft-voiced' Professor of Greek, Henry Malden, who to those who had 'the privilege of sitting at his feet as pupils, represented the highest ideal of accurate, graceful, sympathetic scholarship.' Hodgkin felt that to have heard 'Malden lecture on a play of Sophocles or give a dissertation on the Dionysiac festivals in order to illustrate an oration of Demosthenes was one of the highest privileges of his intellectual life, giving him a conception of accuracy and finish in philological studies' of which he would otherwise have been destitute. But this accuracy and finish were rather disheartening to students engaged in preparing for an examination. Hodgkin recalls a year when they had to get up the first six books of the Iliad. Malden proposed to read them with his class. The first line of the Iliad occupied the first lecture; the word *οὐλομένην* the second and half the third. Even though the Professor was induced to quicken his pace, he did not get through the whole of the first book, but the impression made by his scholarship on Hodgkin's mind remained for life. The Latin professor was Francis Henry Newman, 'a brilliant, rapid and audacious teacher, who did not easily get into touch with the minds of the students.' He attempted to get them to adopt the Italian sound of the vowels in reading Horace, but this was intensely unpopular, though Hodgkin never ceased to be grateful to him for the new understanding which this pronunciation gave him of the glory of the Horatian stanza.[1]

[1] These recollections of the professors are taken from an address given by Dr. Hodgkin on *University College Fifty Years Ago.*

During the first part of his college life, Hodgkin lodged in Hampstead Road with two medical students, one of whom was Joseph Lister, afterwards Lord Lister, the famous surgeon, who was then a member of the Society of Friends. Both were several years older than Hodgkin, who sometimes longed for companions nearer his own age. Of Joseph Lister he records that he was then, as he remained through life, the embodiment of gentle and modest wisdom; always kind and condescending to his young companion, he yet seemed to dwell apart, remote from all men. He astonished them all by standing up one day at the Friends' Meeting and uttering the words, 'I will be with thee and keep thee: fear thou not.' This conduct in those days seemed to be 'something awful, ascetic, in so young a man which quite cut him off from his contemporaries and from the world of common men.'

A considerable part of the long vacation of 1847 was spent by Thomas in Dublin with his father. Irish Quakerism was at that time in a very dead-alive condition. The distress caused by the famine had helped to rouse men to their religious needs, and John Hodgkin, commissioned by the English Friends to carry relief to their starving brethren in Ireland, brought welcome help both to their physical and spiritual distress. He made three religious journeys to Ireland, visiting families, as is the custom of the ministers among the Friends, and attending meetings. On such occasions he delighted in having Thomas as a companion. In the summer they stayed together with Friends in Dublin, where the father spent the day in unhurried visits to the families of the Friends belonging to the large Meeting in Dublin,whilst Thomas pursued his studies under the guidance of a Fellow of Trinity College. In Dublin, Thomas saw the funeral of Daniel O'Connell, 'a dismal but impressive sight,' pass through the narrow streets, and witnessed a contested election for the representation of Trinity College. It was a memorable scene to the boy, who watched the proceedings with eager eyes. The hustings were erected in the College Hall, which 'reeked with Orangeism, and the only question was who could most effectually proclaim his

hatred to the Pope and his devotion to the glorious memory of William III,' and 'all day long the tide of angry declamation flowed.'

After about a year and a half in London lodgings, it was arranged that Thomas should live at home and go in to College every day either riding or by train. He made the journeys to and fro with other Tottenham students, of whom William Fowler and Samuel L. Fox were then and afterwards his chief friends. But of all college friends the closest was Edward Fry, some years older than himself, who came up to College in 1848. In spite of difference of age and great diversity of temperament, the two students, in Hodgkin's words, 'at once struck fire,' and the long friendship began which lasted through life. They generally lunched and spent the afternoons together in Fry's rooms.

Hodgkin started his college career with a great ambition to win prizes. In his first year he won the junior Latin prize, and in the second year the senior Latin and the history prizes. He speaks of himself as having got thoroughly into the prize-hunting spirit, in consequence of which he entered his name for more classes than he could properly undertake. The inevitable result was a severe break-down in health; he was 'like one who had drowned himself in lectures and classes.' He dragged through listless, lazy afternoons in Fry's rooms, then some weeks had to be spent in bed, and finally a month or more at Tunbridge Wells. After this there was a second visit (1849) to Ireland with his sisters and their governess, whilst his father was again engaged in his travelling ministrations and also in courting the Irish lady who was to become his third wife. Thomas was not really in a fit state of health for study; it was an unhealthy year and cholera had reached Dublin. The sudden death from it of a Dublin Friend weighed on the boy's mind; religious faith did not help him, and he was depressed with fears of death. He should no doubt have been leading a healthy, open air life instead of trying to study the higher Mathematics under a tutor who was 'a little too quick for him and did not wait to be sure that he understood one process before he went on to another, so that

he continually felt himself like a man running after a dog, the tail of which is perpetually vanishing round a corner.' The following letter belongs to this time :

To Edward Fry.

8 Windsor Terrace, Kingston : September 1849.

. . . Thou accusest me of being engaged in the pursuit of abstract truth, a charge to which I must plead not guilty except as regards the abstract truths relating to the extent of my own ignorance and slowness of comprehension, of which I am daily more convinced by my attempts at studying Mathematics. The mechanical operations of the early parts of Diff. Cal. I have quite begun to enjoy, but reasoning, especially De Morgan's on the principles thereof, ' do puzzle me sore.' . . . I should much like to hear thy opinions about Aristotle. Of course his accuracy of thought and style when he is expounding his own views, and the clearness with which he shows in what the precise error of popular views consists, and his method of separating from a question those parts which do not properly belong to it, narrowing his circle as he proceeds till at length he sees the object of his enquiry within his grasp ; all this will have peculiar charms for one so fond of preciseness in reasoning as thyself, but at the same time I imagine that his material and worldly conceptions of the *summum bonum* and his evident want of appreciation of Plato's sublimest ideas will not suit thee at all.

I am very much obliged to thee for having begun to read Southey, and I hope that it has not been all toil and no pleasure to thee. Roderick is the first of his poems that I read. . . . When on the 7th day afternoon we came home from school to spend our half holiday, Eliot and I used generally to go a walk with our cousin S. Howard, and then when the two others were regaling themselves with cigars, I, not being unfortunately like thyself one of the smoking tribe, used to regale myself with Roderick. Besides the beauty of the poetry, it had a peculiar charm for me, as I had before met with most of the persons therein in the aforesaid Spanish history, and therefore the names sounded like those of old friends.

The winter that followed was dull and depressing for Thomas ; he was not allowed to study regularly, and did

not know what to do instead. A long visit to Falmouth helped to restore him to some measure of health.

He had paid his first visit there in the spring of 1848, staying with Barclay Fox and his wife, the sister of John Hodgkin's second wife. Barclay Fox, the friend of John Sterling and the brother of Anna Maria and Caroline Fox, a poet and a man of culture, took kindly interest in the young student ; he advised him in his reading and treated him like a younger brother. Of his two wonderful sisters, who were judged by Thomas to be sarcastic and critical, he was a little afraid at that time, though he fully appreciated them later. In his old age he recalled the first Sunday spent at Falmouth, when Barclay Fox drove him in behind a swift pony to meeting.

As we walked over the little hill by the meeting house we met the Wodehouse Place party (the Fox family) coming towards us, and I was introduced to Minnie, between whom and my sister Bessie there existed a romantic friendship, kept up by letters, though they had not yet met. Barclay of course made a great point of my shaking hands with this '*amie inconnue*,' who came forward to greet me with her lovely smile. What I remember best in Falmouth meeting is the venerable old lady, Elizabeth Fox, sitting at its head with her son Robert Were Fox on her right and her daughter-in-law on her left, all of course in 'the plain dress' but very good of its kind. Then after meeting all the members of the family adjourned to the Bank House, where the stately little matriarch of the clan held a kind of levée which the young visitor was permitted to attend. It was to me beautiful to see the sort of knightly and filial *hommage* which those strong middle-aged men paid to the slight figured but erect ancestress, evidently a woman accustomed to be obeyed.

This first short visit to Falmouth was followed by a much longer one when he was asked by Barclay Fox to go down to recruit his health. The memory of the interesting and enkindling talks with his host, when amongst other things they discussed Kingsley's novel 'Yeast' which had recently appeared, lingered in his mind in connexion with this visit, and perhaps even more the delight of the visits

to the charming group of sisters in Wodehouse Place, where, as their father remarked with a sly look, he could be found by those who wanted him 'among the maidens.' The little girl who grew up to be the companion of his life, then 'a charming fawn-like child,' was too young to share in the happy intercourse of her grown-up sisters and their friends.

It was about this time that the 'uncle doctor,' a bachelor of some fifty years standing, to the great surprise and amusement of the little Quaker world, married a lady whom her nephew described as a buxom widow. It proved a very happy marriage and an unmixed advantage to Thomas, who often stayed at their house in London during his college days. There was another wedding in the family a few months afterwards, when Thomas's father married the beautiful young Irish Friend whom he had been courting for several months. This marriage made a great change in his children's lives. The six children who were born to her were never allowed to interfere with Elizabeth Hodgkin's anxious desire to make 'her step-children's happiness after her husband's the main object of her life.' She was especially fond of Thomas, and in her he says he found 'a most loving and faithful counsellor and friend, one who did not shrink from telling me gently and kindly of my faults and who put her hand in mine and walked close beside me through the deep waters of sorrow that I had soon to enter.'

There was much pleasant companionship at Tottenham for the young people in those days. The little circle there was thought by outside Friends to be rather alarmingly exclusive and clever. The young people were certainly brilliant, intelligent, and far from solemn. Some twenty of them formed themselves into an Essay Society, which met monthly at the home of one of the members. Each must bring to the meeting what they called his 'Ticket of admission,' an essay or a poem of some sort. Some of these, according to Hodgkin, were extremely shoddy performances, but many of the members thought over their essay during the month of preparation, and produced either a little chapter of history or an appreciation of some favourite

Thomas Hodgkin and his father

1850

poet, or sometimes a really brilliant little bit of verse. The essays were all read at the meeting. They were unsigned, and the author had to look as unconcerned as possible while his essay was being read. It was far from being an altogether serious meeting, and was often enlivened by Thomas's ringing laugh and by the puns he delighted to make. Of the poems, those by the two Hodgkin sisters were, in their brother's opinion, incomparably the best. Of these an 'Ode to Tobacco' was later attributed to Calverley and published by one of his friends in 'Temple Bar' as his. Thomas himself sometimes wrote verses, sometimes serious essays dealing with history or social philosophy, and sometimes one of those hastily scribbled 'shoddy' papers only intended to be a 'Ticket of admission.' From the first he showed great ease in writing both prose and verse, and he believed that the essay meeting was useful in giving him 'a certain flexibility of style and counteracting any tendency to a ponderous and pedantic way of writing.'

Ill health had largely destroyed Thomas's hopes of a brilliant University career. When after the first break in his studies he returned to College in 1849 he found that he had lost ground irrecoverably, and he did not do well in the examinations. It was in connexion with these or similar examinations that he overheard a friend saying, 'Poor Hodgkin, I am so sorry for him.' The 'poor Hodgkin' stung and always remained with him as an experience of 'the agony of being pitied.' In his concluding session he did better. He attended fewer classes, and gained a prize in the History of Philosophy class and a prize for an English Essay on 'the Study of History with special reference to Herodotus and Tacitus.' He took much trouble with this essay, some of which 'was written in an absurdly Aristotelian style.' He attached special value to the prize because it was awarded by A. H. Clough, whose small class on Aristotle he and Edward Fry had been attending, lectures which he looked back upon as '(with the possible exception of De Morgan's lectures) the most stimulating and fruitbearing of his whole College course.' Clough brought to his pupils the result of the best Oxford teaching. Of him Hodgkin wrote:

He often used the Socratic method, and invited us to discuss in dialogue with him the debateable points raised by Aristotle; wonderful in a way did he bring thus out the sometimes half hidden meaning of the author. I used sometimes to feel that he must have been standing by Aristotle's elbow whilst he was writing his Ethics and must have constantly asked him, 'Tell me, oh sage! what is the meaning of this δὲ or why didst thou say μὲν οὖν?'

In the last autumn of his college life Hodgkin went for a rambling trip through Germany, going up the Rhine and visiting interesting cities in Franconia. He enjoyed the beautiful old cathedrals and their services, 'the pretty little acolytes swinging about the censers which diffuse such a delightful smell over the whole building,' and wondered, in a letter to Edward Fry, whether incense were very expensive, 'for if not I should like to start some myself occasionally, there is something so truly gorgeous about its half musty, half sleepy smell.' He came home to prepare for his dreaded B.A., at which he was 'really beginning to anticipate a pluck or at least a second division in reward for a most ill-timed and ill-advised season of pleasuring.'

In November 1851 he went up for his degree. He had taken five years over his undergraduate course, the result partly of his extreme youth at the beginning and partly of his frequent breaks-down in health. The difficulty of this examination at the London University lay in the many subjects that had to be offered. To prepare a large number of dissimilar subjects for one examination seemed to him like driving eight horses abreast and keeping them all at the same level. He did well in the Examination for Honours in Classics, just failing to win the scholarship, for which he was bracketed second. The last year of college life was made memorable by the Great Exhibition of 1851, the particular charm of which Hodgkin recalls as consisting in 'the sort of open air character which clung to it. There were several tall elms saved from the hand of the destroyer under its high-arched roof of glass. In them the fowls of the air had their habitation. There has never been another exhibition like it since nor will there be again.'

It was perhaps the visits of friends and relations which were the chief excitement and charm of the Exhibition to Londoners. For the Tottenham circle no visitors were more charming than the ' beautiful trio from Wodehouse Place, Rachel, Charlotte and Minnie Fox, in all the first bloom of their girlish loveliness and wearing the most enchanting little Quaker bonnets.'

CHAPTER III

DISAPPOINTED HOPES

From very early boyhood Thomas's tastes had marked him out as his father's destined successor in his profession of the law. It had been a delight to him to look forward to this, and his college studies had been in part directed to this end. Whilst still at College he began to eat his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, where he delighted to hear the Chaplain, Frederick Denison Maurice, say the Grace before meat 'in a voice so reverent that he made it sound like a glorious sermon.'

Before actually beginning his legal career his father sent him into the city for six months to see something of business life and get an idea of book-keeping, which was of great use to him in after life. In the evenings at home he studied law treatises with diligence. He thoroughly enjoyed the 'pure undiluted Blackstone,' but felt Stephen's additions to Blackstone 'rather like chipped straw as an article of diet,' whilst Fearnes' 'Contingent Remainders' impressed him as 'the ideal of a legal treatise.' Under his father's direction he began to lay the foundations of a little legal library of his own.

To Edward Fry. Tottenham: 27. xii. 51.

I am just launching out on an entirely new sea, one over which I shall be sailing for the best part of my future life. Just at first to be sure it was awfully dry, but now that I am beginning to recognise some of the technical terms when I meet them again, as acquaintances, it is really acquiring a sort of interest. And besides I am determined that no law reading shall be dry to me.

After a happy vacation spent at Falmouth, Paradise as it seemed to him, he came to London and entered the

chambers of Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, a Quaker conveyancer in Lincoln's Inn. An event of those days was the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. He watched the impressive sight from a window, 'all the great warriors not of England only but of Europe, riding by in solemn pomp, and most striking of all the plain black liveried groom leading the masterless steed.'

Three months after this Hodgkin's legal studies were brought to an unexpected end. He had an epileptic seizure in Bevan Braithwaite's chambers. The effect on him at the time can best be described in his own words, written many years later:

So all my future vanished, and as I have said in a little poem on the Death of Iphitus, an Athenian athlete smitten down by hæmorrhage from the lungs,

> Ambition, love and all the Life of Living
> With that red tide for ever ebbed away.

I looked forward to what seemed an illimitable future of dreary purposeless existence and wished that I was near the end of the dismal journey. Happily no faintest temptation to end my own life has ever assailed me, but I can truly say that I know what the fear of life is, and that it is far more terrible than the fear of death.

But all that was made up to me a thousand-fold by the awakened consciousness that God is and that God loves me. I am afraid that I had been for a long time practically living without God in the world. Now the Father drew unutterably near to me, told me that He loved me, told me that it is true that whom He loveth He chasteneth, and yet that like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. All the real happiness of my middle life and old age, all the little help, far too little—that I have ever been able to render to the faith of my brethren comes from that fierce fire of chastisement. And these long years which I looked forward to with such indescribable dread, wishing that they could be blotted out of the number of the years, have been rich in blessing, full of overflowing happiness.

Before he could again be without cruel anxiety for the future, fifteen years had to pass, during which it was

impossible to be free from dread of this great affliction. It coloured all his life and at times seemed likely quite to ruin it, yet it did not really take away all the joy of living. His letters written at this time are often deeply melancholy and give the impression of a sad and broken life, but contemporary records as well as the memories of those who knew him at that time, speak of him as full of fun and merriment, and as during his whole youth, the life of the young people at Tottenham. His brilliant talk, his flow of fun, his exceptional charm of manner and appearance are what his contemporaries remember and spoke of to their children. He was the leader of the younger members of the Tottenham circle, then famous in the Quaker world for its wit and brilliance. Few if any suspected the deep sadness that lay under his apparent joy in life. Probably with him, as with many, it was a relief to give expression to his sadness in writing, and it must not be imagined that this sadness was reflected in his whole life. His happy temperament, his radiant spirit, his enjoyment of all the small humours, all the fun as well as all the beauty of life, his delight in sympathetic companionship constantly drove away the cloud of sadness, and hid his occasional times of despondency from his companions.

The first thing needed was to restore his broken health, and in the spring of 1853 he spent some months at Ben Rhydding, where the glorious air and pleasant rides over the moors did much for him.

To Edward Fry. Ben Rhydding: 22. iv. 53.

. . . The mode of life here would amuse thee very much. The relation of the visitors to one another and the Dr. is constantly reminding me of a school. There is the same prestige attached to those who have been longest here, the same necessity for those who come fresh to the place to work their way into general acquaintance, and the same feeling of pleasure in transgressing, on the sly, some of the many little regulations as to diet etc.

Settle: 26. iv. 53.

. . . I know thou wilt understand my repugnance to say much about my own feelings, lest by so doing I should

lose something of the freshness and genuineness of them. . . . I can most truly endorse that expression of thine about a store of new truth being opened up to me by this calamity. Dost thou remember how we used after those delightful Aristotelian readings to discourse about knowledge and faith : about the impossibility of knowledge alone ever ripening into faith and the necessity of practice to complete the work. I have now got my ἄσκησις : my course of life now compels me to take into practical account certain great truths which I before received with the intellect rather than the heart, and if I thus obtain the best gift of God, a true Christian faith, how incomparably enriched shall I be by my calamity. I hardly like to say so, but already I can sometimes feel myself richer and happier for it. It is better to feel God's hand even in chastisement than not to feel it at all. . . . When I first came to understand the full weight of the blow which had fallen upon me, when I saw that there was hardly a single earthly prospect left to me of those which I used most to cherish, it was then I felt in some degree what a true εὐαγγέλιον to the afflicted Christianity is. For I think without the future which it holds out to us I might truly have said ' It is better to die than to live.' . . . But that one sentence, ' Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' weighed heavily as a counterpoise to the feeling of my calamity. I knew that I should get from the world only a kind of pitying contempt instead of that praise which it gives to those who do well for themselves, but the thought that He whom I had long looked upon as estranged from me by my forgetfulness might still be loving me and that this might be a proof of His love was, as I could sometimes feel, an abundant recompense.

I feel that the warfare is only just begun, that there are lions enough across my path, and I often fear that my want of force of character and the ease with which it receives impressions of whatever kind from those around me, may prevent me from being a valiant Christian soldier, but His strength is perfected in weakness. . . . Thou alludest to the various other alleviations of my misfortune. Foremost among these I feel the love of the home circle and the love of my few most intimate friends. Both of them burn all the brighter for being freed from the slight element of competition which before existed. Even round the family hearth the question ' which of us shall be the greatest '

often exercises secretly its dividing influence, and I think it had perhaps to some extent done so with me. At any rate now that ambitious thoughts are cut up root and branch out of my heart, and I feel that I must (not with shame because through no fault of my own) take the lowest place both at home and everywhere else, I cannot say how incomparably dearer to me all the members of the little innermost home circle have become. . . .

After his return from Ben Rhydding it was decided that his best chance of restoration to health would be a journey on the Continent with as little train and as much walking as possible. He secured as companion his old schoolfellow Alfred Waterhouse, who was just about to start on his own independent career as architect, and wished first to study some of the architectural glories of the Continent. On this as on all his travels Hodgkin kept a full diary, describing all that he saw, and the peculiarities of the people he met, in a way that showed how thoroughly he enjoyed writing for its own sake. His diaries are never introspective and are free from personal details either about himself or his companions.

The day and a half they spent in Paris gave him time to be bewildered by that great city but not to see it. 'It seemed a completely new aspect of civilised life to see a whole population using a great city so completely as their home,' and enabled him 'to realise the light in which Athens was regarded by its citizens.' He attended with interest services in the churches of Paris and Lyons, and enjoyed the singing of a hymn to the Virgin by a choir of girls' voices at the Cathedral in Lyons, but when a 'burly jovial looking priest bustled up into the pulpit and rattled off a long prayer' he felt indignant 'that it should be supposed that the large congregation, many of them with an aspect of deep devotion in their faces, needed the intervention of this sensualist to enable them to offer Christian worship.' However, the priest showed his strength when he began to preach, and was 'no longer a mere priest, but a Frenchman and an orator.'

At Nîmes the travellers were glad to attend a little French Friends' meeting at Jules Paradon's house, 'homely

and irregular' as it was in some ways, 'the silence of this humble assembly was much more like Christian worship' to Hodgkin's mind 'than the marching backwards and forwards, the censer swinging, the bowing, and the singing of the band of performers at Rouen and Lyons.' This little company of Friends at Nîmes were the direct representatives of the persecuted Camisards, the Huguenots who sought a refuge in the solitudes of the Cevennes. The unhurried nature of this journey, days in diligences or on the slow boats of the Rhone, gave to one of Hodgkin's friendly and enquiring disposition opportunity for making many passing acquaintances with whom he discussed theology and politics and practised his French. They stayed at the Grande Chartreuse, crossed the Alps to Turin, and came back by the St. Bernard, climbing up through the snow to the Hospice, where they stayed and discussed the prospects of Italian unity with the Superior. The tour ended with some weeks' rambling in Switzerland.

At the end of June, Hodgkin met his family at Berne, and ultimately travelled back to England with his stepmother. During the journey he had naturally thought often of his future.

To Edward Fry. Arth (on the lake of Zug): 11. vii. 1853.

. . . I think I ought to tell thee that as my thoughts have turned as they oftentimes had opportunity to do in this journey towards the future, I have felt more and more doubt whether I shall be able eventually to go on with the law. I hope to do nothing hastily about abandoning it, and my Father is much less prepared to give it up for me than I am for myself. . . . The dear old classical studies have been constantly recurring to my mind, and especially some of our common Aristotelian readings. That one truth alone which he taught or at least unfolded to us of the moral quality of faith and the necessity of not merely *μάθησις* but *ἄφκησις* to attain to it, has been of constant practical value to me. For here where one is perpetually in the presence either of Roman Catholicism asserting itself to be the only true faith or of infidelity vaunting itself to be the legitimate offspring of reason, the old reason and faith controversy is constantly forcing

itself on one's attention . . . but I have wandered away from the subject I was writing about. I was going to say that whatever my natural preferences may be between law and business looked at abstractly, if the adoption of the former involves my giving myself to it entirely and withdrawing all my attention from literary pursuits, and that not merely for two or three years of pupillage but for life, I should shrink very much from such a prospect, and would rather consent to 5 or 6 hours drudgery at a disagreeable but not brain-taxing occupation in the middle of the day, for the sake of having my evenings left free to the pursuits of my own choice. . . . There have been several times since I came out when I have felt as though 'there was no light in earth or heaven,' not even the 'cold light of stars.' I will not say that the present is not to some extent one of these times. It is true that I was able when the stroke first fell upon me to feel more than I ever felt in my life before the actual relationship between my soul and the great Father of all who had visited me with the blow for my good. But since then there have been times when the clouds have gathered thickly between His presence and me, and I cannot say that I have the same joy in the thought of His love that I had. Especially the feeling of my unchanged outward conduct, of the nothing that I am giving up for Him, how completely I am *not* bearing the cross of Christ, make me often almost despair.

The journey on the Continent had been delightful, but the return to Tottenham with an uncertain future before him, and disappointed hopes on every side, made him feel that all that made life worth living was taken from him, and in his own heart he hoped that the blessing of an early death might be granted to him. The remainder of the summer and autumn were spent at Ackworth, for him a haven of healing.

To Edward Fry.

Ackworth Villa, nr. Pontefract:
31. x. 1853.

. . . I cannot say that I feel able even yet to take final leave of law. Instead of doing so I am rather disposed to take a kind of parenthesis of a year or two or more if that be necessary, making health during that time my main object. . . . London and its neighbourhood I confess I do feel that I shall have to take leave of as a residence,

and except for the sake of my friends and relations settled or settling there, I think I could do it without much regret. For, long before the blow came upon me, a feeling of aversion amounting almost to hatred had been, as thou knowest, growing up in my mind towards the great monster. . . . My business for the present is to lead a valetudinarian life, and after a year or two of that it will be quite time enough to decide what business if any I am to adopt. I shall joyfully accept any manner of life which secures me exemption from the weakness which has clouded the last 6 months; and without wishing to speak presumptuously or over-confidently I can truly say that I am not now in bondage as I once was to the fear of death; but rather all the many dangers which threaten the life of man even of the strongest and healthiest seem to me so many friends, the thought of whom cheers me up when I am inclined to droop under the prospect of a long and feeble life. It is this last prospect which does I confess sometimes fill me with gloom. But this too as well as all other possible calamities is in the hand of our Father . . . 1853 has been an 1848 of revolutions in my little world. In it I have had all those ambitious thoughts which used to occupy me so largely when I thought of the future, cut up root and branch. . . . Thou wouldest hardly believe that after all this, while I am still under the shadow of so great sorrows, while I have such a store of sad thoughts to feed upon when I am alone, I still feel my old difficulty of repressing not merely cheerfulness, but absolute levity when I am in company, especially with those of my own age. The temptation of 'idle words' is still nearly as strong as ever, though I feel how incongruous they are in one who dares to form such hopes as I now do. Such a strange compound are we and so different is the surface mind with which society deals from the soil below in which changes may be going on of which it has but little conception.

Ackworth: 18. x. 1853.

These are the kind of afflictions which make me feel glad that the span of human life is but a span, so that one may look forward to the end of them as not in the hopelessly far off distance. I wish one could more steadily keep the end in view. It is easy enough to do it under the immediate pressure of illness or affliction, but oh how hard when the enjoyment of life comes back again, when one

begins to feel one's energies and the intense pleasure which accompanies their exercise, reviving as of old. I don't think anyone ever had a weaker will than I am troubled with. I wish I had thy ever watchful and almost uncharitable doubts of self to rouse me out of the weak lethargic, self-complacent state into which I feel myself constantly falling.

His father was anxious to make any arrangements for him which would be conducive to his well-being, and thought that there could be no objection to his returning for a time to Tottenham if he 'could manage himself skilfully and avoid pernicious visiting.' So after Ackworth he returned home for a while, but if he was to spend the winter in 'foggy depressing Tottenham' he must have some employment for his mind.

His relish for intellectual enjoyments was as keen as ever, but the study of the law was relinquished. 'I had acquired a greater taste for it than I was even aware of myself,' he wrote. At first he 'harked back to that life of reading for Examinations which had become habitual.' He would have liked to prepare for taking the London M.A. in classics, but in his state of health that was considered unwise. All his life he used to dream at times that he was preparing for that particular examination. Instead he began to read for a theological examination at the London University, and though he never went in for it, he believed that much of the happiness and perhaps some of the usefulness of his life came from the studies he then began. He taught himself Hebrew, studied the synoptic gospels, and read Butler carefully. He believed that the Analogy, and the *Pensées* of Pascal together with his conversations with Edward Fry were the influences which helped most powerfully to establish him in the faith of his childhood. He wrote:

Then if ever did my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God, and the words of these great thinkers who had gone before me on the same road satisfied my understanding that I was not following a cunningly devised fable in accepting the message from the God Unseen which has been brought us by Jesus Christ.

The hours spent in these studies were both happy at the time and fruitful of happiness in after years. He filled up some gaps in his knowledge of the Bible, got a grasp of the relation of St. Paul's Epistles to the events of the Apostle's life, and of the relationship of the Old Testament to secular history, and began to look into Egyptology. His capacity for enjoyment is shown by a lively account written by him of a riding tour through Kent with his sisters and a cousin in 1854. He amused himself by describing it as a pilgrimage, but a pilgrimage full of fun and intense enjoyment of the beauties of the country. The evenings at the country inns were spent in reading aloud the 'Pilot,' and the joys of happy companionship in those days of buoyant youth, clothed to his mind 'even the commonest scenes with a beauty not their own.'

All this time he was trying to discover what could now be the work of his life. He believed it to be necessary to get away from London and its suburbs and to live in the country. At first there was an idea that he might be a land agent, but enquiries made in this direction fortunately led to no result, for as he said of himself no one could have been more unfit for such a life than he, with 'no eye for the points of a horse or a dog, with a constitutional antipathy to bargaining, nothing of a sportsman,' and with his heart always secretly turning back to his beloved books. Finally it was decided that the life of a country banker might suit him, and with this in view it was arranged that in order to gain some banking experience he should enter the bank of his cousins, the Leathams, at Pontefract for a few months. During that time he could live at Ackworth Villa, which was only three miles from Pontefract, and enjoy the 'cousinly circle' which clustered round his dear old grandfather. Amongst these cousins was Howard Lloyd, and his enjoyment of this cousin's companionship is shown in a letter to him written from Ackworth in the following year, when he speaks of how he misses 'my paradoxical pugnacious, universally arguing ἐλεγξινος (not to say ἀπλοκυων) much-snappishness-enduring and dearly loved chum Howard Lloyd. Nobody now to knock down my ninepins or to set up others for me to knock down. Nobody to gratify my

reverence for antiquity by puns of a fabulous age, and alas ! nobody with whom I can take quiet sunset walks.'

It was an easy life as far as business went except on market-day, but he learned ' something of banking and laid the foundation of a respectable business knowledge.' With his cousins at Ackworth he had delightful intercourse. One of the survivors of that happy circle, Mariabella Lloyd, writes as follows of this time :

During the brilliant years of the Tottenham Society, I was too young to enter fully into its many interests and delights, and my remembrances are those of a young onlooker gazing with admiration at the doings and sayings of the wonderful ' grown-ups.'

Of the morning ride, in which I was so often Tom's companion, I remember very little conversation, and fear the shy little girl must have been a very dull and silent companion.

The Essay Meeting was occasionally held at my home, and I remember well the intense interest of hearing the various papers read aloud, often by Tom, and his ringing laugh of amusement at anything witty, and the pun that often followed.

Most of my early remembrances are of Ackworth, where he must have spent more than one summer with us ; I think he was learning banking at the family Leatham Bank.

I must just give some glimpses,—he was always the centre and inspirer and beginner of the interests of our outwardly very quiet life. One year, when his sisters were also there, the trial of Mary Queen of Scots was read up from various histories and then enacted after a delightful time of making dresses and preparing scenes.

How well I remember the farewell scene between the Queen and her faithful Sir Andrew Melville (?), personated by Tom, when his devotion and sorrow were expressed with such eloquence that I believe the poor Queen finally fled to her own room quite overcome. Another year he had the History of the French Revolution in his mind. We read Alison's ' Europe,' ' Carlyle,' and other books. I for one have never lost my vivid impression of the period. He had such a wonderful power of imparting his own enthusiasm and clear grasp of the subject.

Another time it was botany, and though, to my great

annoyance, I was considered too young to share, I remember how the search for the flowers and the conversation about them added flavour to the days.

One of these years we had a very pretty young German governess. He entered with the greatest zest into German reading, talk and jokes, and really made himself so fascinating that I imagine the authorities intervened, fearing for the poor girl's peace of mind.

The evening amusement was the game of Figure Patience, then newly introduced to us. He entered into this with the utmost enthusiasm and wonderful success. I can see him still, when a difficult number had come out, and we were making too much noise, raise his head with an annoyed 'A moment's silence, I beg.'

He was a very vigorous walker, with those swift steps which were a lifelong possession. It seems to me that he always came in from a walk to breakfast and laid a little posy by my mother's plate. And it seems to me that this was always heliotrope, lemon verbena, and some brilliant flower.

I feel as though, even in those early days, I realised his passionate devotion to the memory of his young mother so early lost, and this made the affection between him and my parents, who also mourned her so truly, a very close one.

On one occasion—I think at Tottenham—the cousins performed some tableaux vivants, which my brother Dillworth photographed. I have one in which he is the Ancient Mariner, and another in which he is Sir Thomas More.

These seem almost childish glimpses of a singularly vivid personality—an impression of beauty, swiftness, and keenness surrounded him, and he was ever the best beloved and the foremost among us in those happy, long-ago days.

In 1854 Eliot Hodgkin, then in business at Birmingham, married, and whilst he was away on his honeymoon he left Thomas in nominal charge of his business. This gave Thomas an insight into the mechanism of a manufacturing business which was of considerable use to him in later years. He got to know the circle of Birmingham Friends amongst whom was John H. Shorthouse. They too had their essay society, and Shorthouse 'distinguished himself both by the elaborate care he bestowed on the essays and his dandified dress.' He was a good deal laughed at, partly for the very great care which he bestowed on his essays, but more for his

too elegant attire. Looking back Hodgkin felt that 'he was the unrecognised genius and we were the thick-headed Philistines.'

The condition of Thomas's mind and thought during these years, which he called years of transition, is illustrated by the following letters.

To Edward Fry. Ackworth Villa: 22. xi. 53.

I don't suppose that I shall ever become a great man by means of my new calling, nor do I generally wish it: but I think there is a reasonable probability of its furnishing me with light and agreeable employment during some of those years which every man is expected to devote to action, and then perhaps when I know what my own powers of body and mind are, I may find out some place of retirement where I may read and write. . . .

In so far as I have any ambition left in me, it is connected with a student's life.

Ackworth: 10. ix. 54.

The only fly now in my pot of ointment is the having no one of my own age to share my interests with. It is strange how strong this longing is to have some intercourse with one's co-equals, and how utterly impossible it is for even the strongest family affection quite to make up for the want of it. I suppose it arises mainly from one's feeling of the endless intellectual enjoyment which attends the process of comparing notes with one's fellow creatures along the road of life, and for this purpose the point of view chosen must not be too dissimilar, or the difference between the two pictures will exceed the resemblance. But these are not particularly befitting remarks to come from me, for I do sincerely believe that there never was a man of mature mind more desirous or more capable of entering into the feelings of the young than my father is.

Tottenham: 7. x. 54.

. . . I fear I am not making any or at any rate much progress in what I know we both know to be the great work of life. It is almost disheartening to find old enemies, which I had fancied subdued for ever, rising again and reasserting their claims. But after all the great deficiency in my character is the want of strength and manliness of

purpose. The disposition not only to be but to seem all things to all men, just reflecting back to others their own state of mind instead of preserving a strong and vigorous individuality. And it is certainly not the weak, wavering, unmanly character which can successfully confess Christ before men, and this I bitterly feel. I sometimes think it is the want of action, the want of care for others, a kind of religious selfishness which thus stunts my spiritual growth, and when this thought presses upon me it is generally accompanied by that other reflection which I have so often heard thee make with sorrow, how little prospect there seems to be of ever attaining a full unity of faith or action with Friends, and if not with Friends, then not with any other Christian sect. I cannot help wishing that it might be now as it once was, one little united body of Christians on one side and all that was of the world, all that was non-Christian openly arrayed on the other. Then all that was strange and unaccustomed in one's conduct would be explained by the simple words, 'I am a Nazarene,' and whatever persecution one might have to bear, one could at least understand. But now this confused mixture of Christianity and heathenism in which we live, the pouring of non-Christianity into Christian forms, elements of confusion and misunderstanding are at work which then had no existence. . . . I think, comparing myself with what I was last year, I am perhaps a little more of a Christian, a little less of a pure theist, and I sometimes hope that all my doubt and uncertainty about the future and the few traces of illness which still hang about me may be meant to discipline me and be branding into me, into my very soul that Great Name which it is the highest honour for a human soul to bear thus imprinted on it.

Pontefract: 25. vi. 55.

I have lately been reading a paper read at the Syro-Egyptian Soc. by Miss Corbeaux and republished in successive numbers of the *Journal of Sacred Literature.* It is nominally on 'the Rephaim,' really on almost the whole question of the Early Ethnography of Palestine. It is a little humiliating to have to be indebted to an authoress for instruction in such subjects, but she certainly shows (as far as I can judge) a very considerable mastery (? mistressship) of the subject, and this paper has been referred to as authority in the Athenaeum and elsewhere.

Pontefract: 1. x. 55.

. . . The other evening I met John Bright at E. A. Leatham's. He seemed quite in a mind for an outpouring of his views on the present position of affairs. I was of course greatly interested in listening to him, but withal greatly 'aggravated' to hear him chuckling over the English failure at the Redan, sneering at the popular joy for the French triumph, attributing the war entirely to our 'wretched press,' as though the press could produce any permanent effect unsustained by public opinion, and as though any man or party had done more to strengthen conviction in the fallacy '*Vox populi Vox Dei*' than himself and the Manchester school. It was almost diverting to hear the calm scorn with which he, so emphatically *tribunus plebis*, spoke of 'clamour out of doors.' It seemed to me that 'robust sophism' were the words that best characterised most of his arguments, as for instance when he tried to parallel the tyranny of King Bomba with the despotism of Napoleon III, and when, on my instancing the abominable treatment of Poerio, he professed to see nothing worse in that than in the deportation of members of the *Parti Rouge* to Cayenne. He speaks of Gladstone in a term of most rapturous eulogy as 'immeasurably above all the wretched crew who are now carrying on the war,' admits that his oratory is a thought too subtle for a popular audience, but implies that he has mended in this matter of late under his (J.B.'s) instructions. . . . His capacity for hating seems just now to be especially directed against the *Times*, against its patron and his old ally Sir Wm. Molesworth, 'at whose house the *Times* lives and by whose instigation it wrote furious articles in opposition to Peace and his colleagues who were inclined for it,' and against the three other members of the Cabinet who most energetically opposed Lord John's proposition for peace on his return from Vienna, viz. Lords Palmerston, Clarendon, and Lansdowne. . . . One thing he said in which I daresay there is a great deal of truth, that whenever the secret history of the politics of the last 20 years shall come to be written, people will be astonished to see how many results flowed from the concealed rivalry of Lord John Russell and Palmerston *and their wives* in the very thickest of their mutual laudations and complimentations.

CHAPTER IV

WHITEHAVEN

As there was no likelihood of a partnership in the Leatham Bank, Hodgkin and his father had to look about for some other country bank which might offer a better prospect. Already in 1854 John Hodgkin had approached George Head, senior partner in the Carlisle Old Bank, with a view of discovering whether he would receive Thomas into his firm. In the summer of 1855 it was arranged that Thomas should visit Mr. Head at his stately home at Rickerby, near Carlisle. Here he met Miles MacInnes, a young man then residing with Mr. Head, with whom he had many delightful walks and talks. Hodgkin felt that his friendship with MacInnes was likely to be the most valuable result of this visit. Their friendship lasted till MacInnes died fifty-four years later. Recalling this time at Rickerby, Hodgkin wrote, 'Since that time, partly by visits, partly by letters, we have kept up our friendship so successfully: sharing banking interests, religious interests, and political interests.' It was not till some months after this visit that Mr. Head consented to give Thomas an opening in his branch bank at Whitehaven.

Thomas left Ackworth with much regret. He wrote to Howard Lloyd, 'The dear old place so rich in varied associations has taken a firmer hold than ever on my affections.' When he left finally for Whitehaven it was to him 'literally and figuratively to go forth into the darkness, leaving all that I knew to be dear and not knowing whether I should find even one friendly face in my new home.' Many years later he thus describes his going:

It was in February 1856 that I finally left my country and my father's house, quitted for good the life of suburban London and went to take up my home in that dear

North of England which was to be my home for more than half a century. The dear uncle Doctor had advised for health's sake against my making the whole journey in one day, so I lodged for the first night I think at the Railway Hotel, Rugby. I did feel that I was making a great and fateful plunge, and I thought of Jacob on his way to Padan-aram spending his first night at Bethel. The remembrance of his covenant came strongly before me, and in my poor way I imitated him, saying in my heart to the Lord, 'If thou wilt be with me in the way that I should go, and shield me from the dangers that may beset my path, thou shalt be my God and I will serve Thee.' I know that it is said that this shows an unworthy disposition to bargain with the Most High, but in some inexplicable way this thought of a covenant between Him and His creature seems natural to man and does help us to serve Him.

The remembrance of this to him most solemn moment was vivid to Hodgkin to the last. In old age he wrote, 'If only I had remembered my share of the covenant better. God has kept His side of it more abundantly.'

He thus describes his arrival at Whitehaven:

After a short call at Carlisle I made my way to Whitehaven, interviewed William Miller and his clerks, and arranged to begin work on the morrow. I went down to the pier (the North Wall it was called) and looked out upon the sea. It was a grey day and the sea looked dark and forbidding, but there on the Western horizon was the Isle of Man. It looked neighbourly and near. I do not think in all my (nearly) 3 years at Whitehaven I ever again saw mysterious old Mona so clearly.

The manager of the Bank was William Miller, an elderly Friend, whom Hodgkin soon learned to love and with whom his relations were of the pleasantest kind. After a short apprenticeship, Hodgkin 'took the counter,' and he did not remember having any serious difficulty with the balance. He had two young clerks under him. The business of the Bank was not large; there were a good many tradesmen's accounts, and the payments to Lord Lonsdale's Collieries were made through it.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 1. ii. 1856.

The town I think nearly if not quite comes up to my expectations of unpicturesque grimy ugliness. However there is a fine distant view of the Scotch and Isle of Man hills which, seen as I have seen it, during the two days I have been here, under a bright sunny sky and with the snow giving distinctness to the distant landscape, makes up for a good deal of foulness in the near view.

The old Bank is small certainly, but snug and comfortable. . . . Truly from the look of the place and people, the present prospect for me seems in some respects to the full as unpromising as ever thine was when thou camest up to town in '48, but I hope I shall be able to manufacture for myself a snug home somewhere not too far from my work, and then I shall not so much care if I find no *verwandte Seelen* [kindred souls] in the place itself; if I can only by visits and correspondence 'keep the chain' bright with those very dear friends and relations whom God has given me in the South Country.

His books were as always the dearest companions of his leisure. In his letters to Edward Fry during these early months at Whitehaven he speaks of reading Montalembert, Niebuhr, Macaulay, Tertullian, Neander, Dr. Pusey's sermons, besides working at Hebrew. He threw himself as far as he could into the life of the little town, at least on its intellectual and religious side.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 18. ii. 1856.

. . . . I think one feels that preference for night generally more strongly in cities than in the country. There, in the former I mean, it is a relief to see and remember that all the smoke and bustle and noisy self-assertion which make up the day-life of a great city cannot shut out those wonderful far off witnesses of an order which is not man's order and which no chaos of his making can disturb. . . . It is an immense resource to me here in the same way, having the sea always so readily accessible, knowing that whether the weather be fine or dull, whether I feel cheerful or depressed, there will be always at least one great work of God on which I can look: and often of course in its most living and magnificent phases . . . .I am getting now very fairly habituated to the place and people. I think I was meant

to live in a little country town, for the kind of universal acquaintanceship, the large knowledge which everybody possesses of everybody else's affairs, amuses rather than bores me. I see that it has its great disadvantages and may lead to a vast amount of petty gossip, but after the universal mental estrangement which characterises the inhabitants of London, the feeling which you constantly meet with 'I have enough matters of my own to think of without bothering myself about you,'—the overwhelming vastness of that sea of people in which all thoughts of taking root are utterly futile, I must confess that provincial life seems to me greatly preferable. . . .

Hodgkin was not long condemned to lonely lodgings at Whitehaven.

To Edward Fry. 7. iii. 56.

My tardiness in answering is due to a very joyful cause —the brightening up of my solitary lodgings by three of the dear old home-faces. My father came last 6th day, M. and E. [Mariabella and Elizabeth] on 3rd. We have had since they came some days of that brilliant weather which greeted me on my first arrival, and, so seen, they seem inclined to pronounce the place not altogether uninhabitable.

It was arranged after this visit of inspection that his two sisters and their old nurse Betsy should come to live with him, in the Bank house. The following month he was busy with their help in buying carpets and frequenting sales to pick up furniture for this new home. He wrote:

I think I have had all the fun of the thing and they all the real work. However I think even this has been of some use to them as helping to fill up the void left by the parting from all their long-accustomed interests and companionships at Tottenham.

A little later he wrote:

We have now been about three weeks established in our new home. It is convenient to be so near one's place of work, as with our short hours and with Nora [his horse] so near at hand, there is I think no fear of my getting into mopey stewed-up habits of life. . . . Every week that we have been here the civilising influence of woman 'and the

upholsterer ' has made itself more felt in our new settlement. I for my part am getting to feel the place extremely home-like, though it does look out on the street in front, yards and warehouses at the back, and has no view of any green thing save the trees in a Church-yard.

The town of Whitehaven was grey and squalid, and he saw little prospect of finding much really congenial society there. But there was ' the unspeakable advantage of the neighbourhood of the mountains.' Passing out of the narrow street of the little town one came at once to a view of the Ennerdale hills, chief amongst them the long-shaped Pillar. This was too far for an evening's ride after business, but not too far for a week-end visit, and there, in a very primitive inn on the lake, Hodgkin spent ' many quiet, intensely quiet Sundays,' with his sisters, and these when he looked back were some of his happiest remembrances of that time. Other happy Sundays were spent more in the heart of the mountains with the Wilsons at Broughton, near Cockermouth, when Hodgkin delighted to climb the craggy sides of Red Scar and High Pike. Altogether he was happy in his new life.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven : 11. vi. 56.

. . . Thou wilt, I am sure, rejoice with me when I tell thee that I like my work here more and more, and from my getting more important and responsible duties given me to perform, I suppose I may conclude that the partners are on the whole satisfied with me. The old despair of my being ever able to earn my livelihood is very much gone from me, and a new fear is taking its place that I may become so swallowed up with the cares and pleasures of business that my true and better self may not develop (no, rather, may not be developed) as it was meant to be. Sometimes in this glorious spring weather, when the mountains are looking so almost overwhelmingly beautiful in the afternoon sunshine with a few light cloud-shadows floating over them, and when I think of the cheerful, happy home which awaits me on my return, I feel as though I had almost as much of the enjoyment of life as I could bear, as though if more happiness in this life were given me I should cease to have any longing for the next.

But in spite of his pleasant surroundings and of the fact that he liked his work and found that on the whole it suited his health, Hodgkin felt the limitation of being so much tied to one spot.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 11. vii. 56.

. . . When if ever I shall find myself again roving over the Continent I can form no idea. That is one of the chiefest 'flies in my pot of ointment' otherwise so odorous, viz. that I cannot conceal from myself that for years to come I shall be necessarily very much tied down to this spot. I enjoy my daily work, and it certainly on the whole suits my health, and with Crummock and Lowes Water and Ennerdale all within a summer afternoon's ride, easily accessible between the end of one business day and the beginning of another, there are enough opportunities of excursionising to satisfy a large part of one's *wandergeist.* But then the thought of only getting about 4 weeks in the year (if always that) right away from my place of work, and the necessity which I shall feel laid upon me of spending these among my very dear home people and friends near London, and consequently the very small chance of finding myself for years to come wandering pilgrim-wise over the Continent, does sometimes rather weigh upon me.

The fascination of the north soon began to take hold of him.

To his Father. Derwent Bank: 27. vii. 1856.

. . . We had a very enjoyable time at Ackworth together: it was particularly delightful to feel how, after our very different pursuits and interests, we were all able to meet again on the common ground of our old Ackworth life. But even in that week I was re-convinced how much better for the health of body and mind regular work is, than being left to one's own devices. I found myself more head-tired at the end of a day there than at the end of one of my ordinary Whitehaven days. Perhaps the air had something to do with it, for the superior freshness and clearness of our Whitehaven air struck me more forcibly than ever on my return. Also I was almost grieved to find how far our wild, rugged Cumberland scenery and the peeps of distant mountains and sea to which we had become

accustomed had spoilt me for the quiet inland beauty of Yorkshire. I looked towards my old friends the Went Hills and could hardly see that they were there.

What he most missed at Whitehaven was the intellectual companionship of such friends as Edward Fry.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven : 31. viii. 56.

. . . I do so like to fancy thee becoming every now and then an inhabitant of the Lake district, as you were at Grasmere, not a mere tourist, but coming down to spend a month or two of the Long, half reading and half rusticating —to imagine our meeting on bright summer afternoons in some part not altogether inaccessible by a good ride from Whitehaven, and our walks and talks by some lake-side after each of us has done his day's work and when we can turn our backs upon drudgery of all sorts and talk some of the old themes and read some of the old books together. I really feel that some such companionship is absolutely necessary to me to prevent some part of my intellect from dying of atrophy : there is so nearly nothing here of really fraternisable intellect and the *θεοηρτικὸν* and student part of my life seems completely dropping out of it.

In spite of these fears the lists of the books that he read, mainly historical and theological, give no sign that he was allowing his mind to rust.

Early in 1857 he started a Bible-class, about which he wrote to his father :

It is to be quite a social affair, not a meeting one, and as simple as we can make it. The place of meeting is fixed for the present at our house, the time being every First day evening at 7 o'clock. We have already had one meeting. . . . We read the 1st chapter of Mark. The conversation was perhaps quite enough directed to little points of detail, the consideration of questions of geography, the Jewish manners and customs, etc., but all professed themselves, and I believe really were, interested, and there was nothing like a want of reverence in any part of the conversation, thoroughly conversational as it was.

Always anxious to make his knowledge of use to others,

he lectured at the Mechanics Institute at Whitehaven on the Thirty Years War.

To Edward Fry. March 10, 1857.

. . . Now I already feel—so absurdly inconstant is my nature—much more in danger of 'despising the chastening of my Father' than of 'fainting when I am corrected of Him.' We are having a succession of bright, clear, bracing days in which it seems hardly possible to be sad. . . . I really am just now almost buoyantly happy. Perhaps the more Christian thing would be to take thankfully whatsoever helps of mere temperament God has given me towards bearing my great burden, to thank Him for this nature which makes me so eager to turn away from the dark spots in my life and long for as much sunlight and joy as He will give me, and not to trouble myself about the thought how nobler natures than mine would meet such a calamity. Oh for a great deal more than I have ever yet possessed of the heart of a little child reposing thankfully and trustfully and without consciousness of self on its Father's love. . . .

It has been very enjoyable having my father here just at this time. . . . My lecture went off I am told very well, and I was not overdone by it. The room—not a very large one—was quite filled, and people listened for about 1½ hours.

This lecture was followed by one on Coleridge. About which he wrote to Howard Lloyd:

It was an amusing apology for a lecture, for at least half of the time was taken up in reading the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner. However I expect that ¾ of the audience (though very 'middle class' and not near so mechanical as I wished to see) had never read it. . . . The ignorance which prevails here (and I imagine in many country towns like this) of some of the most ordinary and well-known treasures of English literature is a most extraordinary thing, and how it is to be remedied I do not know. I sometimes almost fear that the Babel of so-called 'literary men' which our age has to listen to, will succeed in drowning the voices of our true authors, that the great mass of the nation will sink into a kind of intellectual barbarism from the over abundance of printed matter. . . . There's a good sound croak for thee of properly dismal tone, from the North

Country Raven, if thou happenest to be in a croak-receiving mood.

Certainly the duty of doing something for the *minds* of men seems almost as conspicuous as the recognised Christian duty of caring for their souls, and to be in some sort included in it; for if the great brutish body is to bear down and brutalise everything, if the mere providing for animal wants and ministering to animal pleasures is to fill up the whole lives of men, what chance is there for the preachers of an unseen kingdom of righteousness to make their way?

Hodgkin also joined with 'some worthy tradesmen of the place in trying to revive the classes at the Mechanic's Institute.' He hoped they might supply the shop boys, etc. with a pursuit for their evenings. If the first classes answered he looked forward 'to getting up a small class of English history,' and installing himself Professor. His reading and interests were very varied, and he began to plan and write various articles. The condition of the Society of Friends occupied his thoughts very much and was often discussed in his letters to Edward Fry, who was then busy with an anonymous pamphlet which he called 'Nehushtan,' dealing with the singularities of the Quaker body. Hodgkin relied upon Fry to keep him informed of the doings of Yearly Meeting, the annual meeting of the Society of Friends held in London every May. Some things in the prevailing opinions of the Society troubled both him and Fry, and after a visit of Fry's in 1856, Hodgkin wrote:

Whitehaven: 26. x. 56.

I think thou perhaps understoodst me to mean more than I really did when I spoke of the uncertainty hanging over my future. I don't think I meant to express more than that dissatisfaction which we have both of us long felt at not being able more heartily to 'cast in our lot' with the body in which we were born, at finding some portion of our religious life not nourished but rather deadened by its forms. Most certainly I have no intention of leaving the Society if I am allowed to remain in; though sooner or later, unless my views greatly change, I think I shall have to make my election between obedience to what seem to me the plain commands of Christ and a profession of belief in

certain glosses on those words, which I should be indignant at in the mouth of a professed Rationalist. But as the Society has never formally upheld its own infallibility and does not now any longer practically maintain it, I don't see that dissent on this one point (or these two points) need cut me off from all connexion with it. As long as I dare I shall most assuredly postpone the decision, for I feel very strongly of how little value is the opinion of such a waverer as I am on these subjects.

There was at this time a good deal of discontent amongst the younger Friends. The evangelical revival, which a few years before had led many members of the Society to join the Plymouth Brethren, had perhaps made those who remained cling more rigidly to the external forms which distinguished the Society. To some of the most earnest of the younger members this insistence upon peculiar forms of speech and style of dress seemed wanting in a proper sense of proportion. Their views were in great part expressed by Edward Fry in an anonymous pamphlet 'Nehushtan,' in which he said that he 'found it difficult to sit down and gravely discuss the relation of a particular cut of coat with the gospel of Christ.' Such matters as plainness of speech and apparel should, he felt, be left to the decision of each individual member, and not to the decision of the Church, and he maintained that 'a man's honesty is at stake when he maintains as part of a religious profession any custom which he does not believe to flow essentially from it.' Hodgkin wrote to him as follows about this pamphlet:

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 6 Nov., 57.

Do bring out strongly that there is a right and a wrong in *words*, that we have no desire to say with the latitudinarians of the Jewish dispensation 'Our lips are our own, who is Lord over us?' But we want the common sense view of the obligations of Christianity to prevail, we want to protest against the subtleties of philology being made a part of that good news which he who runs may read, to protest against our time and energies, already too little and too faint for the great contest against Evil which is laid upon each of us, being distracted with endeavours to avoid mentioning by accident the name of the Scandinavian god

Thor or to give flattering titles to a bus conductor by addressing him as *you*. Against the often recurring argument 'Why do you want to do away with these things? Examine whether it isn't because you want an easier path: you are trying to enlarge the gate and broaden the way of life, etc.' I would urge strongly that precisely the same line of argument might be taken by the advocates of any other kind of asceticism, no doubt was taken by the Roman Catholics at the time of the Reformation. All we Protestants by throwing off these ascetic additions to the Gospel . . . have in fact committed ourselves to the position that no other or further renunciation of the world is to be required of Christian men but such as can be plainly shown to be part of the law of Christ, or rather to be prompted by His Spirit.

To the same. Helme Lodge: 28 April, 1858.

. . . What I wanted to say about Nehushtan was something on this wise. 'Something may be said . . . in favour of the peculiarities simply as a badge, a freemason's symbol, a test by which men making the same religious profession may recognise one another all over the world. Something may be said for it, I mean, on the ground of mere convenience. The Christian duties of hospitality to strangers and of mutual oversight are more easily exercised in consequence. . . . But while admitting the mere superficial expediency of the distinction, we should both hold, I imagine, that it has its root in the same craving after an outward, material visible *unity*, the same dissatisfaction with the unseen and spiritual unity of Christ's followers which lay at the root of some of the worst corruptions of Rome, and has been the source of almost all persecutions by Christians It is still the attempt to pluck up all the tares out of the wheat, and to present even to the eye of the flesh a part of Christ's harvest field in which all shall be visibly wheat and none tares. And if we will be thus enslaved to the dominion of the senses, if we will reject the *spiritual* truths of Christ's kingdom, no wonder that we are led to such ghastly results. As far as we have made the peculiarities our test of brotherhood, we are shut out from communion with Arnold and Trench and Chalmers and Wesley and Leighton, and are shut up into religious brotherhood with B. and H. and R. and F.'

Fry's words 'I wish we cared less about Quakerism and more about Christianity' certainly expressed Hodgkin's own opinion at this time. There are many expressions of discontent with the Quaker body to be found in his letters during the next few years. But the fact that to him and Fry alike Christianity was more than Quakerism, and 'the love of Christ' more important than 'attachment to our beloved Society' helped him to bring new spiritual life into the Society rather than to separate from it. Such views as those held by his generation led to the discontinuance of the external forms which were to them of no value, but the fact that these were laid aside only made him more anxious to preserve the spirit of Quakerism. Never in any sense a sectarian, he yet increasingly believed that the faith of his childhood had a special contribution to make to the life of the Church of Christ.

Whitehaven was 'near one of the tracks of summer wanderers,' and this increased his chance of seeing his friends there. He wrote :

I feel more and more that my only real chance of keeping up the old friendships, as I think they should be kept up, lies in our reunions here, not near the deafening business of the great thought-dispeller, my old enemy London.

Though long holidays were rare, there seems to have been no difficulty in getting away for excursions amongst the mountains and lakes. Especially delightful were the visits from Edward Fry and the rambles with him. In February 1857, to his great satisfaction, this dear friend became engaged to his sister Mariabella.

Ten years afterwards he wrote to his sister Elizabeth :

If boyhood has an old age, and manhood an infancy and childhood of its own (which I am rather disposed to believe), then certainly the old age and death of my Boyhood were in the careworn, almost decrepit days of College and law reading, and Manhood's clear and fresh and all but happy dawn was in the Ackworth summers '54 and '55 and the great transplantation to Whitehaven with you.

The following letters throw some further light on his

mind and character during these important years of ripening manhood.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 26. iv. 56.

. . . My father has sent me his lecture to look at before it finally issues from the press. . . . Thou wilt not expect me to unite in *all* that it contains. It convinced me anew of what I before believed in, that men's minds, even those which remain fresh and growing the longest, receive their final and permanent shape between 20 and 30. During that period of his life, old-fashioned, bigoted Toryism was still dominant, the more intolerant and the more hideous because it felt its end approaching. And so opposition to this now, as we think, nearly fossilized monster remains the dominant idea of his mind as of Lord John Russell's and as of Macaulay's. And so perhaps we, if we live to our fifth decade, shall then be talking and writing against Rationalism and Red Republicanism when very likely some completely new form of danger, the power of which we shall never be able to bring ourselves to comprehend, will be in fact impending over religious faith and civil society.

To his Father. Derwent Bank: 27. vii. 56.

Many thanks for thy letter and for the Whateley's Bacon which arrived about half an hour after it. Just dipping into the latter. . . . I have seen several terse, noticeable and rememberable sayings thoroughly in the Whateley vein. . . . But this strong dogmatic 'I' which manifests itself in all Richard Dublin's writings makes them certainly more amusing, and I think causes them to make a deeper impression on the mind. It will be very interesting in reading the book to compare the two very different minds and habits of thought of the Author and the Editor. . . . I wish we had more books which furnished us with this Coke *upon* Lyttleton kind of reading. Maurice on Butler's Analogy and Coleridge on Leighton (in the Aids to Reflection) are I imagine also proofs of the interest of it. . . . I am still afraid lest those words about the thorns which choked the good seed should prove true of me. To-day, for instance, though change of scene and company are a great assistance towards change of thought, I find it extremely hard to drive business thoughts out of my mind. Not that I am 'worrying myself' about them, but, having

got, far more than I ever expected, to take an interest in the daily routine of the business, I keep on turning over in my mind devices for saving labour, schemes for the readjustment of work, guarantees against mistakes and forgettings and so on. It is the preoccupation of interest, not that of anxiety, which is I think just now my danger.

To Howard Lloyd. Whitehaven : 21. x. 56.

Many thanks for the report of the Bristol Committee . . . there are one or two people here to whom it will be interesting and perhaps useful. For here, as well as everywhere else where the Quaker tongue is spoken, discussion on the entangled theme ' What is to become of Quakerism ? ' will arise among the younger members, and I think that some such tractate as this, suggesting some of the possible changes and reforms looming in the not very distant future, is useful as giving form and consistency to thoughts otherwise vague and bodyless. . . . M. and E. seem, as one can well imagine, delighted to get back for a time to the routine of dear old Tottenham life, oh so terribly idealised to me now by distance, lapse of time and irrevocability. The very remembrance of your fogs is precious to me. I seem to see ' the lights of the village gleam through the rain and the mist ' as it lies in damp, steaming, autumnal quietness by the side of its marsh-lined river ; and oh so many twilight walks followed by merry evenings in the bright firelighted parlours come back to me out of that banished past. I know that I used to find a great deal of my Tottenham life almost unbearably dull and commonplace (the absence of necessary occupation giving me leisure to brood over its dullness) : I know that whenever *this* chapter of my life closes—if it be closed by anything else but death—I shall look back upon it too with at least as much wistful regret ; but still there is the fact, Tottenham life is apparently ended for ever, and being so, by the peculiarity of the contrarious tendency of my nature I am obliged to look back lovingly and longingly upon it. Well, not to bemoan myself any longer, you must be a most merry re-assembled party now. I am so often in thought with you that I really think I do sometimes get a little of the mirth and happiness for my own, aided thereto most particularly by the expectation of absolutely getting three whole weeks myself among you next month. . . .

To his Father. Whitehaven: 7. vi. 57.

. . . I have written a more businessy letter than I meant to do or than quite befits the day [a Sunday]. Pray don't think I have forgotten its obligations or its rights. I feel my attitude towards it completely changed by what I have seen of business life. So long as it was only a change from one kind of study to another, I used to think that it was all very well but perhaps not absolutely necessary either for a man or a nation, and I well remember how in the old days our talk used to turn on examinations and prizes, and how, as the end of the session approached, it used to seem a terrible self-denial to have to shut off the steam altogether for 24 hours. Now that each day is ' bringing its petty dust ' of even a less noble kind (except in so far as whatever work God has set us to is noble) ' my soon choked soul to fill,' I do most heartily assent to the truth that this is, or should be, the very salt of our lives, the one day given us to help us to steer out of the great rushing current of worldly thoughts and fashions and pursuits tending to drift us away from God.

To Edward Fry. Whitehaven: 10 March, 1858.

. . . I wonder much what becomes of all my day. I haven't a long business day. I do miserably little in the way of study.

I don't lay myself out too much for enjoying M. and E.'s society, in fact I often feel myself miserably unsocial and hermit-like towards them: and yet somehow or other I seem never to have a spare half hour for the letters which I have left unwritten. . . .

What little I have been doing in the way of study lately has been at Arnold's Rome. The artistic arrangement of it strikes me much, the consciousness which it seems to show that every history is itself a dramatic poem of which the dramatis personæ (be they nations or institutions or men) require a description to place them before the readers as they appear one after the other on the stage. . . . Then his Greek chorus-like reflections at the end of one act after another of the long drama of the plebeians' struggle for equal rights, how true and profound they are. . . .

How I shall enjoy having a good long talk with thee over Louis Napoleon's French τυραννὶς and the present aspect of the continent. . . . Thy help will be very useful,

too, in enabling me to get into a more patient, trustful mind regarding my future. I have been sadly chafing of late at the uncertainty which now again overhangs it: feeling as I do in fact uprooted from this place at least, probably from Cumberland altogether. . . .

I would I were *growing* more in that life which is the best of all. I often fear that I never shall so long as my life continues so self-centred as it now is, and I am doing so little for the good of others, so nearly nothing for the glory of God.

CHAPTER V

NEWCASTLE AND MARRIAGE

In 1856 Hodgkin wrote to Edward Fry :

As for myself, I still believe that celibacy is the lot marked out for me by my Heavenly Father ; but, then, both the warnings on the one hand and the consolations on the other are so marked and so out of the ordinary course that I feel that I cannot argue from my own case to that of many others. Sometimes I could imagine that I am made to walk in a path utterly untrodden by any of my fellow men before me, but perhaps this is only another phase of what we all feel when the great realities of life and death and the import of them to this one little weak, dismayed, imperishable ego force themselves on the mind.

The following autumn he paid a short visit to Falmouth, where he found ' little Lucy,' one of the youngest of the Fox sisterhood, just growing into womanhood. The impression that she made upon him, the hope that he slowly began to allow himself to cherish, were strengthened by the strong friendship existing between Lucy Fox and his sister Bessie. This hope made him anxious to improve his position. At Whitehaven there seemed small prospect of any promotion which could lead to independence, and he determined ' not to keep the luxury of a sanguine temperament, at least in matters of business, and to try to look out for something else.' There was a suggestion of a possible opening at Lewes. The idea of getting back again into the South, near to all his ' old friends, near to the brain of the world, instead of being one of the stagnating drops of blood in its little toe ' was very attractive to him. But nothing came of this idea. Soon afterwards he heard of a possible opportunity in the North of England.

There seemed to be at this time an opening for the establishment of a new bank in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Jonathan Priestman, one of the partners in a private bank which had been lately started, was looking out for some younger men with capital to take over the concern. Amongst others he communicated with Thomas Hodgkin, who wrote later of this proposal: 'I was then feeling more than ready to accept any new opening that had any promise, even of moderate success.' He went over to Newcastle to see Priestman, and wrote to Fry after his visit that 'the goodness of the opening was the phrase dinned into our ears on all sides.' But before coming to any decision it seemed necessary to make sure that suitable partners in the new venture could be found, who would provide not only their share of the necessary capital, but also local experience and business knowledge. Hodgkin had felt for some time that he would enjoy having a partner to consult with, and that he would gladly and fully share with others in the labour of making a well-ordered bank. He was tired of the responsibility for what he described as 'a muddly arrangement which has grown up in five years of chaos,' and he felt himself thoroughly uprooted from Whitehaven.

To Edward Fry. 12 June, 58.

I think it better in any case to give in my *démission* in order that if I get nothing at Newcastle my friends may be looking out for me elsewhere. . . : Now we shall move out of this halting place, bag and baggage, on the 31st of August. *Deo volente* I do most earnestly trust it may be. I believe that not without His will I came here, and I *have* striven to see whether or not His finger now beckoned me away hence. . . . I feel that if my health remains on at all the same level that it has been at for the last two years I shall probably take a keen interest in my new business: and I have no small dread of its exercising too absorbing an influence upon me. Pray for me that I may be delivered from this snare, and that if I *do* go to Newcastle I may be honoured with having some little work for Christ given me to do there. . . . I have the conviction engraven upon my heart that so long as I remain useless to others I shall be

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stunted and bare and barren myself . . . if thou seest me sitting down for life contented with mere Mammon service, do not fail to warn me faithfully of my sin and to remind me of the truer ideal of life which had once been set before me.

When the moment came for him and his sisters to leave Whitehaven he was naturally a little sad. 'Short as is the time we have been there,' he wrote, 'we cannot leave the place without sadness, we have had two such happy years there, and we have been together.' When more than two years afterwards he paid a passing visit to Whitehaven he wrote to his father:

Everything is as nearly as possible unchanged in the quiet little sleeping town, and I found I could take up every thread of old interest just as if I had left it yesterday. It is very interesting and touching to me to see how the one thing which has really survived there, the one really abiding result of our stay, is M. & E.'s work among the poor, in workhouse and school.

Looking back long years after to this time, Hodgkin wrote to his sister:

I have been forced to review my year of sorrows 1853; and it is sad still, though I seem to have lived a dozen lives since then, and though in very truth the valley of Baca (weeping) has been turned into a well. But one thing impressed itself upon me beyond all others, and that was the immense comfort and help which (besides the dear parents) thee and Bella were to me in that year—or I might say those years—of trial: when wave after wave rolled over me and the thought of prolonged life looked so terrible. You gave me courage and hope: you sacrificed all your plans to give me your companionship and make a home for me at Ackworth or Whitehaven: you always helped me to feel that there might be sunshine behind the clouds, and I think it is not too much to say that we three were then baptised together into the fellowship of suffering.

Hodgkin's partners in the new venture in Newcastle were William Edward Barnett, John William Pease of

Darlington, who was afterwards to become his brother-in-law, and Robert Spence of North Shields, late manager of the Union Bank in Newcastle. Of the partners Spence was the eldest, being then forty-one. He was to supply the local knowledge and give business men confidence in the young firm. The Bank, situated in St. Nicholas Square, Newcastle, first opened its doors on March 14, 1859. During the early days of his sojourn in Newcastle, Hodgkin was in lodgings, then his sister Bessie joined him, and to escape from the town at least for the night, they settled at Ryton on the Tyne, lodging in a house called, curiously enough, Barmoor, the name of his own last home.

The Bank thus begun by these young men was destined to be a great success. The moment was auspicious, there was room for a new bank. The public confidence, which had been severely shaken by late failures, was quickly given to men whose reputation for perfect business integrity and real financial capacity was soon universally recognised. The capital which enabled Hodgkin to contribute his share to the enterprise was lent him by his father, and he lived simply for many years so as to be able to repay the loan. He felt that of all that he owed to his father, however, this money was no measure, since 'life itself, spiritual as well as natural,' was all derived through him from the Father of all life. The details of the progress of the business, the number of new accounts opened, were recorded in his letters to his father. After a few months he could write: 'Business progresses, our slack days now are busier than our busy ones used to be.' He was still haunted at times by the fear lest business should prove too engrossing an interest. 'I have often felt lately terribly near to the world,' he wrote; and again, 'I think there is deep down in my heart the conviction that work for Christ is the only true work.' There can be no doubt that one of the causes, if not the chief cause, of the success of the Bank was the Christian spirit in which it was managed. One well able to judge says of Thomas Hodgkin and J. W. Pease:

Those two raised Banking from a matter of rule and formula to a high profession, in which they not only showed

originality, courage, and resource, but they brought high Christian principle to bear both on broad arrangements and on questions of detail, and they certainly raised the commercial and financial life of Newcastle to a much higher and purer level. Besides that, the wonderful rapidity with which they made up their minds on even the gravest questions was like nothing else. They had both nerve and insight into character, and when they trusted anyone, they trusted him absolutely and never went back on their word.

Hodgkin was from the first deeply anxious for a secure position, because in the same year that the Bank was opened he had become engaged to Lucy Anna Fox. For her he wished an unclouded future.

To his stepmother, Elizabeth Hodgkin. 31 July, 1859.

Seriously, the more I see of my business prospects the more convinced I feel that my marriage is an enormous way off yet. It won't be in 1860 I can say almost positively: and I feel great doubt whether it can be prudently in 1861. It sounds much more as if I was my future father-in-law than myself talking in this way; but I am determined not to bring upon that dear one any of the doubts and difficulties about making the two ends comfortably meet which —— had. And if I wait ten years for it I hope nothing will alter this determination.

Apart from any financial reasons, as his future wife was ten years younger than himself, her parents thought her too young to marry yet.

To Lucy A. Fox. Ryton: 2 October, 1859.

I hope this will reach thee on thy birthday. . . . I have copied out for thee, thinking it would amuse thee, an old essay of M. and E.'s entitled 'Eighteen and Eight and Twenty.' Thou wilt see that it treats 18 as an age of almost infantile innocence and 28 as one of venerable antiquity and great *disillusions*. Reading it the other day with Bessie, I laughed much when I came to the passage about 'the dim starlight of 28 years.' It was so droll to realise that I am really now at an age which then appeared so utterly far removed from the buoyancy of youth. Bessie tried to

defend the expression a little on the ground that 28 in a man's age was very different from 28 in a woman's; but still I think she was at heart considerably amused too. . . . Certainly this much is true, that there does always come a time in all people's lives, whether it be before 18 or after 28 or between the two, when they do wake up as it were from a dream. One finds that Life is not as he had fancied it all poetry, but has page after page of most wearisome prose; another makes the discovery that all his acquaintances and friends are not absorbingly engaged in looking after his interests and helping him forward in life . . . another finds that it does not do to put unlimited faith in human nature, and that the chain-armour of suspicion may be, alas! very rarely laid aside in the battle of life. One finds out one thing, another another: and the discoveries which I have been talking of are perhaps those which men have to make rather than women; but one thing we all find out sooner or later, the old truth that 'here is not our *rest*.' Care and worry in the lives of workers, and ennui and the concealed pain lurking behind every pleasure in the lives of pleasure seekers, and the inevitable thought of Death in the hearts of those who love—these are our teachers: but when we have learnt, everything depends on the use we make of the lesson. It does make some men moody and morose, but certainly not all. I do assuredly believe that many a child of God now happy in his Father's love and in his trustful dependence upon Him, dates all his real and deep happiness to the time when he first bravely and cheerfully accepted the fact and learnt the lesson that 'here is not our rest.'

For the moment he had the bright companionship of his sister Bessie in his lodgings at Ryton. He had feared lest she should find them dull and cramping, and grieved when he first brought her north that the day proved to be one of the foggiest and gloomiest he had ever seen there. Only slowly did the charm of the north capture him. He felt it a gloomy contrast to the sapphire sea of Cornwall, and wrote to Lucy Fox:

8 June, 1859.

Our skies here seem to be always covered with the same feeble grey, or if they do show a blue, it is such a poor washed-out tint that one almost grudges it the name.

And from Tynemouth :

Such a scene so utterly unlike my views from Durgan, a dull heavy vapour rolling up from the east, the sea darkening all the land with its heavy clammy breath, and no colour anywhere nor vestige of a smile . . . there was certainly something fine in seeing those great long ridges of waves come rolling up out of Infinity.

It was not long before he began to discover the charms of the neighbourhood of Newcastle and to enjoy occasional excursions with his sister, going, for instance, to Bywell with her on the day when the Bank was closed in honour of Robert Stevenson's funeral.

But when Bessie left him to be married to Alfred Waterhouse the architect early in 1860, he often felt as one banished from his kindred and the places that he loved. His affectionate and companionable nature made it difficult for him to be content alone.

To his stepmother, Elizabeth Hodgkin. 20 April, 1860.

The utter isolation from all of you takes away a great deal of the colour and brightness out of my life.

4 September, 1860.

If he [his father] only knew how I am longing after the sight of some home face and the sound of some home voice—if he only knew what a settled weight of something very like sadness hangs over me in the thought that he will soon be growing old and I middle aged, while two or three hurried greetings and partings make up the whole of our yearly intercourse . . . It is hard with all my home longings and home affections, and the impossibility which I find of taking up so warmly new interests as to forget the old, to feel myself stranded up here far away from you and so emphatically homeless.

His partner J. W. Pease was just then getting ready the home to which he was going to bring his bride Helen, the elder and special companion sister of Lucy Fox. Hodgkin watched his furnishing zeal perhaps with a little envy, and wrote : ' How Adam and Eve would laugh at the thought of all this fuss being necessary for marriage.'

In 1861 he had the pleasure of having his half-brother Jonathan, then a lad of eighteen, with him for a time, and helping him with his studies, especially in Algebra and Latin. In spite of his greater years and knowledge he could be a thorough companion to this younger brother and share his life and interests as if there were no difference in age or intellectual power. The tie between the two brothers was close and tender. Till the year of Thomas's death they never failed to interchange birthday letters and gifts, and it was a genuine grief to both when for a time their political opinions diverged. Jonathan, both as a little lad and as a grown man, felt always able to look up to Thomas 'for counsel, for help, with no misgiving as to the result of the appeal.'

At this time Hodgkin was not altogether certain as to his position as a member of the Society of Friends. He was not quite clear as to whether he could find within the Society the opportunities for religious growth and usefulness for which he longed. It is especially interesting to note this in connexion with his own future activity as a Friend. For some time he had felt that the older Friends knew little of what was going on in the minds of the young and of 'the thoughts which are working, many of them crudely enough, in the brain of young Quakerism.' It was perhaps his remembrance of this time that in after life made him so eager to understand and sympathise with the young, and so open to their ideas: Quakerism seemed to him in some places at least at this time to be 'a dry and thirsty land where no water is.'

There were even moments when he felt drawn towards the Church of England.

To Lucy A. Fox. 27 December, 1859.

I came in by train on Sunday morning too late for meeting as I knew I should be, but not too late for Church, the service in which on this double festival, the Christmas Sunday, seemed rather more congenial than the chilly silence of Friends' Meeting.

He described himself as strongly moved by the spirit of contrariety. He 'could feel himself almost a churchman

when sitting in the sometimes dreary Newcastle meeting doubting whether any true worship is being offered up by any heart there.' But after a chat with a High Churchman he would be a 'firmer Quaker than ever.' Perhaps the real man was most truly expressed by these words in a letter to Lucy Fox:

Depend upon it, a time will come when we shall see that these little differences of sect between those who were really and truly with all their hearts loving the Lord Jesus, were but as less than nothing and vanity in comparison with their great common agreement in Him.

The following year he wrote to his close friend Howard Lloyd.

13 January, 1861.

The present appearance of things with me is like staying by the old ship. It is a question here almost necessarily and entirely of Quakerism or the Church, and though I have made a good many acquaintances and some friends among the clergymen hereabouts, still there is something wanting in their language which I do recognise with the delight of a fellow countryman in the language of some Friends concerning our common salvation . . . Most of the clergy too of this diocese are strongly High Church, and I cannot but feel that they look upon us who do not hold Apostolical Succession, Sacramental efficacy, etc. as very nearly equally astray. If I were nominally to join the Church of England I should still be separated by practically quite as wide a chasm as that which now divides me from the true, logical Laudean Churchman. So for the present at any rate I think I may take the Σπάρτην εἴληχας ταύτην νεῖμον for my motto; though my feeling that we have acted unwisely, to say the least, in reference to the Sacraments, remains unchanged and must, I believe, some time bear fruit in action.[1]

No uncertainty as to his religious position at any time interfered with his eagerness to do religious work, and he took part from the first in a Sunday School attached to the Newcastle Meeting.

[1] He changed this opinion entirely in later years, and was convinced that the Sacraments were not essential.

To Lucy A. Fox. Ryton: 6 October, 1859.

. . . Yesterday evening there was a party of the parents of the Friends Sunday School children held at the schoolroom in Newcastle. There were about 160 people there, who seemed to enjoy themselves much. There was a little speechifying on the part of the teachers (in which 'myself' had to bear its small share), and it was most interestingly met by expressions of gratitude, sympathy, hearty good will on the part of the children's parents. I was particularly interested by the remarks of one young man (perhaps about 20 or 21) who said that he attributed his preservation from the atheistic arguments of a fellow workman to the instruction he received at that school. For 3 years he was in the same shop with this man sucking in the poison of his doubts during the week, coming on Sunday morning more inclined to scoff than to learn, and yet going away from school always with something in his heart which warned him against casting away utterly his Christian belief.

23 May, 1860.

. . . I see just enough of the delight of any little service done for Christ to make me understand with all my heart how full of happiness may be the lives of those who work entirely for Him; and yet I seem hardly a step nearer to being a real and hearty labourer in His vineyard than I was 10 years ago.

On fine Sundays he walked into Newcastle from Ryton to the Friends' Meeting, after which he dined with a friend, then attended the Sunday School and went to the afternoon meeting. On wet days the train did not bring him in in time for morning meeting, and then he attended Church. All through his early manhood his letters show how predominantly he was interested not only in personal religion but in all religious questions. He seldom fails to note what worship he has attended on Sunday and to speak of the sermon he has heard. He constantly discusses the theological books he is reading. At Ryton he studied the Greek Testament with a friend on Sunday evenings, and later he joined a Hebrew class got up by some of the clergy and others. In October 1859 he alludes to a visit from Bevan Braithwaite, who was

going round amongst Friends visiting families, and describes him as

an increasingly strong and *High* Friend. I expect he will have something to say to me on my latitudinarian course in regard to Quakerism. . . . I don't think he *can* offend me, though I doubt whether he can convince me that the things I have turned my back upon are part of Christianity.

What Thomas most longed for was a visit from his father. He wrote (1860):

If thou couldst only guess how my whole heart is hungering after this long promised treat: but I do not think that is possible, for thou art in the midst of abundance, while I am at but a bare board.

A visit from his sister Bessie did much to cheer him. After she had gone he felt his loneliness more than ever.

To Lucy A. Fox.

I was determined to accept no invitations for that evening or this. I would face the loneliness of my lonely lodgings at once and have no running away from or shirking it. Ah, they are lonely. . . . What's the use of warm fire and cosy arm chairs and pleasant friendly looking books around me, ever since she with whom, and by means of whom, I enjoyed them all, is gone. And then on my walks, to be constantly reminded, Here she sketched the village! There she used to come with me on my way to the station in the morning!

In 1861 Thomas Hodgkin felt his business position sufficiently secure to justify his marriage. Helen Fox had married in 1860 his partner John William Pease, and he had felt much sympathy with Lucy in the loss of 'so close and inseparable a companion' as this sister had been. He could not face so long a delay in his own marriage as had sometimes been contemplated: and wrote to Lucy, 'I shall certainly not have to ask thee to wait two years longer for me.' But an unexpected obstacle arose. His father received a call to undertake a ministerial journey to America. John Hodgkin was growing old and dreaded the journey and the separation from his family. To make things easier for him, Thomas expressed his willingness to

put off his wedding long enough to allow him at least to accompany his father to America. He wrote: 'I owe so much, so everything to that dear, dear father, and should I ever have a happy life afterwards if I had not done all I could for him in his hours of need?' And again, 'Whenever my married life does begin it will begin far more happily for not having flinched from this trial of *our* faith, both hers and mine.' But John Hodgkin, though much helped by his son's love, refused to see this as a duty, and went with some friends as his companions instead, grieved to think that he would be away for the marriage of his much loved son. Thomas took a house in Tynemouth and began his preparations, though it was not easy 'to screw out the needful time at the beginnings and ends of his working days.' Later his stepmother came to stay with him and helped him to buy the necessary furniture.

The outbreak of civil war in America filled him with anxiety for his father.

To his father, John Hodgkin. May 10, 1861.

. . . . I don't think I shall be able to write about anything but America, for all the day through most of my thoughts (I cannot say quite all) are there, yearning after thee and longing to know how thou hast been kept and guided through this fearful storm, worse than any Atlantic tempest, which is raging all round thee. And yet even the darkness of the tempest does seem undoubtedly to throw light on the reasons of thy going. It does strengthen my faith that it was no deceitful voice which thou heardest calling thee that day in Lewes Meeting-house, it does greatly confirm the hope of all of us that, having gone forth in weeping, bearing precious seed, thou wilt doubtless come again with rejoicing. . . I believe we all feel that though it is a strange and terrible thing to think of, one so dear being for the first time actually in a land which is in a state of warfare, still that both Faith and Reason tell us that we ought to have no apprehension for thy personal safety if only the excitement and alarm does not tell hurtfully on thy too sorely taxed head and nerves. Do for our sakes as well as for the work's sake strive and pray to be kept perfectly calm, showing as well as preaching the power of that childlike trust in our Father which overcomes the world.

. . . Long ago, when we were little children, and thou a lonely widower, thou used to tell us to bring thee a text now and then, particularly on the First day morning. Dost thou remember the plan, and may I now, as a remembrance of the old days 'bring thee' these texts in the XIth chapter of Luke, which describes the sending forth of the Seventy, particularly vvs. 3, 19, and 20. I can imagine that thou on this errand of Peace-saying, going with thy life in thy hand, wilt sometimes feel thyself very near in spirit both to the Sender and the sent on that first missionary journey.

On August 7, 1861, Thomas Hodgkin and Lucy Anna Fox were married in the Meeting-house at Falmouth. His loneliness was over, and the long years of married companionship and love began, which encircled his life with a perfect happiness.

Two days after the wedding he wrote to Edward Fry from Devonshire.

All passed off quietly and happily—no flutter or excitement as far as I saw, but quiet, restful gladness in most of us . . . we are now already *beginning* to settle down into the every day happiness of our new life: and already the thought that there are no more great partings before us is becoming a familiar and welcome one. How natural the new relation seems, how early it becomes almost difficult to believe that it has not lasted always, I needn't tell thee. What stronger proof can be needed that it is 'God's ordinance'?

Letters, 1859-61

To Lucy A. Fox. Newcastle: 8 June, 59.

I could not write as I do to a very critical, sarcastic young lady . . . but then we aren't going to be critical or sarcastic to one another. I think it is of the very essence of love that it enables people to open out their *whole* hearts to one another, to let in the light upon all manner of odd little out-of-the-way nooks and crannies of their minds which no stranger could be allowed to look in upon, and to tell sometimes in what might seem to others a blundering, confused way, even their half thoughts, their unfinished, unfashioned ideas, trusting to the love of the receiver to accept and complete and understand them.

Ryton: 11 July, 59.

. . . . My reading has been decidedly of the lazy order lately. A little of Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' a very, very little Hebrew (only about 8 or 10 verses of the 6th of Genesis), and, don't despise me, Magazines and Newspapers in very unfair proportion. Living alone rather predisposes me to this lighter and more storylike reading. You can sit down and chat with a Fraser or Blackwood as the nearest approach to a lively human companion, when you don't feel quite up to tackling severer study.

And the papers: what an endless fund of interest and wonder there is in them now, in watching the gradual unfolding of the plans of this great Arch-Plotter whom, with all one's loathing for his crimes, one cannot help feeling to be, tried by worldly men's standard of success, the greatest man of the age, Louis Napoleon. I have no doubt his career seems more bewilderingly wonderful to me than to thee, because thou wilt have been always accustomed to hear him spoken of as ruler of France (at least little girls under 8 hear little and care less, generally, about foreign politics!). But to me it seems but as yesterday that I heard, when I was at University College, of his pacing about the streets of London with a Special Constable's staff in his hand; and being met by one of his chums and asked what he was doing there in that guise: 'Oh, the Queen Victoria has been very good to me: so I will do what I can to defend her throne.' And now to think of that man we laughed at, whom everybody laughed at as a brainless, penniless, and worse than decidedly seedy adventurer, being virtually Lord of all Western Europe.

Newcastle: 29 July, 59.

. . . I shouldn't have supposed thou hadst ever seen enough of great manufacturing towns to understand the peculiar feeling of utter desolation which seems to reign over them: all our cravings after the Beautiful, which after all are God's gift to us, utterly denied their lawful satisfaction, Nature obliterated, Art ignored, and nothing but Mammon, Mammon, Mammon alone in his dreary Empire. . . . There is a loneliness in these 'peopled wastes' far deeper, far more depressing and disheartening than the loneliness of acres of moorland or of one of the Swiss or Tyrolese glaciers, or of one of your own dear Fiords, some arm of the Helford or Truro River. In fact, their loneliness is neither depressing nor disheartening in any sense, but bracing,

invigorating, and health-giving to body and soul, and none the less so that it brings with it some feeling of awe and reverence for the great Maker.

Ryton: 1 August, 59.

. . . About my birthday. I have none of that feeling of sadness at the completed year, which thou spakest of. I used to have at 18, but now, notwithstanding all the great happiness that I have in life, having now known so much of that real pilgrim weariness as I have done, having even longed for the setting sun and the lengthening shadows, I can never feel sadness at the thought that another station on the journey is passed. Regret for the little progress made, for the year so lavishly squandered on trifles, so feebly and faintly devoted to any of the true ends of life, this I can feel, and ought to feel far more than I do.

To Howard Lloyd. Ryton: 29 September, 59.

. . . I do want to have a little talk with thee about these 'Revivals,' which puzzle me sadly, and about which I find it very hard to be of the same opinion two days running. . . . How about the admitted facts connected with the movement? Hysterical seizures longed for and prayed for. A poor girl *in Newcastle* only the other day visited by a physician, a Friend, who had previously been inclined to defend and favour the Revival, but this poor creature going from one hysterical fit into another so rapidly that he quite despaired of her life (the sight of her has quite changed *his* views on the matter); and then such strange scenes in the Churches and Chapels, scenes which jar irresistibly upon every fibre of one's spiritual consciousness. . . . I can't explain my feelings of dislike to it, but it does seem to me thoroughly irreverent, and I can hardly think that God gave us spiritual instincts, meaning that their voice should be utterly disobeyed. . . . Supposing I was a Christian minister . . . I think I should be inclined (perhaps from weakness of faith) to look rather doubtfully on some of these new recruits, enlisted in a state of almost spiritual intoxication. I should fear that in the time of reaction, when the real and sore stress of the battle with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil came, I should see them ignominiously turning tail at the first onslaught. . . . God be thanked if this work be really His work . . . no doubts and fears of the fainthearted will be able to stop it.

To his old Nurse. Ryton: 26 April, 60.

My dear Betsy,—I am very glad thee like the lamp which Bella told me she had decided on getting for my little present to thee. I hope when next winter comes it will often shed its light on thy snug little lodgings, and on thee sitting perched up by thy table and spying away through thy magnifying glass at some thrilling story in the *London Journal*; or work, work, working away with those untiring little fingers at some wonderful piece of embroidery. And sometimes when thee look at it, it will remind thee of me, and whenever it does, always think of me as *very grateful* for all thee did for me here, and for thy being willing, like a true and brave Betsy as thee are, to stay out all that fierce winter in this lonely place, away from all thy old friends but me, just to look after my comforts. Don't ever imagine that it was in vain. I am quite astonished to see how much thee have put Mrs. Law up to my ways, and how even she understands (now that thee have taught her) looking after my things, packing my carpet bag, and so on. . . . God bless thee in every way is the hearty wish of thy old nurseling.

To Lucy A. Fox. 9 March, 61.

. . . Thou talkest about 'Essays and Reviews.' . . . The book itself, or rather the controversies to which it will give rise, will, I trust, in the end do good. There has been a good deal of this kind of unbelief floating vaguely through the minds of many educated men for years past. It now cannot be any longer ignored, but must be faced and grappled with; and if it is only not screamed and shrieked at, but calmly argued with by Christian men, feeling their own weakness and ignorance and the great need of charity, I hope to see the English Church all the stronger and firmer in its faith for the discussion.

To his father, John Hodgkin. Falmouth: 23 May, 61.

I spent the 3 first days of this week very pleasantly at Tottenham . . . the relatives are very kind, and as warm and loving as ever, but I am greatly bewildered whenever I remember the old intercourse with them. They are so very full of work, and what some would call excitement, in connexion with the Revival movement. Captain Hawes is down there the mainspring apparently of all the activity

that prevails. I see on the one side of the question the earnestness, the whole-heartedness, and the manly confession of Christ which pervades the whole movement; on the other, I feel the frightful premium on hypocrisy which it offers to bad men: all my educational and hereditary Quakerism rises up against this glib Christianity of the lip, which seems to recognise so little our dependence on God's spirit for ministering to us and enabling us to minister of the things of Christ: in their easy decision as to who is converted and who not, they seem to me to be presumptuously anticipating the Judgement of the Son of Man at the last day: and the sum of the whole matter is that I feel many of their words and deeds jarring irreconcileably on instincts of my spiritual nature which I cannot help believing that God has given me. Still, is not the movement in a great crowd of instances honoured and blessed by Him, and must we not believe that the main work is the Lord's doing, however the human instrument may bungle and blunder in the execution? I think thou wouldest tell me that something like this was the solution of my difficulties, and that the servant who was really earnest in doing his Lord's will would not be so curious in speculating as to the 'diversity of administrations,' which are all set in operation by 'the same Spirit.'

I reached this place late last evening . . . and found my darling well and very bright and happy at our meeting again. It is a great joy to think that there is but one more parting now before us, and then the two lives become one.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

Thomas and Lucy Hodgkin began their married life at Tynemouth, moving after two years to Newcastle to a house on the Elswick Road. Marriage interfered in no way with Thomas's desire to study and to write, but it was not easy to find time for all that he wanted to do.

To Edward Fry. 7 Nov., 61.

Alas, how to perform any decent percentage of the writing and reading which one sets before oneself to accomplish as yet I see not. For

> Each day brings its petty dust
> Our soon choked souls to fill,
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will.

Not that I mean to grumble at this most excellent invention of married life, which when we are thoroughly settled down will I believe be friendly, not hostile to my old pursuits, but the process of settling down does take up a good deal of time. There are bills to pay, and odds and ends of furniture to order, so that I still feel every day by some trifling little demand upon one's time and thoughts how much work it takes to set a household going.

He was as zealous as ever about his Bible classes. There had been what he describes as an ' almost exciting debate ' at Yearly Meeting in 1861, after which it had been decided ' to recommend Bible classes for mutual instruction apart from ordinary meetings for worship,' and this, which had marked them as a ' safe ' institution, had had an encouraging effect. A Bible class was started in North Shields, and the Newcastle class nearly doubled its members. In 1862

Thomas was taking part in three Bible classes, and he took this work very seriously, making a special effort to get back from a holiday in Falmouth for his Bible class, leaving his wife behind. This work helped to stimulate his religious and theological interests. He was much occupied with the increasing divergence between scientific and religious thought, and when a few years later he decided to read Darwin, he wrote :

I am sure that I shall still have the Everlasting No in my consciousness to any theory which makes us descended through apes from reptiles, but I also feel that there is not really any question of Christianity or Religion in a wider sense involved in the discussion, and I feel that in some ways one's sense of God's power as shown forth in us, and of the meaning of the words ' We then as fellow-workers with God ' is heightened and increased by the thought of what God has done on this theory by the co-operation of His creatures.

He devoted much time and thought to a paper on the Jewish Festivals, which he gave first as a lecture at Tynemouth.[1]

It was before his marriage, in January 1861, that he for the first time made his voice heard at the Newcastle meeting. He wrote :

I thought I must confess Christ before men by uttering aloud a short prayer in this morning's meeting. . . . Don't ask me to find out where the ' must ' came from, or whether I might not have taken refuge under my own glaring unfitness for any such work and left it to a more convenient time. Something within me seemed to say, ' if thou dost not make confession now when the remembrance of God's chastening is fresh upon thee *thou never wilt* '. . . . Well, it is done, and, as I said, I feel very happy, but very fearful. It may very likely be the last as well as the first time. I felt it, at the time, more as a confession in the face of the Church (such as a newly baptised convert might make in the early days) than as a necessary beginning of a new kind of labour : and I have a strong belief that, in any case, quietness and the shade will be the right thing for my soul's and body's health for some time to come.

[1] Published in *The Trial of our Faith.*

It was not long before he said a few words again, and this time he felt the effort less great, though later in the day he suffered deeply from reaction of feeling and from the sense of his unfitness. He was cheered by the unspoken sympathy expressed by the loving handshakes of the Newcastle Friends. By degrees he came to speak with increasing frequency. The following letter to an older Friend who had spoken to him on the subject shows what he felt about it:

To John Pease, a Minister of the Darlington Meeting, father of John William Pease. Tynemouth, 7 April, 62.

My dear Friend, Jno. Pease.— . . . I can most sincerely thank thee for the kind but faithful manner in which thou hast hinted at some of the dangers that beset my spiritual course. A great part of thy letter only echoes my own secret fears that the work is too high and holy for so unstable a believer as myself to have any share in it. It is hardly possible for me to state too strongly my own feelings of the utter lowliness of the work which, in the wonderful diversity of offices in Christ's house, I thought I might perhaps be called upon to discharge. Certainly not to teach or to instruct as though I had learned anything more than the weakest believer there: but simply to confess Christ before my brethren, simply to say, 'This is the Saviour whom I look for,' and in confessing Him to confess my own weakness too and continual need of His help, and sometimes when the yearning for that help was strong within me to put it into words which might perhaps express the needs of other souls than mine: this is all that I have ever felt myself called to do, and perhaps my own daily and hourly inconsistencies should have prevented me from doing even this. If any of my elder brethren (who know so far more than I can do of what really helps and hinders a congregation of true worshippers) think that I have perhaps mistaken the time at which this confession should be made, and that it would be better to wait a few years longer or to keep silence altogether throughout my life, and if they will in all openness and faithfulness tell me so, I will gladly hold my peace: for though of course I do not believe in the Romanist theory of an infallible Church standing between the soul and God, and taking upon it the sins of the former, still I do heartily accept the Church's sole right to judge of all offerings made

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in its name, and if the Church said ' Keep silence,' I should never feel that I had incurred the woe pronounced upon him who looks back after touching the plough of the Gospel. I think thou wilt understand what I have been trying with much difficulty to express. The work that I thought myself permitted to attempt was a very humble and inconspicuous one, and as far as I can read anything of the future it will continue so. My place, I know, will be always among the taught, not among the teachers. But even if by this little attempt at work I am doing harm, I will readily desist from it, believing that a loving Saviour will be pleased to accept the ' willing mind.'

It was some time before he felt quite happy about his position in the Newcastle meeting.

To his father, John Hodgkin. Benwelldene: 15 July, 65.

I found thy letter awaiting me at the Bank where I called after meeting this morning. The meeting had been to me a time of some little spiritual refreshment, but I did not feel clear that I had any message entrusted to me, and therefore held my peace. And so it came to pass that except an announcement of an intended marriage, not a single word broke the silence. I doubt whether this can be quite right, particularly considering that there were several children there. And I had been turning this doubt over in my mind when I took up thy letter. So thou wilt easily understand that I felt it as a word from thee, carrying on a conversation which I had already begun. It is quite true I am not altogether happy in my meeting work, and yet I don't think the causes of my disquietude are exactly those which thou hast suggested. I don't think that the question of acknowledgment or non-acknowledgment has anything to do with it. It would be very unreasonable if I allowed it thus to weigh with me, for I have myself publicly expressed doubts whether ' acknowledgment ' of ministers be a desirable practice.[1] I think it is very likely that the Sunderland Friends use these arguments of my own to prevent a step to which they object on other grounds, but I do not trouble myself about this. What is of far more importance to me is the relation existing between the Newcastle friends and me, and this is, as far as I can judge, entirely brotherly,

[1] Cf. letter to Lucy Hodgkin, page 91.

tolerant, and confiding. I have had assurances of interest, sympathy, and unity from a very large number of Friends. . . . What then is wanting to my happiness in the work? I know that it is chiefly simplicity of dependence on my Unseen Guide . . . the chief blame lies with me, and I see this clearly. But I think sometimes I ought to be receiving a little more help from the Church than I do. . . . I sometimes think if only these 'friends of weight' knew what a weight their silence hangs about our necks, they would now and then for mere pity's sake give us a word to show that their hearts are with us. What I least like about the meeting as it now is, is the tendency which I fear exists in it towards 'the one man system.' Our ideal of a Christian Church is so noble, and I believe so true—all the members building up *one another* . . . every man according to his several ability: but then if I go week after week to find that the reality is my endeavouring feebly and unsatisfactorily to build up others, and no one else attempting to build up me, then I do feel that in essence, if not in name, 'the one-man system,' with all its bad effects both on preacher and on congregation, is at work among us. Do I, in saying this, undervalue the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit during the hours of silence? I trust not: I have sufficient faith in it myself to feel often that I may safely throw the balance on the side of silence, that perhaps the Praise may have been more triumphant, the Prayer the more earnest, the Teaching the more specially adapted to the necessities of the taught, for my *not* having intervened and striven to put any of them into words.

In 1865 he published privately an essay entitled 'Thoughts on the Inspiration of the Scriptures.' He wrote of it:

It is very hard to say exactly what one means to say on such a subject as this, neither more nor less; especially difficult to talk, as I throughout imagine myself doing, to Doubters without saying something which may pain Believers.

The pamphlet was warmly welcomed by many of his friends, though others, including his father, were a little doubtful as to the effect that it might produce on some of the elders among the Friends. John Hodgkin was afraid lest 'whisper-

ings of possible doubts as to inspiration or the degrees of inspiration' might prejudice the right of his son to 'the timely consideration of the acknowledgement of his ministry.' He was in no hurry for this, but still he felt it was right that it should come in due time as a part of the 'servant's stewardship.' The pamphlet, which was addressed specially to those who had doubts, was of real help to many. The following letter gives some of his thoughts on the subject:

To Miss Emily Davies. Ashfield House: 20 August, 1865.

. . . . If I ever write on the question again I mean to insist on the distinction between 3 parts often confused by arguers on this subject. 1. The authenticity of any particular book of the Bible. 2. The Inspiration. 3. The Infallibility. They are really independent positions. . . . . But the question of the Inspiration of the Bible stands really quite apart from these. The Christian may fairly say I think to him who questions him on these points, 'Do you believe that there has been any communication between the Creator and His creatures at all? I will not ask, do you believe in the Incarnation, but do you believe that God has ever spoken by man to men? Has man ever known anything of God at all except what he thought out from the depths of his own consciousness? If you believe this we have some common ground to go upon, but without it we have not ἀρχλὶ sufficient to make argument possible.' . . . . What I mean is that the question of Inspiration with all its difficulties (and all its comfort) is one for believers in a Revelation, not for others to discuss. There must be some common ground between every pair of disputants to make discussion possible. . . . Then, you think, I should have explained the tests to which I would submit the Bible in order to distinguish the human element in it from the divine. This is the very thing which I have attempted to dissuade my readers (and myself) from trying to do. Don't we know how in philosophy the endeavour to establish an absolute criterion, a supreme test, ends in universal scepticism? and so in religion, if the old Papal notion of Infallibility haunts us, so that we must infallibly distinguish between human and divine in the Scriptures, we shall find that we have only dethroned the Bible in order to set up our new spiritual testing machine, whatever it may be, on an equally tottering throne. The whole idea of infallibility

in this sense I renounce as a bequest of Papacy, while holding as firmly as possible that truth is the first attribute of Christianity, and that according to the measure of our faith in Christ shall we realise practically the safe guidance of His spirit. This I think is one grand characteristic of Christianity, that it is not primarily a system of Theology much less of Philosophy, but a declaration of certain great facts, the belief in which introduces us at once into new relations with the unseen Creator. . . . One thing more I must say. . . . I believe the whole Church has far too little realised the truth that the Holy Spirit is still with us, guiding, teaching, and leading us into all truth, and that in fact Inspiration has not ceased.

Thomas Hodgkin was not formally recorded as a minister by the Society of Friends for some years.

To his sister Elizabeth. 14 January, 69.

Hast thou heard, I wonder, that the good Friends of Newcastle have at length decided to (as it is called) take up my case and consider next month whether I shall be enrolled among 'the acknowledged' or not. Having stipulated for the maintenance of my own seat, I did not feel that it was my business to take any further step in the matter. And yet there is certainly a kind of pleasure in feeling that the dear, older friends, often I have no doubt sadly puzzled by me, do on the whole feel more sympathy than puzzlement. And among Friends in one capacity or another I feel more and more that I shall live and die.

On February 10, 1869, he was recorded as a minister at the Newcastle monthly meeting. He had been speaking with increasing frequency at meetings, and many had profited greatly by his words. When told one day how gladly he was heard, he answered, 'I feel it is but the offering of fading or faded flower.' His voice and manner added much to the impressiveness of what he said, but above all none could doubt that he spoke from his heart of what he himself felt and knew. He dwelt repeatedly on the thought of the Saviour's loving companionship, and at times spoke feelingly of his longing for more religious fellowship with the members of the meeting. His was no austere religion, remote from the things of daily life. He

wished to bring Christ into everything. One who heard him often, wrote, ' I know no minister who seems to feel so much the exceeding love of our heavenly Father.'

It is impossible to speak of the religious development of Thomas Hodgkin without reference to the influence of his father. Every allusion to John Hodgkin's ministry shows not only how powerful a preacher he was, but how tender and wise in his dealing with individual souls. His son combined with his deep veneration for him the most perfect frankness as regards his own views and feelings. John Hodgkin in his letters to him almost invariably asks after the condition of his soul, and Thomas seldom writes without saying something as to his spiritual health. He writes invariably in a tone of the deepest humility and with strong expressions of longing for his father's counsel and help. But this bred in him no attitude of personal dependence. With all his humility he combined a conviction of the obligation to think for himself, to form independent judgments, to be responsible for his own opinions ; but he sought and valued inexpressibly the help that those of greater experience in the spiritual life could give him. In a sense it might be said that he took his father as his spiritual director, but he reserved his independence ; he knew that no director however wise, however loving, could relieve him from the final responsibility.

In his intimate letters there is often a tone of depression which is surprising to many who knew him well and who saw him bubbling over with fun, full of interest in all around him, enjoying and making even the worst of jokes and puns. But there is of course no real contradiction in this, only in reading his letters the other side, much more difficult to record, must never be forgotten. The combination of the deep seriousness and profound humility with his intense joy in life and his buoyant spirits made the great charm of his character. Writing to his father, he deplores the time wasted on fitful and unmethodical work, and the want of sustained energy and will concentrated on the work before him, but goes on to say :

I cannot feel that the youthfulness and immaturity which there is in me, and which everyone notices, is all to be

regretted, for I think it comes in part from a certain buoyancy and hopefulness of temperament which I inherit from thee.

At the same time he was distressed to find in himself so little certainty as to what kind of work for God's glory He would have him undertake.

Intellectual interests did not flag. He writes of being busy with studies concerning Bacon and his times. 'I like getting a good bathe in the history of a particular time for a few weeks together,' he said. He wrote reviews and other papers as well as poems, for *The Friend*, and the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, and for the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, and he sometimes lectured. The Bank prospered. Of his partner J. W. Pease he wrote:

He has such excellent judgment, and is so thorough and accurate, with first-rate business brains. He thoroughly masters whatever he sets himself to understand, and is very indisposed to hazard guesses and imaginations without definite facts for his footing.

In some parts of the business Hodgkin felt his own limitations. He wrote:

What I do regret, and find that no study or process of reasoning can give me, is power to understand the ordinary routine of mercantile transactions. I require more of the imaginative faculty than I possess to realise these vividly when one has never seen them.

There were little outings to the Lakes, visits to friends and relations, week-ends spent at some interesting spot in the neighbourhood, and he soon began to discover the immense attraction of the Roman wall and 'wonderfully perfect remains of the camp at Chesters.' He wrote (1864) of 'the exceeding interest of tracing the line of Wall and Vallum and fosse over crag and moor,' and added that it made him 'feel more than ever what a marvellous nation it [the Roman] was, how vigorously the heart must have beaten to enable us to find such evidences of a strong and healthy life so far away.' At one time he describes himself as having taken

'rather violently to gardening.' He still felt grievously at times the long distance which separated him from family and friends in the south. Writing to Edward Fry in 1863 he said that it was now five years since he and Bella had a home together at Whitehaven, and more than four since he had been in the north 'among people of whom she knows nothing. And I fancy sometimes that the separation must be greater, and that there is more danger of our drifting a little, if ever so little asunder, in heart and feeling, because she cannot in the least degree picture to herself my daily life here. . . . It is smoky and dusty and humdrum enough, but still it is mine.'

In 1862 he was much occupied with measures for the relief of the distress in Lancashire caused by the cotton famine. His letters are much occupied with the civil war in America, about which he felt special anxiety at first because of his father's absence in America. Little by little he began to take part in public affairs. The British Association met in Newcastle in 1863, and he did much work in organising the meetings and took 'an infinitesimally small part in the discussion of Fawcett's paper on the "Decline of the Price of Gold."'

In 1867 he was asked to serve on the Town Council, but refused because of his duty to his partners and to his health. He wrote: 'I was rather amused with myself to find how much I should have liked accepting it: anything in the confines of law is more interesting to me than business.'

Before long he began to make plans for acquiring a house which he might regard as a permanent home. What he desired was 'a situation near enough to enable him to take a part in the work in which he was interested in Newcastle,' not so near as to allow him to be inundated with committees, with a possibility of walking to and fro to his business, which would be good for his health. All this was secured in Benwelldene, two and a half miles out of Newcastle, which was destined to be his happy home for twenty-eight years, and which lay below Pendower, the home of J. W. Pease. The house designed by his brother-in-law, Alfred Waterhouse, was built in 1866.

To his sister Mariabella. 16 Feb., 66.

The house is getting on, but what a lot of things have to be done before a place can be made fit to live in. I think I understand the long geologic ages, during which man's house was preparing for him, better for watching our house a-building.

At the end of the year he gave what the local paper called 'a sumptuous supper' to the workmen employed in building 'his new mansion.'

During these early years of married life one cloud, delicacy of health, hung over his life. There were times when he felt deeply discouraged on account of this. New remedies were used, and at last it was decided that a thorough change and lengthened holiday should be tried for both himself and his wife, who was not strong. They went in January 1868 first to the Riviera, pausing on the way in Paris, of which he wrote:

The objects of interest are so infinite—really this word seems hardly too strong to use of this ever-wonderful city—at least I always feel when I come to it how many lifetimes it would take to know even its good side, saying nothing of the bad.

They began by spending some months on the Riviera, where he wrote of the bright warm sunshine and the cold air as symbolising to him 'a Christianity of the intellect without heart warmth.' Here he wrote his poem 'Emori Nolo,' probably the most liked of all his poems. He determined not to write it all at once and limited himself strictly to a verse a day. His long walks in the mountains filled his mind with thoughts that found their best expression in poetry, and the verses came to him day by day till the whole was finished. Of this poem he wrote to his father:

The verses are perhaps almost too personal, too much connected with one's own inner self for publication, and yet one can, somehow or other, say things to that unknown quantity, the Public, which one would not like to read face to face to any but one's nearest friends.

T. AND L. A. HODGKIN AND ALFRED WATERHOUSE

BENWELLDENE

1867

In this poem he shows the peace he had won, and the glad certainty of his faith.

Father! I live or die, in this confiding
That thou art King,
That each still star above me owns Thy guiding,
Each wild bird's wing.

Oh, Son of Man! if Thee and not another
I here have known,
If I may see Thee then, our First-born Brother,
Upon Thy throne,

How stern soe'er, how terrible in brightness
That dawn shall break,
I shall be satisfied with Thy dear likeness
When I awake.

From the Riviera they went in April to Florence, of which he wrote 'it has far more than equalled all that I hoped to feel. We have been earnestly labouring *not* to work hard at sight-seeing. It is better for one's own spirit to get slowly impregnated with the spirit of the place instead of galloping through it.' He had eight days 'of continual feasting of the mind, such as I hardly ever remember to have enjoyed before.'

This was not only because of its artistic and architectural treasures, even more delightful to him was the thought:

how nearly this is the same Florence with the city of the Middle Ages. It has not outgrown itself like London, nor been turned inside out like Paris; with very little help from the imagination one can travel a few centuries up the stream, and live again in the Florence of history.

After his return he wrote to his cousin Howard Lloyd:

This time I have been—what I never was before—thoroughly bitten with the Italian Tarantula. I can understand now why Kings and Emperors in the Middle Ages flung away whole realms of dim transalpine regions to secure one bright duchy or county on the sunny side of the Great Wall. I too having once tasted the delights of Italy must 'fling away good money after bad,' and go back there again to

enjoy still more. . . . I think what I learnt chiefly during these three months was the truth of the grand verse in the Te Deum, 'Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy glory.'

Religious interests were not neglected on this journey. Wherever possible he sought intercourse with Huguenot and Waldensian pastors and attended their worship. He was always keen to get to know all he could about the country in which he travelled, and to make friends of fellow travellers and residents alike.

This journey seems in a sense to mark the beginning of a new epoch for him. The charm of Italy no doubt helped to determine what was to be the great historical work of his life. Renewed health, and the success of the new remedies suggested by Dr. Wm. Murray, his doctor and dear friend, led to the passing away of the cloud that had overhung his life, and in the following year 1869 his first child was born, 'the almost unhoped-for blessing with which God crowned his life,' 'a star of brightness and hope.' He had 'hungered and thirsted for the love of a child' which was now to be richly gratified. After this there was no return of his malady, his family life was complete, and he saw his way to settle down to a definite and engrossing historical pursuit. He wrote to his sister Mariabella in July 1869: 'I must confess I don't now see the bright years of life falling from my hand quite so composedly as I did some time ago. I was then really like "an hireling earnestly desiring the shadow." Now I have too much happiness and too much hope to wish to find that the morning is quite over.'

In the spring of 1870 there was another journey to Italy, this time to Rome, for so many years the city of his dreams. It was reached at night, but with daylight on the following morning, he was out for his first ramble. His cousin Rachel Albright, who travelledwith them, says:

I shall never forget the mixed boy-and-scholar who returned a few hours later to tell of how it all seemed to him, of what was as he had expected, of what was different, and what was finer, and what was disappointing.

He wrote himself:

The little that is left of pagan Rome delights me more than I had expected, and would be perfectly satisfactory to my ideas of how its ruined glory should be represented, if only all modern Rome were blotted out of existence.

The visible signs of popery, the clergy swarming in the streets, were an offence to him, and he wrote:

Oh for a fierce whirlwind of war, revolution, anything to blow away this air, tainted with pompous falsehood, and bring these men in contact anyhow with reality. The difficulty is, or seems to be at the first blush of it, not to remain Protestant but to remain Christian. Everywhere the grand old Paganism shows itself so much nobler and better than the caricature of Christianity which is pasted over it.

The Œcumenical Council was sitting at St. Peter's, and with curious eyes he watched the members of the great Council as they came out from their session. 'The faces looked like those of good commonplace men, kindly but accustomed to routine and not likely to go beyond it or to produce any great influence for good or evil on the thought of the age.' His letters are full of moans over the work of Popes and Jesuits in Rome till he breaks out into a cry, 'Oh, those Vicars of Christ, how the earth groans and has groaned under them!' The travellers spent only eight days of very hard sight-seeing in Rome. Rachel Albright says 'as a fellow traveller he never failed one; he was always full of interest, historical and present, always alert, boyishly eager and even roguish in his fun.' They went on to Terni, where the bells ringing at all hours of the night proved very disturbing, and he wrote, 'Lucy is not quite so fond of a good little book "I must keep the chimes going," as she used to be at home.' Breaking their journey at Perugia, he 'had time for that first cruise about a new place which is always my greatest delight in it.' Their return was hastened by the news that their child, who was with her grandparents at Falmouth, was ill with whooping-cough. The illness was serious, and he wrote:

I don't think we shall ever risk such a separation again. So here ends very likely for ever the record of my wanderings

in ' the lovely land ' which henceforth I must see with the eyes of other travellers but must not look upon for myself.

This prophecy was not fulfilled ; he was to enjoy many wanderings far and near in the future.

In his letters at this time are many stray allusions to his delight in his child. This was an engrossing subject. ' I must not write anything about her or I should talk of nothing else,' he wrote ; and of the anniversary of his wedding day in 1870 he said, ' It was happier than any before. Violet grows more delicious every day.' Another time he speaks of her as ' the chief ruiner of his correspondence.'

She is so dear and amusing when I get home from the Bank that I cannot help spending an hour sometimes playing with her before she goes up to bed—just the time in which I might otherwise have been letter-writing.

He was not then so much engrossed in literary and historical work as he became later. He writes in October 1870 :

I am going to lecture on Savonarola at Liverpool next December, and shall, I think, review Matthew Arnold's St. Paul and Protestantism in the *Friends' Examiner* for January. Beyond this I have little prospect of work this winter.

A great sorrow came to the Hodgkins in 1872 in the death of their second child, John Alfred, of whom he had written when he was a few months old that he would have to be a banker. " I hope for a second son to bear the little doctor's honoured name and follow his profession, but this little fellow, if he grows up, will I suppose rise no higher than the diagnosis and pathology of humdrum accounts.'

The sensitive tenderness of Hodgkin's nature is shown by his bitter grief over the death of this child. He wrote :

It took me down into an indescribable depth of sorrow and seemed to be linked with my own dear mother's death thirty-six years before. All the current of my life seemed turned backward and for the time I had no future. It did me good service in making me feel how absolutely worthless at such a time is prosperity. How many days when the dear little fellow's life was still hanging in the

balance, did I walk home from business with this wish in my heart, 'Oh, God, take all my possessions from me, but spare that life.' . . . The Eternal Father was near to me even in that time of sorrow, and the Covenant, which on my part was getting somewhat weak and faded, was renewed I think for years to come. 1872 will be ranked with 1853 as a time when I felt that my Father loved me, and that all this chastening was in love. I know for some time past I have not sufficiently had my treasure in heaven; now it seems as if that delightful little face would be treasure enough to prevent one's ever again preferring earth.

And again:

It is not the blotting out of so many happy visions for the future (though that is much) that overcomes me, as the remembrance of all his pretty little ways. . . . I know from experience how 'the strong hours conquer us,' and fear that the attitude of complete submission to God's will, which now makes my inner soul so happy in spite of the outer sorrows, may not last for long.

This loss was never forgotten. In 1886 he wrote to his wife on the anniversary of the child's death:

I have not forgotten what this day means for us. If I find it hard sometimes to remember the children's birthdays, the death of that dear little one is engraven too deep to be ever obliterated.

In the spring after the child's death they went to Falmouth for a long change.

To Edward Fry. Glendurgan: April 10, 1872.

There is something particularly soothing and restful in this scenery. It is not Disraeli's 'melancholy ocean' that we look out upon, I agree with him in not liking always to behold a boundless sea. As thou knowest, this looks like a lake, but every now and then some big three-master comes from over seas sailing up into the heart of the fiord and reminds us that we have some connection with the great world. . . . Theodore Waterhouse, who paid us a very pleasant little visit the other day, had a volume of the Odyssey in his pocket. It seemed exceedingly appropriate to the place and scenery, and I could almost imagine the possibility, next time we went down to the beach, of finding a

strange trireme coming in from the open sea, bringing Ulysses from the gardens of Alcinous [Altinous?].

During this time he occupied himself with working at astronomy with some of his cousins, and also with turning part of St. Augustine's Confessions into verse. That autumn a second son was born to him, whose name Thomas Edward commemorated 'a precious memory and a long friendship.'

To Edward Fry. October 5, 1872.

We have named him Thomas Edward, a fancy of mine to commemorate our 24 years of friendship. Had you been in England, I should perhaps have written to ask thy leave; but, after all, the name is not a trade-mark like Bryant and May's 'Noah's Ark,' which cannot be infringed with impunity.

Four more children, two sons, Robert and George, and two daughters, Lily and Nelly, came to add to the joy of his home life. In his love for his children all the tenderness of his nature could find full and free expression. From the very first the relation between him and them was that of companions. He wrote in 1873:

Violet now seems more of a companion than a child. I do trust we are not spoiling her, but I feel sometimes with a little stab how utterly our hearts are bound up in her sweet little self.

Twenty years later he wrote: 'God has given us the priceless gift of family love and harmony, and while we have that I feel as if all other trials were bearable.'

In 1873 he was interested by the visit of Moody and Sankey to Newcastle. Hodgkin went to hear them three or four times, and wrote of the meetings:

Sankey's hymns were always sweet to me. Moody's bad grammar, his comic bits, his familiar and irreverent way of speaking of the Everlasting God, repelled me, but his power and his wonderful pathos attracted me still more.

Letters, 1861–69

To his stepmother, Elizabeth Hodgkin. 11 October, 1861.

. . . . About charades, I in the main very much agree with thee, but I think it rather more a matter for *individual* consideration and less susceptible of a sweeping general conclusion than thou dost. I feel for myself that I must not act any more, even in what I do intensely enjoy and believe to be quite harmless for many people, a good historical *tableau*. . . . But I must not do it simply because the very intensity of my enjoyment in it leads me to throw myself into it too earnestly. I forget almost for the time the duties and the dangers and the hopes of my own spirit in the unreal personality which I have assumed, and I feel this to be wrong. But there are many to whom this does not apply, and I dare not say that there is the slightest *wrongness* in it for them. Our little charade at Middleton was very much of this kind—a little simple ballad of mediæval times illustrated by us—no 'strong' situation or low comedy in it of any kind. I did not act myself on the principle I have stated above, though it was really some little self-denial to me not to do so; but I helped to arrange the performance . . . perhaps I was wrong, but I wanted to show very plainly that my religion was not asceticism, and while observing for myself that little matter of individual self-restraint which I have spoken of, to join as heartily as I could in all harmless recreation of others.

To Edward Fry. Tynemouth: 7 November, 1861.

. . . . I am sure we shall have been rejoicing and thanking God together during the past 10 days more than once or twice over the two splendid bits of good news, Bessie's safe confinement and Father's safe landing at Queenstown. I feel already a very warm corner of my heart preparing for that jolly little Paul, Bessie's own son, but am half disposed to envy him and wish myself a child again that I might be *her* child. . . .

In re America. How the tanglement is growing more entangled. . . . I expect thy sympathies will be much more with the North than those of most people round thee. I, too, think that while observing a strict neutrality we might have held a much less unfriendly tone to the Unionists than the *Times* and even perhaps little Jack Russell have done.

The tone of the *Times* has, I think, been bad, lecturing both sides with such insufferable arrogance and conceit. . . . Still, it is a very difficult path which we have been treading for the last 11 months, and have yet to tread. The Yankees are no doubt ' aggravating ' as they can well be, and it needs the highest Christian patience, *or* almost superhuman skill and statesmanship, to steer the ship of our Commonwealth so as to avoid a collision. I fear we are fast drifting on towards one now. I should like to see the English people speaking out bravely and saying that . . . we will not go to war with America, we will not suffer ourselves to be dragged into what must sooner or later be a contest between slavery and freedom on the wrong side—that it was not the fear of getting some sounding thwacks that has hitherto held us back from fighting them (under great provocation) these ten times, but the feeling that it was horrible and not to be borne that with all we have to bind us to one another we should again be plunging into one of these *plus quam civilia bella*, and that this feeling is equally strong if they become weaker than Denmark or mightier than France—that however much we may consider their national character to have suffered from institutions inferior to ours, and much as we have had to bear from their unworthy rulers, we feel sure that the Nation must be at heart sound, and with that Nation we *will not fight*. . . .

To the same. 4 March, 1862.

. . . . Dicey's Cavour I have read a good deal of and like much. . . . I, as well as thou, have good hopes for Italy, thinking they have shown during the past 2 years marvellous aptitudes for self-government, but for the long lasting of the work I should like to see the element of religious Reform coming more prominently into view. Can any enduring work in the way of building up a Nation be done by men who have not a strong sense of their relations with the Infinite and the Eternal? We believe not. Yet the Italians have undoubtedly in their heart of hearts *broken* with the Pope: they do not believe that old man to have the keys of Death and of Hell, and to be the lawful vicar of God manifest in the Flesh. But a sort of spiritual cowardice, I fear—an unmanly desire to be on the safer side preventing them from drawing the necessary conclusions from their own premisses, and perhaps a preponderance of doubt whether Christ was in reality Divine, making it immaterial who calls

himself His Vicar—I am afraid it is such feelings as these that prevent the Religious Reform from coming more openly into view. . . . I have been lately reading with extreme interest Michelet's History of France, 'Guerres de la Religion.' He brings out very well a point I never saw so well demonstrated before, that the Protestants on the simple Christian ground were excessively averse to taking up arms, and were in fact goaded and forced into it by the lawless cruelty of the monk-guided mobocracy which rallied round the Guises. Do have a look at the book for the sake of his portraiture of Calvin. I was astonished to find a freethinker keeping so warm a corner in his heart for the great Dogmatist. . . . I hope to get to work soon at an Essay on the Jewish Festivals . . . I mean to make it bear especially on the New Testament history. Already I find the interest of it growing upon me very much. When finished it is to be read at Sunderland at a sort of Biblical Essay meeting.

To his step-brother, Jonathan Hodgkin (at University College, London). Tynemouth: 19 October, 1862.

Dear old fellow,—I have no news to tell thee yet. I must send a few lines to say how often I have been thinking of thee in thy first settling in at the old place. '*Alma* Mater' I hardly quite like to call her, for it seems a sort of joke upon her smoke-grimed countenance to apply to her the same epithet which described 'Idalian Aphrodite beautiful' when fresh risen from the foam. Yet I have a good deal of love and gratitude still left towards the old lady (we must call her that now as she can no longer return herself in the census papers as under 30 years old), and I like to think of thee treading the same corridors, sitting on the same forms, writing at the same inconvenient desks (how they do force one to skew one's notebook about), and enquiring of the same 'lobster' whether there are any letters for thee in the window, thro' which, on which, at which, and of whom I used to do all these things. I know how busy thou wilt be and hardly like to ask it, but *one* page only before the freshness of thy first impressions is quite worn off, telling me how thou findest the place to thy liking, and especially how thou likest Malden and Gup, would be very acceptable.

The day of thy departure I went, according to my intention, down the river after Gladstone. The newspaper

which I sent would tell thee nearly all that was to be told, and especially would show thee how the wonderful readiness and fluency of that marvellous man shone forth more conspicuously than ever on that day. An address from the Mayor of Gateshead answered in fitting terms: then the voyage down the river, during which he was talking (chiefly asking questions, but, I am told, just the right questions) the whole way: then 2 addresses and his appropriate answers to them on the north pier, 3 addresses and one very skilfully combined answer to the lot on the south pier: speechifying with the Tyne Commissioners all the way up the river, an uninterrupted conversation with one of our greatest shipbuilders during the whole of their cab drive out to Gibside, speechifying after dinner there, and a lively flow of talk till 2 A.M., when they at length enticed him away out of the drawing-room to bed. And to make it more wonderful (for there are many parrots in the world, but he is not one of them) it was *all sense* that he was talking: the most part of it the hard-earned product of his own mental labour, and all clothed in the most fitting, clearest, and most persuasive words. Was there a piece of mechanism among all these teeming workshops by the river side (the sight of which seemed almost to strike him with awe); was any one of these dockyards, with all their countless appliances for perfecting the work of men's hands, worthy to be compared as a mechanical marvel with this specimen of God's handiwork, the brain and tongue of a Gladstone, 'I trow not.'

To his Wife. 28 December, 1862.

I hope always to keep Christmas Day with more or less of glad observance, no bounden feeling 'I must do this, I must abstain from that,' still less of revellings and banquettings, which to my mind grate fearfully upon all the associations of the day, but in such a state of mind that if He came again He might find me watching. It is quite true that we have hardly even the slenderest evidence, hardly even a *tradition* of its being the real birthday of the Lord, but to my mind this is almost immaterial. If the great body of Christians have by common consent celebrated this one event on this one day, if we ourselves, whatever our creed may be, cannot help observing it as a holiday, why not let it be a *holy day* too, and especially on its recurrence

praise God for what I hope every morning we remember with more or less of thankfulness, that 'He hath in these last days spoken unto us by a Son.'

To Edward Fry. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 10 November, 1863.

. . . I have lately been reading *Jean Ingelow's Poems*, some of which charm me inexpressibly. I think the poem 'Honours' (though not without faults and somewhat too long) contains the noblest and truest things that I have anywhere met with concerning the Religious Difficulties of our Age. . . . I have spent part of the morning in going with Rachel to hear Spurgeon: and though I went with rather an uneasy mind, for I felt that I was going merely to gratify curiosity, under pretence of a religious service, I was agreeably disappointed with the man, and came away refreshed. There was nothing of what could be called buffoonery, and very little even of familiarity or humour in his discourse. It was in the main a plain straightforward but very powerful preaching of the Gospel, such as I felt really thankful that 3000 of my fellow townspeople should be drawn together to hear.

To his Wife. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 13 May, 1863.

. . . We had a peculiarly nice little Bible class yesterday evening. . . . We had a good deal of talk about the Communism in practice in the early Christian Church and its relation to the theories of modern communists. . . . This morning was Monthly Meeting and as I was appointed representative I went. The great business . . . was the recognition of H. Brady as a minister. It was very nicely done, there was great unanimity of feeling . . . perhaps I ought to except myself from this statement, for I could not help letting fall a few sentences of doubt as to the practice of 'acknowledging' ministers at all. I said that I doubted whether on the whole the practice had not done more harm than good to Friends by drawing a hard line of demarcation between ministers and non-ministers, and tending to mar the simplicity of what ought to be the simplest and most natural act of a Christian man's life, his confession of Christ before his fellow believers. Still I said I could not but see that this was a case in which the objections were almost as few and the advantages as great as they could be: no change even of outward position in the meeting caused by the recognition, and great reason to hope that the gift being

recognised by the Church might grow larger. Putting aside therefore the question as to the acknowledgement of ministers in *any* case, I did most cordially unite in the proposition to recognise the gift entrusted to one who had, I believe, been a succourer of many and of myself also. . . . I had a particularly happy and helpful meeting, mainly owing, I think, to my spirit having been attuned to worship by a lovely little Christmas meditation of Bessie's . . . it was a teaching and a uniting time.

To his father, John Hodgkin. (On a tour of visits) Field Foot: 19 September, 1863.

. . . We had of course an interesting time of it at the Brit. Ass. and I don't think on the whole a hurtful one. Our guests were Robt. Barclay, I. H. Backhouse, Emma Pease, and a certain Captain Woodall, banker, geologist, and militia officer of Scarbro. . . . He was almost overwhelmingly scientific, but I think there is a wholesome tonic for the mind in being, at any rate for a time, in company with a man who has gone many fathoms deeper than oneself in almost every subject that can be studied; and I hope I found it so this time.

I must say that on the whole I was even more struck than I expected to be—and that was not a little with the widening chasm between science and faith. I hardly heard anything by way of direct attack upon the Bible, but in the frequently raised discussions about the antiquity of man and the common origin of the human race, it seemed to be tacitly taken for granted that what the Scripture said upon the subject was of no moment. Perhaps it is better that it should be so at present, that geology should pursue its own course for a time without continually taking the reckoning to see how far it has drifted from the old beliefs which were, or thought they were, founded on the Bible; but I, speaking as a mere ἰδιώτης in this subject, have a strong impression that geology (or rather the geologists) is just now showing rather too much alacrity in jumping at conclusions, from some of which it will have hereafter to wind its way back again painfully and with some humiliation.

To Edward Fry. Ben Rhydding: 13 May, 1864.

I am greatly in thy debt for the most welcome present of the Treatise of Election. Having indulged myself in

that (often *most* enjoyed) first perusal which accompanies 'cutting through' a book, diving in at one page and emerging two or three pages further on, I can testify very favourably to the readableness of the book, and I think it will help many—myself among the number—who have hitherto been fain to hang up this question side by side with the origin of evil as one of those hopelessly inscrutable mysteries which for peace of mind's sake a man must refrain from seeking to unravel. And so in a certain sense, in as far as it represents the mystery of man's free will, of course thou also considerest it; but the question whether scripture adds to the perplexity or not, by that doctrine of personal, unconditional election and reprobation which Augustine and Calvin found there, is, if I understand thee right, that with which thou hast set thyself especially to grapple. I was very much struck with what thou sayest in the Epistle Dedicatory about the recurrence of questionings of this class at times when the mind is already downcast and depressed. I find in myself that mysteries which 10 or 15 years ago I could with perfect ease put from me, saying, 'That is no concern of mine: the plummet of our reason can't sound that depth,' are much harder to escape from now.

Reason still says, 'They are beyond me,' but the instinct of the soul, longing that they were not beyond her, is stronger and sadder and cannot be so easily elbowed out of the way as it once was.

To Frederic Seebohm. Ashfield House: 27 August, 1865.

I am much obliged to you for your letter and for the kind way in which you speak of my little Essay, the crudeness and incompleteness of which no one can feel more strongly than I do. There are times, however, and I think the present is one of them, when it is better for men to compare even their immaturest and incompletest thoughts with one another than to be silently drifting to the most opposite conclusions while ostensibly holding the same faith. . . . There seems to me to be so much flippant superficial criticism on the Bible and Christianity now abroad: men approach these subjects (too often) with such an utter absence of that 'moral earnestness' which Arnold so longed for among his pupils; and if the account which the press itself gives of the matter be correct, there is in the great centres of thought and speculation an increasing departure

from that purity of life without which it is hopeless to look for right thought concerning God and the soul of man. . . .

To his Father. Ashfield House: February 7, 1866.

Thank thee for E. Bouveries and A. Shackleton's critiques on my pamphlet. . . . I think both the comments echo only more loudly my sense of a coming conflict between knowledge and belief, the thought of which sometimes makes me wish my lot had been cast a generation earlier, when the best intellect of the country was still ranged on the side of Faith. But I suppose we must believe that as the bounds of the habitation of all the dwellers upon earth are fixed by God, so too with 'the times before appointed,' and that not by chance nor at random do we find ourselves moving among a generation whose faculties and whose peculiar temptations have all been foreseen by Him from the beginning.

To Frederic Seebohm. Benwelldene: 23 June, 1867.

. . . There must be a sort of 'sensus communis' in Christendom, not certainly for the sake of developing new truths but to prevent men, under the influence of every wild and fanatical impulse, corrupting the old truths. The work of the Holy Spirit in the heart is doubtless an individual work: individual also must be the love and allegiance of each soul to Christ: but is not a certain kind of collective faith necessary also to enable a Church to exist as a Church at all? How else shall the atoms which compose it cohere in one? It is our theory (and our experience too) that congregational worship is different from individual worship, and that even in silence the spirits of Christians worshipping together are helped by one another. Why should not this be true of their faith, even of their intellectual apprehension of Christianity also? And if it be, we do get a kind of Church-consciousness and Church-power of discerning between the true and the false, distinct from (but not therefore entitled to crush down and destroy) the individual believer. What makes me disposed to insist rather strongly on this point is that I have just been reading that strange and disagreeable book, Hepworth Dixon's 'New America.' One cannot but be disgusted with some of the pictures of so-called Christianity there presented. Mormonism, Free Love, and so on. But without this 'sensus communis' of Christendom for which I am pleading, if the individual is

to be the *sole* judge of what is and what is not Christian doctrine, I don't see how we could separate as we must separate between these strange perversions of the truth, and pure Christianity.

To his sister Mariabella. Benwelldene: 7 July, 1868.

. . . The events of the last few months have been making a grievous Radical of me. I cannot endure the Trades Union feeling of the Bishops nor the vile calumnies with which the Orange clergymen assail Gladstone, a man who with his many faults has, I do believe, the fear of God before his eyes. . . . Edward's argument showing that it was constitutional and right for Disraeli to carry on the Government for 7 months after a series of hopeless defeats in the House of Commons remains in my intellect as a plausible and pretty piece of argumentation: but my practical feeling of the matter is that his cause is opposed to the whole spirit of constitutional government, the theories of which a few more years of his charlatan administration would strain till they snapped. He is to my apprehension just like a Croquet-Player who, when both the balls of the other side have 'knocked out' and he is utterly beaten, says: 'Oh, by the way, that's not the way we play the game now. The first knocked out don't really win unless their opponents are more than six hoops behind.'

To Edward Fry. Benwelldene: 2 September, 1868.

. . . Then, dear Edward, as to this approaching separation of Church and State, I am probably wrong, but I can hardly believe that this is really approaching now for England. 'Threatened men live long.' Consider how long a time even the Irish Church has had since its first stroke of paralysis, now some 35 years ago, and yet it is not actually dead yet. With the immensely stronger grip which the roots of the English Establishment have of the soil, I look for at least a generation more before she is finally laid on the railway truck to be carted away. And as things now are I should be sorry to see that day come. I believe her Establishment has practically no effect, good or bad, in the large towns, and in the country parishes I don't believe there is any machinery ready to do her work.

But I am sorry to say that I have quite drifted from the Arnoldian position of longing for a glorified and idealised

Union of Church and State, to which I see thou remainest faithful. I don't think I ever quite believed in the theory, and certainly my three years' watching of its *practice* at Whitehaven and (in a less degree) my ten years' experience of it *here* have shaken out all tendency to believe in it. . . .

In all these State Churches, whether founded on the Athanasian Creed or the Nicene Creed or even the Apostles', there seems to me to be the same leaven of dull officialism, taking the heart and life out of Christ's teaching and in fact making the Christian life to consist in a decent and regular payment of highway rates for Caesar's grand new Road to Heaven, rather than in taking up the scrip and staff and going ourselves on pilgrimage through perils of mountains and perils of waters and great clouds and the roaring of wild beasts, but still onward *by ourselves* to the Heavenly City.

To —— September, 1868.

I should almost like to feel that I had thy forgiveness for a dream which I had a few nights ago, in which we had a terrible tempest of words between us, and at last, when the quarrel might have been made up, I took by deliberate choice the worse part and said—knowing and feeling that this would separate us for all the rest of our lives—some horrid hateful words—I have no idea what—and then took leave of thee for ever. I wish —— would tell me what he thinks as to the possibility of moral responsibility for our dreams. In this one I felt so distinctly the exertion of a προλίρεσις and that towards utter evil and I knew it. Can the I, the moral and spiritual part within me, be held absolutely guiltless? And yet what a joy it was to me when I awoke and behold it was a dream. Would that one could believe that all who make the wrong choice here could have the same chance of repudiating it on their awakening.

Anyhow, dear ——, let us kiss and be friends through the post, for the remembrance of that hateful quarrel weighed on me with a perceptible burden for two or three days.

To his Father. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 29 October, 1868.

. . . Spiritually I have not much to say about myself. I have been in rather a dry land for some months past: but then about a fortnight ago I seemed to gain a fresh view of the freeness of God's forgiving mercy in Christ, and my

doubts and fears rolled away like a cloud. But it is very hard to live near to God while one is in the midst of the world, and I often feel that I only just get strength enough on First day to last me through the week. I am not silent in Meeting and sometimes have great joy and freedom in speaking of the things which belong to Christ's Kingdom, but I cannot bear to hear thee speak of it as 'work for Christ': for this is the one aspect of it in which I know that it will not bear the light. I speak, often because I long to help some of those sitting by, sometimes because I feel that my own faith needs strengthening by confession, but I scarcely ever feel anything approaching in the slightest degree to St. Paul's words, 'We then as fellow workers with Christ beseech you,' etc. I look back often to earlier days when under the pressure of illness and almost despairing of happiness in this world I was certainly more willing to be 'made a fool for Christ's sake'; and I often doubt whether I have not retrograded since that time. And yet—after all *I have hope in Him*, and I will not end this little outpouring of my heart with grumbling even at myself, though I know that I am about the most unstable and unsociable of all who ever entered His service.

To Edward Fry. Benwelldene: 9 May, 1869.

Dear old Edward (I use with delight this language towards thee now because I am not quite sure whether my sense of propriety will allow me to address so freely a full blown Q.C.),—I was extremely glad to see in the papers the question of a fresh creation of that kind of organism cropping up again, and thy name prominent in the list. It must be a grand thing to array oneself in a silk robe, much larger than the cocoon of the silkworm, and spun as it were all out of your own brains while she spins hers out of her bowels. To have always henceforward a Junior upon whom the blame of any defeat can be cast, to sit under the bar ever so much nearer to m'lud, and to have at length a table upon which one's bag and books can be laid, all these must be great alleviations of life: and, to quit these feeble jokes, I am delighted that thou hast earned them. . . . Ah me! with what utter reverence used both of us to regard those esoteric beings, when we were hanging about the courts in 1852 or '53: and though of course I keep the reverence still, I know the feeling can't be quite the same with thee.

To Frederic Seebohm.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
2 September, 1869.

. . . I have been reading lately in the Savonarola regions of history with increasing interest. What would the Reformation have been had Savonarola had the kindling of it ? Too exclusively Italian if not purely Florentine an affair, I fear : yet the national element was strong in Luther too, and after all the main question was, ' Who would first beard the lion at Rome ? What man or city or kingdom would first proclaim and stand fast by the fact that the Papal anathema was powerless, that the Catholic unity was broken and (in the old sense) could never be restored ? ' I cannot help hoping that something of the old Dante-Savonarola spirit may yet show itself, positively not negatively only, in Italy ; not that the nation will ever adopt our cut-and-dry Protestantism, but that if religious earnestness be awakened in the heart of the nation at all, they may grasp more immediately and more logically than our half and half Reformers did that Sacerdotalism and Christianity are essentially opposed to one another. If the celibacy of the clergy were once abandoned, and the minister of the Word took his right place as a citizen and the head of a household, I should have great hopes of all the rest following almost as a matter of course.

CHAPTER VII

HISTORICAL WORK

From his early youth Thomas Hodgkin had found much pleasure in writing. He wrote with great ease and fluency both in prose and verse, and sent many of his productions to the journals issued by the Society of Friends. It seemed to some of those who knew him best that he was wasting his energies on rather ephemeral articles in comparatively unimportant periodicals. Especially did his sister, Mariabella Fry, and her husband urge him to undertake some continuous work, telling him that he was frittering himself away by writing for periodicals, and in the preface to the first volume of his history, he says that it was his brother-in-law who first encouraged him to attempt such an undertaking. He was interested in so many questions, that at first no doubt it was not easy to concentrate on one, but in a letter written in September 1868 we find him saying that Italian matters were the most absorbing to him at the time. In the following year he gave a lecture which by its title, 'Italy, her invaders and usurpers,' foreshadowed the title of his great work though it dealt with a later period. He had at that time many different literary projects of work.

To his sister Mariabella.

Benwelldene :
25 November, 1869.

. . . A few weeks ago I could hardly have written to thee without asking whether you were Guelfs or Ghibellines, so entirely was I engrossed in Italian History. Now I have got my lecture finished and delivered, and begin to remember that there are other people in the world besides Visconti and Hohenstauffens. . . . I think I shall try to add Florence, Venice, perhaps Genoa to my picture gallery, and so construct a little course of lectures on Italian History. I

have not forgotten your injunctions to try and write something permanent, and feel more drawn to Italian History than anything else. Two day-dreams float before me, one a continuation of Milman's ' Latin Christianity,' so as to bring it down at least to Ranke's ' History of the Popes ' ; a history, in fact, of the Papacy from Constance to Trent with such inter-gleams of light from Italian Art and the Revival of Letters as I could introduce.

Another day-dream is to execute a thoroughly good History of Italy from Alaric to Garibaldi, greatly compressing some parts, and keeping it all within the limits of three volumes. I know how difficult this would be, but I think if one was content to throw many of the unimportant campaigns and sieges into the Index, barely, giving them a line a-piece there, one might get fair room for comfortable description of the really important and picturesque passages of the history. Edward will say and very truly, ' What on earth does T. know of the details of such a history ? All his knowledge for years to come will be only at second-hand.' I see this very clearly, but, on the other hand, I can't find that we have any good, handy history of the country fashioned out of such materials as even Sismondi would furnish : and I am inclined to think that the necessity of writing entirely from original documents is tending to produce a microscopical style of history (like Macaulay's five volumes for ten years) which will almost bury the readers under the enormous mass of materials. So much for literary day-dreams in answer to your admonitions when I was last at Highgate.

Slowly the day-dreams took shape and he settled down to the great historical work of his life. We can only surmise what finally determined the exact choice of the subject, but perhaps it is not fanciful to suggest that his interest at home in that monument of Rome's great days, the mighty Wall, combined with his delight in Italian travel, made the period connected with the decline of the Empire of special interest to him. At the same time, his was not a nature to rest on considerations of decline and decay, and the coming of the Goths and the building up of the new nations on the ruins of the Empire gave his work a living interest, which enabled him to connect it with the great movements and events of his own days.

In 1873 he wrote to Edward Fry: 'My reading is now converging very much towards "Italy in the Fifth Century," and I do hope soon to be full enough of thoughts on the subject to be able to begin to write.' The following year, writing to his sister Elizabeth, he says: 'About the history, I am now thoroughly in love with the work and find the old chronicles in Muratori, really and without humbug, much more interesting reading than any newspaper.' He then proceeds to give a sketch of his proposed book, which is to be in nine volumes and to carry the history of Italy from Theodosius to modern times; a plan which was much changed as his work went on.

His method of work was to read first the original sources, acquiring for this purpose all the books he could get hold of, and spending, whenever possible, hours at the British Museum or the Bodleian Library. He liked to get thoroughly filled with his subject before attempting to write, and would say sometimes, 'I am now so full I must disgorge.' In order to get time for his literary work he arranged to have one day a week, generally Friday, at home, and spent the morning steadily with his books, except perhaps for a few minutes' stroll in the garden. Unfortunately, people soon discovered that he was at home on that day, and all the precautions of his family could not always save him from interruptions. His kind reception of those who interrupted him left them without suspicion of the sacrifice they were asking from him. He never claimed the student's privilege to shut himself up, and though sometimes humorously plaintive over interruptions, it was not in him to be vexed or exasperated, and he could return to work again and take up his train of thoughts unruffled. He felt the best time for writing to be between tea and dinner, and would settle down to work most days after he had come in from the Bank. There his children would find him when they went to say Goodnight. His youngest daughter, Nelly, writes:

The window in which his writing-table stood looked into the conservatory, and the journey through the dusk or dark of the sweet-smelling conservatory was something of an adventure. The sight of his bent head seen through the branches of a tree-fern was a joyful reassurance. There

was always a smile for the bed-time pilgrim. Often he was so much engrossed in his writing that a 'Goodnight, darling daughter,' was the only speech that accompanied his good-night kiss, sometimes there was time for a little joke or question.

His daughter Violet says, 'Looking back on those early Benwelldene days, I don't ever seem to find a time when he was not writing a "book" at his big table in the library before breakfast and after tea and most of the morning on Fridays.' He could use even scraps of time, and when full of his subject would sit down to write before his half-past eight breakfast or when he had only twenty minutes to spare. The way in which he found and used time for his work is illustrated by the advice he gave to his younger brother Jonathan to start writing a book saying, 'half an hour a day steadily devoted to a job of this kind would in a year accomplish a great deal.' His library was under the children's room, an arrangement which only a long-suffering parent would have tolerated, but he never minded the noisiest games overhead. Steady practice on the piano he called 'rather stimulating,' the only noise that ever brought remonstrance was strumming. When what he called the filling process, that is, the careful study of his authorities, had gone on long enough, he would begin to write, and his pen ran easily and swiftly as he poured out what he had read in the form that it presented itself to his imagination. He lived with the people about whom he was writing, and talked about them so graphically as to make them real to others also. His desire for companionship made him eager to share his interests; he never kept his work to himself but wanted others to care for what meant so much to him. He enjoyed his work intensely, it was his hobby and not his business. Whilst working steadily at his big book he found time for some bits of special work connected with his general subject. Much thought was given to two lectures on Claudian, which were finally published in 1875, when he wrote: 'I am just now parting company with my old friend Claudian. I shall feel quite lost without him for a bit.' He also wrote an article on Ulfilas for the *Edinburgh Review*.

To Edward Fry. 24 December, 1874.

I get a few verses of Ulfilas read every day, and don't find my interest in him abate. Not only classical English words, but dialecticisms and even words approaching to the character of slang, turn up every now and then embedded in the strange old deposit.

But he rather grudged the interruption to his regular work 'now running off the reel very steadily though not very fast,' caused by writing articles for a Review.

To his sister Mariabella. 29 April, 1875.

. . . The *history* gets on steadily though slowly and is certainly, next to wife and children, the great pleasure of my life. I still have some hopes of finishing vol. I. by the end of this year, but it won't include as much as I had hoped. . . . I shall probably call it 'The Death of Rome' (I want to build my ship throughout in water-tight compartments). I still try to paint not a cabinet picture but a panorama, but I feel how necessary it is even for this broad, seemingly-superficial style of painting that you should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the time. It seems to me that in order to reject details you must first be acquainted with them; to draw a good bold line you must be quite sure of your anatomy; the best way to avoid 'scissors and paste' is to get the chief original authorities well into your mind, and then write from remembrance rather than from constant reference. Ulfilas has been, I really believe, a great help to me in understanding the character of the Gothic people, and certainly the light he throws on even the *slang* of our own country is most interesting.

To the same. Benwelldene: 16 May, 1875.

. . . The book goes on steadily, but I must confess slowly. I am now deep in *Huns* and the geography of Central Asia. . . . I *may* get my first volume, 'The Death of Rome,' finished (in MS. only) by the end of 1875, but I think it is very doubtful. I can see that Theodoric will be a big figure who will take a long time to paint, and the age of Justinian also. After all, so long as I am working on steadily, there is no need to fret at not getting over the ground more quickly: '*Ohne Hast ohne Rast*' is the kind of motto for work like this.

To the same. Newcastle : 20 November, 1877.

. . . It is strange how horrified some people manage to be at the Asiatic iniquities of Russia while completely ignoring the part which we have played in China, which I fear is as bad as anything that Russia has done ' bar Poland.' I am sorry to see the tide of feeling here, especially among the young men, turning so much in favour of Turkey. Should the war last another year I am afraid it would be only too easy for the military clubs and the *Daily Telegraph* and the music halls and Beaconsfield to drag us into it. . . .

Except for a few private letters, such as Dr. Stanley's, Miss MacInnes's, and a few more, I should have been a little disappointed at the chilling reception which poor Ulfilas met with : not a word either of blessing or of banning from one of the weekly papers. However, of course one ought to be prepared for this when one writes about ' the distant and the dim,' and I daresay it is a good preparation for the yet greater fiasco which I shall probably make with my book. . . . I must try to make my book a good one even though nobody should read it.

As was natural, the book got on much more slowly than he had at first hoped. Some time before the first volumes were ready for publication he had the pleasure of finding a brother historian in a new neighbour, Mandell Creighton, who came to Northumberland as vicar of Embleton in 1875. After his first meeting with Hodgkin, Creighton wrote, ' I was amazed at Mr. Hodgkin's knowledge. He has all the tastes of a thorough-going historical student.' And Hodgkin wrote :

We talked history hard all the evening and I felt at once that I was in contact with one of the ablest and best stored minds that I had ever known. He gave me all sorts of tips, but, more than all, he raised my standard of the way in which history ought to be written. I think I had been a little dazzled by Michelet, and thought that the main point was to make history picturesque, if necessary by a little use of one's imagination. He said, and the saying has been a watchword to me ever since, ' I always like to keep very close to my authorities.'

To his brother Howard. Benwelldene: 9 December, 1877.

For the last fortnight we have been staying at the J. W. Pease's house at Alnmouth.

One great interest which I had was making more fully the acquaintance of Mr. Creighton, the Rector of Embleton (about nine miles from Alnmouth), and his charming wife. He is a fellow of Merton, a frequent contributor to the *Academy*, highly cultured, a little paradoxical, intensely fond of history and especially of Italian history. He is at work on a history of Italy in connection with the Popes, from the commencement of the Great Schism to the Council of Trent. He says it will be ten years before he publishes his first volume, but I don't expect it will take quite so long as that. Whenever it does come out it will at once take its place as *the* authority on the subject, for he is sparing no pains to make it as absolutely accurate as possible, and life and originality it is sure to have, coming from his mind. My only fear is whether he will not spoil it for the general reader by packing it too close. He is a great admirer of conciseness and a great despiser of 'the general public,' and I am a little afraid whether these two qualities may not leave too strong an impress on his book.

He has contributed one volume, and his wife one, to the 'Epochs of Modern History.' They are also bringing out a series of 'Epochs of English History' of their own. And Mrs. Creighton has written a life of Raleigh and is writing a life of Marlborough for a series of English Lives, so that, as you can well imagine, their house is quite a literary workshop. But they are also great in art, and copies of pencil sketches of the old masters, or photographs of Early Italian pictures or bits of old china or old tapestry meet your eye everywhere in their house. And withal, he is so willing to make a fool of himself in playing with children that he completely won Violet's and Teddy's hearts.

Now about my work. Just at present I am writing next to nothing. I had finished Attila and was writing a concluding chapter on the causes of the Fall of Rome, when the conviction forced itself upon me that I was spinning my theories too much out of my inner consciousness and had rather lost hold of what I had once known as to the earlier history of Rome. So I have stopped work, though it is rather tantalising to have to do so, and am going through Mommsen at a canter. It certainly is a noble

history—I had never read it before—and stirs me like a good novel. I find it takes me about three weeks to read a volume, so I am afraid I shan't get back to *my* History till the end of February, but the new light, or the rekindled old light, which I get on the inner workings of the old Roman society is well worth this expenditure of time.

Hodgkin introduced Creighton to the Roman Wall, and many were the rambles they had together, both equally enthusiastic over the exceptional interest and charm of the Northumbrian country. Hodgkin wrote in 1875, after a trip to Switzerland, 'I came back more than ever delighted with our own Northumberland, in which there is so much silent, unappreciated beauty of landscape, and where you really can get to be alone with nature.'

Though eager to get on with his book, he spared no pains to make it as good as possible.

To his sister Mariabella. Hutton Hall: 13 November, 1878.

. . . I have been getting on pretty rapidly with the History of late, but just now the turn has come for reading rather than writing. I have to finish off the letters and poems of Sidonius Apollinarius as the time has come for writing a chapter about him in my history.

The chapter is to be headed, 'Sidonius, or Verses by a Person of Quality.' He is just the sort of man with whom I have least patience, flaccid, bombastic, conceited—and member of a large and extraordinarily foolish 'Mutual Flattery Society,' but he is the one man who really tells us anything about the inner life of the Western Empire during the last quarter of a century of its existence, and so I am determined to paint him thoroughly—more thoroughly, if I may venture to say so, than Gibbon has done. Solemn twaddler though he is, the existence of such a man in Britain during the early days of the Saxon invasion and the preservation of his letters, would have been a *priceless* boon to students of English history.

16 February, 1879.

The work is becoming almost too absorbing both for bodily and spiritual health, as it draws near completion. It is very hard to be master of an occupation like this and not be mastered by it.

When the question of publication drew near much consideration was given to the choice of a publisher, and his friends Bryce and Creighton were both consulted. Creighton wrote to him much about his own experience in the matter of publishing, saying, ' Though you may have many older friends than me, I do not think you can have any with a keener interest in your book and a greater desire for its success.' Bryce introduced him to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press and Hodgkin finally arranged with them to bring out his book, thinking that for an unknown author ' the Hall-mark of the Clarendon Press was worth something.' There was much discussion over the title. He felt that ' The Invaders of Italy ' would sound the best, but he could not take it because his subject was Italy in the first place and then the Invaders. Illustrations and maps had to be arranged for and proofs were carefully read and submitted to those whose opinion he specially valued, amongst others to his sister Elizabeth.

When the proofs first began to come in, his daughter Violet, then only ten years old, found him reading them with her mother and begged to be allowed to help. He told her, smiling, that she was not quite old enough yet but should help with the next volumes. When she entreated to be at least allowed to look over and know what it was all about, he told her the story of Alaric and Stilicho so clearly that her childish mind seemed to see it all. Following on the printed page she noticed some confusion in the names which did not seem to fit with what he had told her and pointed it out. He stopped, looked for a minute, and then said, ' Magnificent child ! What sharp eyes she has ! That mistake would have given me many bad half-hours when the reviews began.' Ever after, she was allowed to read every proof with him. He did not in early days wish her to see his manuscript before it went to press, but wanted her to come to it with a fresh eye when it was in print, that he might discover how what he had written would strike one who did not know the period before. As time went on she was made specially responsible for technical mistakes, misprints, dates, and such matters as the uniform use of capital letters. Though

she was proof reader in chief, he never liked to pass a proof without her. It was also a case of the more the merrier. Sometimes there were proof-reading parties with parents, children, governess and visitors all taking part, and it became a kind of game in which the crude suggestions of the young ones always received polite consideration.

The care given to the get-up of the book as a whole met with its reward. His brother Eliot, a connoisseur in such matters, wrote :

I may speak before beginning to read the book, as a mere Bibliomaniac, and unequivocally approve, paper, size and distribution of type and binding, the colour and finish both of the cloth and end papers, being to my mind *exactly* what they should be. The chromos are beautifully executed. The maps remind me of our childhood. The broad flat surfaces of colour wherewith it was thy wont to adorn charts heraldic . . . take me back to the year 1840 or thereabouts with mingled feelings. Coin plates are an exceeding addition to the readableness of such a book.

Professor Bryce wrote to him :

Your book interested me extremely. It seemed to me to have rare and uncommon merits in its vividness, its insight, its fire, its pictorialness, its moral force. And the views struck me as very just, though here and there, of course, I should have differed.

In his review of the book in the *Times*, Creighton pointed out the essential difference between Hodgkin's and Gibbon's way of dealing with the same period of history. Gibbon's sympathies were throughout with the falling mistress of the world and not with the sturdier races who pressed in to take her place. Hodgkin's interest was 'with the hundred years of Italian history which prepared the way for the formation of mediæval history.' Creighton spoke of the book as one of a class 'which only an Englishman can write. Like Grote's "History of Greece," it bears on every page the mark of being written by a man who is not only a scholar but is conversant with affairs.' Dean Church wrote of how the author had discerned, through

coarse or poor materials, the real interest of the story of the fourth and fifth centuries, and told it with a vigour which carried even the lazy reader along with it. All critics alike dwelt on the real learning displayed in the book, combined with a lively and graphic style. Bryce wrote: 'The author has lived so long among the men of whom he writes that they have become quite real and living to him, and his interest communicates itself to his readers'; and, again, 'The poetical and dramatic aspect of history is always present to his mind.' It was this desire to make his story living that led to what some critics considered decided defects in his style. Creighton wrote: 'He might be chargeh with sometimes becoming flippant through his determination to be always lively,' and Dean Church spoke of his 'off-hand smartness' and 'provoking and perfectly gratuitous faults of taste.' His habit of bringing in constant analogies and illustrations from modern times and even from the passing events of the day, was irritating to some who did not always find these analogies either just or illuminating. Church and Creighton both found fault with him for his comparative neglect of the ecclesiastical history of his period. Creighton wrote: 'Towards this side of history Mr. Hodgkin's attitude is cold and almost contemptuous'; and Church felt that 'a religious man himself he would yet probably separate Christianity from the Christian Church'; he 'has let himself be too much influenced by popular cant in the language which he frequently applies to theological or ecclesiastical matters; he shows himself desirous to be fair and candid when he is professedly discussing them; but in his incidental references he is too ready to point a sentence with a trite sneer or a conventional flippancy, or a one-sided judgment.' Yet in spite of some faults, there was no doubt in the mind of the critics that the book was not only a valuable addition to historical literature, but that, in the words of Dr. Bryce, it was a book 'likely to make history popular by true and honest methods.' Many who would have otherwise been most unlikely to read a book on such a subject were attracted to it by his fresh and genial treatment of these far-off events, enriched by the local colour of his descriptions of places which he had

visited and studied himself. His characters were so alive to him that he could make them alive to others. He used to live in his period, and his daughter says 'the people he was writing about came to all the family meals and walks.'

His private letters are full of allusions to the progress of his work and to the people he is writing about.

To his brother Howard. 31 August, 1882.

My next chapter is the Death Grapple between Theodoric and Odoacer. I hope they will get it over quickly. It is very painful when two men, of whom one *must* die, go prodding on at one another for a great length of time.

The publication of these two first volumes led to no pause in his historical work, and he went on steadily with the preparation of future volumes. Growing friendship with other historians, especially with Creighton, Bryce, Freeman and Ugo Balzani, added to the interest of his studies and was of real assistance to his work. He was, as one reviewer described him, 'so frank, so modest, so painstaking, so open to new light,' that he was abundantly able to profit by the advice of friends and critics. The industry which enabled him to get through so much historical work in a life otherwise very full was truly amazing. Yet there was no sense of strain and effort in his work, indeed, one characteristic of his book which impressed everyone, was that it was written as though he loved it. In July, 1881, he wrote to his sister Elizabeth:

I am getting on a little, but very slowly, with my preparation for my third volume. The possibility of working without any hurry, and slowly becoming imbued with the spirit of that far distant age is to me the great charm of the work. The moment I feel myself working against time my enjoyment vanishes.

But he would have liked the possibility of longer stretches of work. He wrote in 1883:

We have too many sociabilities for my progress with my work. It is not easy to see how it can be avoided, but our life is certainly cut up into too many little bits.

There are none of those large, long, quiet spaces in it in which one's mind and character can really grow.

His frequent foreign journeys were devoted to visiting the scenes of the events about which he was writing, and this added life and colour to his descriptions. Especially was he interested in the sites of great battles, and much time was given to the endeavour to discover the actual spot in which the motley hosts of Totila were overthrown by Narses in 552. Both Bryce and he examined at different times the supposed site but to the last held different opinions on the subject.[1]

He got on slowly with that part of his book which dealt with Theodoric, writing his life more thoroughly than it had ever been written in English. 'But,' he wrote, 'the English public will no doubt answer (as they have already done practically to my first two volumes), "Very good of you, but we really do not want to hear about Theodoric." Never mind: I write to please myself not the public.'

In February, 1884, Hodgkin was able to write from Falmouth:

I, having issued absolute orders against being disturbed before luncheon, am really making some satisfactory progress with my new volumes and see the end within measurable distance. I have lately been much engrossed with the life and character of St. Benedict, who was certainly a true saint though some of his miracles puzzle me.

In July of the same year he wrote to his sister Elizabeth:

I most wanted to be guarded against bad taste in my style of writing and I think there is less danger of this than in the previous volumes. I see already that the book will be less readable than its preceding part, but I hope more accurate and scholarly.

The two new volumes were ready in 1885. They were adorned with beautiful maps and illustrations, the expense

[1] In the last years of Dr. Hodgkin's life, Lord Bryce remembers being present at a dinner of the Liberal Association in Newcastle and speaking of their long friendship, clouded only by one serious difference, the site of the battle of 552.

of which was borne by Hodgkin himself. Freeman, on receiving them, wrote: 'I don't know whether you take in the depths of worship which is implied in saying that I really believe I shall read them through at once though they don't directly bear on anything I am working at.' Creighton wrote:

I have beguiled my spare moments by your book, which I have just finished. I have read it with the greatest pleasure. If I may say so, I think it shows a marked advance upon the first two volumes. It shows greater freedom of writing, more harmonious and complete conception of the subject, greater restraint, and more powerful presentation. The reign of Theodoric is excellent and all the questions which had perplexed me about the campaigns of Belisarius and the fall of the Goths have been entirely and satisfactorily answered in your pages. I am glad that you have filled in the ecclesiastical side. The chapters on S. Benedict and Vigilius are admirable. Your topographical chapters, the aqueducts especially, will be quite new to most people, and the picture of Rome is most vivid. I have nothing to say but the most complete satisfaction.

Another friend, Mr. Wigham Richardson, wrote: 'Pray when did you serve an apprenticeship to hydraulic engineering? The chapter on the aqueducts of Rome is something quite *sui generis* and I have never read anything like it before.' Many more of his friends, who were by no means historical students, found the book of absorbing interest.

For a brief period his steady work at the history was interrupted in order that he might bring out a translation of the Letters of Cassiodorus. About this he wrote to his brother-in-law, 'My digest of Cassiodorus seemed necessary in order to explain the Ostrogothic Kingdom; I am afraid thou wilt think of the old gibes about my "pro pædeutik" when the book appears.'

To Edward (now Lord Justice) Fry. 18 October, 1885.

I hope when I come south, I shall be able to bring my MS. on Cassiodorus, and leave it at the Clarendon Press. This is, and is meant to be, 'stodgy' to the last degree: but I think some parts of it will interest you as a Judge. . . .

I ask myself often, 'What is the earthly good of all this?' and am sometimes afraid I am like your troublesome neighbour who sat up till the small hours of the morning working at quaternions, and prided himself that there were not six men in England who could understand what he had been doing. But I am sure to me it is no matter of pride, but of deep humiliation, to be working at a subject which seems to be so utterly remote from all the actual human interests of to-day. And yet if you once begin in a particular line of inquiry it is not very easy to stop till you have, at any rate, made the thing clear to your own mind: and then it seems only fair to sum up your results somewhere, to prevent those who come after from having the same trouble.

His object was to give, by a condensed translation, the chief matters of historical importance in the letters of Cassiodorus as they throw such a valuable light on the constitution of Roman and Teutonic society in the sixth century. An unabridged translation of these very long-winded and bombastic official letters would have been, in the words of a reviewer, 'hard reading indeed.' By his condensed translation, Hodgkin provided those who wished to know something more of Cassiodorus with a book which it was possible to read, and which at the same time was valuable as an aid to those who wanted to study the letters in the original. Dean Church wrote to him about it: 'Cassiodorus in English is like unearthing a blue book of the Gothic Kingdom. There is a wonderful air of life, in spite of all his absurdities. I am so glad this bit of history has fallen into your hands.'

Hodgkin wrote an introduction to his translation which gives a full account of the author and a study of the administrative system of the Gothic Empire. The book was really a sort of appendix to his history, for he had found that Cassiodorus supplied him with more abundant material than could be used in the history itself. The introduction gave him the opportunity, in the words of E. A. Freeman, to go 'more minutely into many points than he was likely to do in his general history, and is a thorough and scholar-like monograph.'

It was after the appearance of the Letters of Cassiodorus

that on June 30, 1886, the University of Oxford conferred the Degree of D.C.L. on Thomas Hodgkin. That year he was busy preparing a new edition of his first two volumes. Some critics had found fault with his neglect of certain authorities which he now consulted, determined to leave nothing undone which could make the book as complete as possible. It ended in his rewriting great part of the book and the length of the first volume was so much increased that it had to be divided into two parts. This was a long bit of work.

To his brother Howard. 9 November, 1889.

Preparations for a new edition of the book go on but slowly. I am stodging through the Codex Theodosianus, a work which requires all my perseverance, though I am often rewarded by a bright glimpse of life and manners which makes me live again in the fourth century. Oh that I had time and genius to write a really good careful novel about the times of Julian or Theodosius.

To his sister Elizabeth. 12 January, 1890.

With my preparation of this (the new edition) I get on sadly slowly. When one has, as I have, only the odds and ends of the day to spare for literary work, social claims, visitors staying in the house, weddings and funerals, and even the paying of Christmas bills make sad havoc of one's time. However I shall hope at the worst to get the new edition of vols. I. and II. off my hands this year, and then to set to for my final grapple with the Lombards.

Besides his great work he found time to write for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and to bring out in book form some lectures which he had given at the request of the Durham Ladies' Educational Association. He had chosen as his subject the period with which he was most familiar, the time of the fall of the Western Empire, and lest he should become too diffuse in lecturing on a subject he knew so well, he had written out his lectures. They covered in brief outline many of the leading events recorded in the first two volumes of his History, and he called the little book the 'Dynasty of Theodosius.'

His increasing reputation as a historian made publishers turn to him for various small and popular books for different historical series. He wrote Theodoric the Goth for 'The Heroes of the Nations' in 1891 and Charles the Great for Macmillan's series of Foreign Statesmen in 1897. So it happened that it was ten years before the fifth and sixth volumes of his History appeared, and another four years before the two final volumes were published and the great work brought to its successful completion.

CHAPTER VIII

JOYS AND LABOURS OF NEWCASTLE LIFE

When the historical work accomplished by Thomas Hodgkin is considered, it seems as if in itself it must have been enough to absorb his energies, but his industry becomes amazing when it is realised how many and varied were the claims made upon his time. He continued, of course, to take an active share in the business of the Bank, though, as the years went on, his absences from Newcastle grew longer and more frequent, and the time spent at the Bank shorter. In 1884 he wrote that two of his partners 'evidently thought he was not taking his fair share of work, which is indeed only too true.' But that part of the work which he undertook was always most conscientiously performed. Ordinary business interviews he found rather tiresome, and he was not very good at conducting them, but he delighted in helping the younger men who entered the Bank, and they found him ever ready and pleased to answer their questions, and able to explain business matters clearly and well. He was specially good at the accountant side of the work. There was a tradition in the Bank, as untrue and yet as illuminating as most traditions, that he could add up three columns of figures at once. He himself kept the private ledger for fifty years, in the later years sometimes spending a whole week living at the Bank to make out the yearly balance. It is said that to do accounts either for himself or for any of his family was a real recreation to him right up to the end of his life. They never worried him.

Sir Benjamin Browne, the Chairman of Hawthorn's, in his account of the early history of that firm, shows what a Bank conducted in the spirit of Hodgkin, Barnett and Co.'s Bank could do to help young men in their business

career. Hodgkin had known Browne well for some time and was anxious that he should find a better opportunity for the use of his powers than was offered by the work in which he was engaged. He told him in 1867 that Hawthorn's works, which were chiefly occupied in locomotive and marine engine building, were for sale. This led Browne to enter into negotiations with Hawthorn's representatives, but they intimated that unless he had a great deal of capital at his back they were not prepared to discuss the question. However the moment they found that he had Hodgkin behind him, they were ready to tell him everything. When matters were finally settled, and during the whole process of the negotiations, Browne had the ready help and advice of Hodgkin, who also assisted in finding for him young partners with some of the needful capital. The new Hawthorn firm naturally opened its account at his Bank. Sir Benjamin Browne writes :

Both he and his partners treated us with the most extraordinary kindness and confidence : not only were they always ready to give us their advice and assistance, but they behaved with the most extraordinary liberality in the matter of financial accommodation and overdrafts. We could not possibly have got on if they had not allowed us the most liberal accommodation for long periods—and that for many years after we had begun. In those days bankers used to trust much more to the individuals who were borrowing the money, and much less to mere security, and the old bankers considered that in that way they made far fewer losses and larger profits. I can only say for myself that, like two or three other large manufacturers on Tyneside, I was entirely made by the Bank.

Assistance of this kind given to the useful enterprises of young and able men, was one of the ways in which a Bank such as Hodgkin, Barnett and Co.'s could be of benefit to the progress of their town, whilst their absolute integrity raised the whole standard of its business life. The character of the internal life of the Bank is shown in a letter from one of a party of clerks whom Hodgkin

invited to spend a day with him at Barmoor towards the close of his life. This clerk wrote afterwards:

I have to-day been reckoning up how many years of continuous service were represented by the six of us who had the privilege of being your guests, and I arrived at a total of 249 years, an average of 41½. This, I think, speaks volumes for the relationship between employers and employed, and I cannot but think that if other employers were to show the same kind, brotherly, Christian treatment towards their employees, such a state of things as at present exists would be no more. You will, perhaps, pardon my repeating what I have many a time said elsewhere, that I have never come across anywhere a partnership of gentlemen who were so handsome in looks and handsome in deeds as was that of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett & Co.

Towards creating such conditions as are here indicated, Thomas Hodgkin must have powerfully contributed. For his own happiness and development it was an immense assistance to be associated with a business which was so steadily and deservedly prosperous. He was freed from anxiety as to ways and means and was always able to provide liberally for all the needs of his family. This was the more important because of the constant anxiety caused by the delicate health of wife and children. This seems to have been mainly the result of the unhealthiness of Benwelldene, where the drainage was then unsatisfactory. Though himself much stronger than he had been, he could never be called robust, and for some years was occasionally troubled by what he called hypochondria.

To his sister Elizabeth. Benwelldene: 31 July, 1887.

. . . I am thankful to say that since that little conversation of ours on that beautiful summer evening, I have had hardly a trace of my recent enemy, hypochondria. It did me quite inexplicable good to talk out all my fears and anxieties to thee, and I have been able almost ever since to laugh at my shadowy fears and forebodings, and to say (as Reason and Faith both wish to say), 'The morrow is in God's hands. He has given me to-day and it is bright.' The thought of the unseen help which lies so very near to

us, and only needs to be laid hold of, has been also extremely comforting to me.

To his sister Mariabella. 15 June, 1888.

That uncomfortable companion, hypochondria, seems to be always lying hid round a corner and ready to rush out and lay hold of me: but I hope that by practice I am learning a little of my lesson and how to deal with him; it is pleasant to feel that the occupation of business, by keeping the mind otherwise employed, helps me to keep the foe at a distance.

It is difficult to believe that when this letter was written he was alone in Newcastle with his eldest daughter, and so gay and bright that she recalls this time as one when his companionship was specially helpful and 'full of spice.'

Many journeys, long and short, had to be undertaken in search of health for wife or child. There were also lengthened stays at such health-giving spots as Rothbury and Newbiggin, from which he could get to the Bank every day. Writing from Newbiggin in 1872, he says:

I took yesterday a most delightful three hours' walk to Morpeth to visit our branch there, a most pleasant union of business and holiday. The charm of the walk was in the woods of Bothal Castle. The rowans looked like stately birds which had flown down on their several niches in the rocks and were pluming themselves in the fresh wind, and they and all the trees said as I passed, 'He is going to visit his branch and we, too, have our branches,' (but, N.B., I did not hear this remark till just now when I began telling thee about it).

There was always much to attract the Hodgkins to Falmouth. Not only were its bright skies and soft climate a welcome change from grey, smoky Newcastle, but Mrs. Hodgkin always rejoiced to be among her own people and Hodgkin found there fewer interruptions and more leisure for his writing. In 1875 he bought a house, Tredourva, at Falmouth, that they might have a home of their own there in which to spend some months of each year.

That same year a great sorrow had come to him in the death of his father after a long illness. It has already

been shown how strong an influence his father was in his life and how devotedly attached he was to him. He considered him an almost ideal Christian Englishman. After his death he wrote to his stepmother :

I delight in the hope of leading such a life by God's help as would have pleased him. From this point of view it is an unspeakable comfort to me that my attachment to Quakerism has so much strengthened of late years, for I cannot help feeling that if Quakerism is schism and sin, or even if it is only folly, then that dear and precious life was in part wasted. But I don't think so, thank God, and am willing to waste my life, and as far as I can control their action, my children's lives, too, in the same service to which he devoted his.

His children were an ever-increasing interest. He could play with them when they were well, care for them in sickness, joke with them and study with them. He loved their companionship in all his interests and occupations. When wife and children were at Falmouth in 1876 and he alone at Newcastle, he wrote :

I could not say how lonely I feel during your absence. I manage to rub on pretty well from day to day, feeling that my life is rather grey, but rejoicing in the hope that the bright colours will come back into it before long.

His eldest daughter writes :

On Fridays he nearly always took me for a ride as a holiday treat, first of all on a pony with a leading rein. Often, too, on other afternoons I used to ride into the Bank to fetch him. We often came back by the moor and practised jumping. My best talks with Father in the seventies were when he and I were riding alone. We called different places we passed after scenes in books we were reading together. It is only comparatively lately that I have realised that Doubting Castle in the ' Pilgrim's Progress ' is not really the small squat house with a battlemented tower that went by that name on our rides. We used to contrive to pass it nearly every Friday in hopes that Giant Despair himself might be visible some day. Father always lived inside the books we read together. He and I lived our real life in the book world, with the book people, in the hour

between tea and bed time. I think his power of living in a child's brain was absolutely unique. I never felt that he was reading to me or for me, but rather that we were passing through wide open doors together, hand in hand, into the world we loved best; that he was making me free of his kingdom.

He began to teach Violet Latin when she was nine. Of her reading with him she writes:

We began to read Scott at the time of our first visit to Flodden Field in 1877. That was the first of many journeys and driving tours through the border country, almost always with a volume of Scott for our companion. It is the ideal way for a child to wake up to history. Long days of driving in the open air and then the rapturous reading about the places we had visited, at night in some inn parlour. Scott's poems were a joy for many years. The unforgettable moment came in the 'Lady of the Lake': 'And James Fitz James is Scotland's King.' I remember Father's triumphant delight that I hadn't guessed the secret. Scott's novels came later. 'Ivanhoe' was always our favourite. Then Dickens, but not Thackeray. Father was always clear that I was not to read Thackeray till I was 30. For many years I bore Mr. Bryce a grudge because on one of his early visits to Benwelldene he had said to Father, 'And don't let Violet read novels.' Whenever there was a specially interesting story that I wanted to begin, 'What *would* Mr. Bryce say?' was the invariable question.

Father's fault-finding was gentleness itself—almost always—but for that very reason it was effectual. One summer he thought we were too much in the habit of saying 'awfully,' and so we were put on an allowance of 'one awfully a day'; Teddy immediately began to save up his awfullys for one awfully 'awful' explosion on his birthday, but by the time the birthday came, he had forgotten all about it and the habit was broken. Father's fault-finding was very gentle and rare, but I think each of his children remembers one instance of it that made a never-to-be-forgotten impression. Mine was at Passage, near Durgan on the Helford River, I should think in '73 or '74. He and I had gone together to make "ducks and drakes," and the employment was so fascinating I could not stop when it was time to go home. Father told me I might throw one

more stone and then not another. But I did throw another, partly I think for the excitement of disobeying and seeing what would happen. I do not think I ever put my will against his again. I cannot remember what he said, but it was very effective. His face quite changed, and a stern look I had never seen before came into it. It was a very wretched and miserable little girl that trailed up the long steep hill after him, with black despair and rebellion in her heart, saying to herself over and over, 'Must I live all my life with this dreadful man?' As that is almost the only shadow that ever came between us, I cannot afford to leave it out. Anyhow, to the very end our eyes always met in a smile of perfect remembrance whenever we came in sight of Passage Hill on our boating excursions, in the long happy years that followed.

Another daughter writes: 'I never once remember hearing him say a wounding or discouraging word to anyone, and the result was that his children came to him on all occasions without misgiving.'

His sympathy with his children made him understand what their feelings about the Friends' Meeting must be, feelings which made Teddy say one day, 'The Meeting house clock and the school-room clock are the slowest of all clocks.' Violet writes:

I remember saying to Father in very early days, 'Why don't people tell more stories in meeting? Why do they talk about dull things and not about interesting Bible children like Joseph and David?' He explained that after people had heard these stories a great many times they knew them 'by heart' and didn't want to hear them again, but really enjoyed the 'dull things' that little girls couldn't understand. It was mostly for our sakes, I think, that he invented the Children's Meetings once a month: and how we loved them! The joy of having him all to ourselves with hardly any other grown ups, and of being allowed to stand up and read each a verse in turn and to say our own bits of a hymn. Children's Meeting Sundays were indeed a bright spot. We only wished they had come every week.

After Sunday tea he used to read aloud to his children, and when they were alone there was a story going on from

week to week. When there were visitors he would leave the story and read some poetry aloud. The closing ceremony made bed-time a delight and not a trouble. His daughter Nelly describes it :

The youngest member of the family was hoisted on Father's back and we set off for the nursery. But now Father suffered from unaccountable lapse of memory. On leaving the library he headed through the conservatory in the direction of the garden. Shouts of alarm from his rider averted this danger only to make the intractable steed turn in the direction of the kitchen. And so through all the journey up to bed. Every wrong turn that could be taken was taken, the excitement culminating when Father plunged into the housemaid's pantry and prepared to put his rider into the large white sink, saying triumphantly, 'Well, at last I have found the right bed.'

Thomas Hodgkin's regret in growing older, a regret which interest in life led him to feel deeply, was intensified by the thought that age might separate him from his children. He wrote in 1879, 'I am getting older than I altogether like. I wish I was not so far separated from them (his children) in years. I am afraid when they are in their brightness I shall be a very old fogy indeed.' No one who knew him in his old age could think that this fear was ever realised. He was one of those who had the gift of always remaining young.

The preparation for his book necessitated many continental journeys, which were an intense delight to him. But if he had to go without wife or child, even his keen interest in what he saw could not triumph over his longing for them. He would count the days to his return 'as eagerly as a school boy counts the days to the holidays during his first term at school.'

In the spring of 1878 he was in Italy with his wife and was especially interested in studying the Roman roads. He wrote to his sister Mariabella :

It is interesting to see how the railroads, of which they are making only too many among and over the Alps, are following the lines of the old Roman roads. I have got one fact about the battle of the river Frigidus which in

itself was quite worth the whole journey, and I think the tragedy of the fall of Aquileia is more strongly impressed on my imagination than before.

In 1880 he went to the Oberammergau Passion Play with his stepbrother Howard, going first to Troyes to see the golden ornaments of Theodoric in the museum there, and in the vain hope of discovering some proof of his belief that the battle between Attila and Ætius, called the battle of Châlons, was fought in that neighbourhood. Of the Passion Play he wrote to his wife: 'The effect of the whole exceeds even my highly-raised expectations. . . . The whole effect is very solemnising and I really felt as if I had been present at a religious service.' He was especially struck by the acting of Pontius Pilate, and wrote: 'After all that I have read and written about Rome I seemed to have a new insight into the "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, mementi" line when I saw that Roman governor, with proud composure, laying down the law to the clamorous and fanatical priests below him.' In every place that he visited, the thought of Rome and of the doings of its people and its emperors was present with him, and the traces of their rule were everywhere discerned and sought out. At the end of this journey he visited the battlefield of Gravelotte and wrote that it was exceedingly interesting.

But it filled me with sadness and a continual questioning, 'How long, how long will man continue to make earth a great slaughter-house for man?' In one little burial-place the toothless old Bavarian woman, who acted as caretaker, told us that 2500 men were buried in two long rows. Think of all the broken hearts that that one little graveyard has made!

In 1881, he was in all away from Newcastle and business for six months, spending a long time at Falmouth and then taking his wife to Schwalbach for the benefit of the waters. This time was made interesting to him by his visit to the famous Roman earth wall, the Pfahlgraben. The study of its peculiarities and the comparison of it with his own beloved Roman wall at home, proved most absorbing. He read all that had been written on the subject and after-

wards lectured on it at home and wrote with extreme pains and labour an article about it in the ' Archaeologia Aeliana,' of which he said that ' probably no one will ever appreciate it but a few German professors.'

To his sister Elizabeth. Langen Schwalbach: 18 June, 1881.

. . . To my great delight I have found a real Roman wall near here with camps, one of which is in some respects finer than anything we can show at Borcovicus. Of course I ought to have known all about this *Pfahlgraben* (palisade ditch) or *Limes Imperii* before, but I didn't. I have begun something in the nature of a lecture or article upon it which I suppose I shall inflict upon thee somehow at some time.

During a second visit to Schwalbach in the following year, he explored various Roman camps in the neighbourhood of the Rhine and the Maine.

In 1882 he was again abroad with his stepbrother Howard. This was to be "a hurried visit to Italy, chiefly to the heel and toe." Even quite at the beginning he felt desperately homesick, but wrote, "If another volume has to be written at all, this journey is a necessity before beginning it.' They went to Siena, Rome, Naples, Salerno and Paestum, and then on to Sicily.

To John William Pease. Grande Albergo di Catani: 5 February, 1882.

This place naturally brings you and Helen with your brother and sister very often into my mind. . . . I have no doubt travelling in Sicily is greatly improved since you were here, but I fancy we shall still find it pretty rough when we get on beyond Catania.

Notwithstanding all our dear Creighton's talk about the Italian's superiority in culture to the German, I cannot help thinking that all Italy, south of Florence or, at any rate, of Rome, is on a distinctly lower level of civilisation than the France—England—Germany, group of nations. Naples, with its smells and filth, must surely be at least a half-way house towards an Oriental city, if not further.

Travelling in Italy makes me now, as it always does, a bitter Protestant; I feel what a frightfully degrading influence this kind of Christianity has exercised on the nation. One looks at the great works at Pæstum and in the Museo

Nazionale at Naples and feels how utterly the power to reproduce, almost to comprehend them, has passed away from the people. Would it not be almost better for them to be Pagans after the fashion of Phidias and Æschylus, than so-called Christians and stupid worshippers of San Gennario? To say that Paganism was false, does not dispose of the question, for to my thinking, all this tawdry overloaded saint, image, and relic-worshipping Christianity is just as false as Paganism and far less beautiful than Paganism of the Hellenic type.

He felt on going on to Sicily that it had needed great courage to put this added distance between himself and home. Even though he wrote, 'This visit to Sicily has been an immense gain to me and has filled my mind with pictures which I shall never, I hope, lose,' he added, 'What are all the ruined temples and beautiful statues and blue seas and smoking mountains in the world to one sight of the face one loves best and one least tinkle of one's children's laughter?'

This autumn the family paid their first visit to Bamborough, and Hodgkin writes: 'Bamborough charmed me. Faulty as the restoration of the castle is in many points, it helps me to imagine the great Castle-palace of Ida which must always have crowned the same basaltic rock. If one walks along the long desolate spit of sandy shore between Bamborough and Lindisfarne, one can easily reproduce to oneself the scene when Aidan walked along the same shore, returning to his home after asking for some favour for his Church from Oswald of Northumbria.'

The next year he was again in Rome, this time with his wife and a niece and a cousin. His chief interest on this journey was the study of the aqueducts and of the walls of Aurelian and Honorius at Rome, for his History. He also had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Bliss, the friend and kind helper of so many historical students, who was engaged in transcribing documents at the Vatican. This was a specially enjoyable journey. A great deal of the travelling in Italy was done by carriage, and in this way he was able to gain a most intimate knowledge of the country. They drove from Rome to Assisi

and on to Perugia, and then he drove alone across the mountains between Perugia and Fano that he might visit the site of the ancient Sentinum, and travel along the Flaminian Way, and go through the Furlo pass, tracing out the scenes of the battles and marches of the emperors whose history he was writing.

In 1884, for the book's sake, nearly half of the year was spent at Falmouth in order that he might have a good long spell of work. Months at Falmouth, were a grand time for work, and he felt that he really worked harder there this year than he had done since he gave up his legal studies. But his time was not altogether occupied with literary work, for he started a Bible class at the Meeting house on Sunday evenings. He chose the book of Isaiah for his subject, and rejoiced that his own knowledge of that glorious book was increased by his exposition of it.

He went back to Newcastle for the meeting of the Archæological Institute, and had his house full of guests, amongst them Dr. Jex Blake and Arthur Evans. The beautiful weather and the interest of the places visited made it a time of great enjoyment.

To his sister Mariabella Benwelldene : 24 August, 1884.

. . . We are at length at the end of all our festivities. . . . The Archæologists stayed with us eight days, nearly all of which were occupied with excursions from 9 to 7, and ' sections ' in the town from 8 to 10. Being one of the locals, and to a certain extent responsible for the success of the meeting, I did not feel at liberty to ' cut ' the sections (though I might have argued that that was the very thing to do with a section). . . . I think the excursion which I most enjoyed was that to Holy Island. We drove at low tide across the three miles of sand which separate the Island from the mainland. A thick fog rolled all round us, and as carriage after carriage dashed into the water, we seemed to be like Pharaoh and his hosts bent on self-destruction. Fortunately our carriage was near the tail of the procession, and the sight of all these twenty or thirty carriages in front of us careering on through the sea into the mist, was exceedingly striking. Equally effective was the return journey, six hours after. The mist had then rolled away but the sun was standing just over the point of land to which we

were driving, and thus made a long wake of glory over all the wet sand and shallow sea before us. Carriage after carriage driving on before us into the golden light looked like Christiana and the children going one after the other to the Celestial City with such appliances as modern civilisation ought to provide for such a journey.

In the autumn of that year he had the amusement of riding in the Lord Mayor's Show in the State carriage of his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Fowler, the ex-Lord Mayor. Of this he writes :

For five long hours we slowly drove through the shouting multitudes between the Mansion House and the Law Courts. It did me good to hear the hearty shouts of ' Bravo, Fowler,' with which the setting sun was hailed, and to contrast them with what one had heard of the hissings and hootings which assailed him from the same crowd only a year before. Good work faithfully done, and a nature essentially kindly and hearty, though irascible and full of prejudice, had won the hearts of his subjects during the City-King's year of office.

In the family life the great event of this year was the eldest son leaving home to go to a preparatory school at Reigate. To his father it was heart-breaking work leaving him there and he found it difficult to believe that so cruel a separation could be right.

He had seen a good deal of E. A. Freeman at various archæological meetings and had visited him at his home in Somerset, and in 1885 they went for a trip together to the South of France. They began with Perigueux, where they first visited the two great churches and were present at Mass, of which he wrote, ' Though of course the bowing and posturing pleased me as little as ever, there was still some feeling of worship of which I was glad, as otherwise the Sunday would have had no religious hallowing.' They hunted up the chief local antiquary who told them much that was very interesting. Hodgkin writes :

It made one's mouth water to look at his bookshelves. I had to do nearly all the talking, this being the usual understanding, and, sooth to say, poor as my French is, it is rather better than my companion's, though I still boggle at genders

and tenses I can a little more get out what I want to say than I have sometimes found to be the case.

Hodgkin could not be so near the Pyrenees without trying to see something of them. Freeman wanted all his time for cities, and considered that the Pyrenees were not a thing to be nibbled at. So they parted for a few days and Hodgkin went off to go at least near enough to the Pyrenees 'to touch the hem of their garments.' He wrote: 'The sight of the mountains and their silent majesty quite repays me for the trouble and effort of this little lonely excursion.' At Albi he was much impressed by the great marvel of the cathedral dedicated to St. Cecilia:

It seems rather incongruous that that slight musical little saint should have such an edifice built in her honour, more like the donjon keep of some giant's fortress than a Cathedral. . . . I looked up at the vast round towers and the immense buttresses and felt as if I must tremble before the mighty building which seemed determined to make me feel the nothingness of me the heretic and the vastness of itself.

He did not enjoy roughing it and wrote from Nîmes:

I do like comfort, and I have got it again now. I am afraid I have not Freeman's enthusiasm or dogged tenacity of purpose to make me content, day after day, with dirty hotels, poorish food and certain sights and smells which cast a horror over all the 24 hours of the day. . . . It is most strange and most delightful to feel the change in myself and my surroundings since I was here last. Then I was so lonely and so sad, and often wishing that life would quickly end. Now with thee and our six—nay seven—darlings, so aboundingly happy, that I feel as if I had no room for more happiness in my life. Truly, like poor Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over this Jordan and now am become two bands.'

During all these years the charm of the border country, as he got to know it better, was always growing on him.

To Mr. Justice Fry. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: 4 September, 1880.

. . . I thought yesterday, as I have often thought before, 'if people only knew North Tyne they would say that ours is one of the loveliest of English counties.' I went with

the Naturalist Field Club. . . . The day was *almost* too hot, and our poor old friend John Reed at Chollerford was quite discomfited by having to provide food for nearly 100 guests, so that some of us came off rather short of food: still the day was a most enjoyable one. The 'Romano-British town' is a lonely hillside, on which one can just make out some elliptical spaces about 20 ft. by 18, each surrounded by a low wall. The conjecture is that formerly the wall went up about three feet in height, that then there was rough timber work for three or four feet more, and then a rough sort of thatch of ferns and heather over all. In fact, a British 'Kraal,' nothing more nor less. But the evidence of these rude dwellings, and of equally rude fortifications on these hills—all North of the Roman wall—is very abundant, and it really seems as if the North Tyne country may have been more thickly populated in the year 80 than in 1880.

To introduce a friend to the Roman Wall was ever one of his chief delights, and the following letter gives a vivid description of the kind of rambles he loved:

To his sister Elizabeth. North Berwick: Summer Solstice, 1885.

'. . . I will send thee a page or two about my ramble with the Bishop[1] last week along the line of the Roman Wall. . . . We went by train to the camp of Amboglanna, near Gilsland, across the Cumbrian border, the most westerly of all the camps that are left at all perfect, and, though not the most interesting, certainly the most picturesquely situated, as it is placed on a high wooded cliff overhanging the river Irthing . . . then taking the hills at 'the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall,' we went up hill and down dale, following the line of our dear wall, and as we sat under the wall, eating our sandwiches and looking at the wide expanse of moorland below us, my episcopal companion became quite light-hearted with the sense of his freedom and said, 'Now I don't feel myself a Bishop.'

Of course, I had to supply most of the archæological information, introducing him to the successive camps and mile-castles and pointing out the line of the Vallum; but when it came to natural objects he had everything to teach and I everything to learn. Like his father, the

[1] Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Newcastle.

Bishop is an enthusiastic bird-lover, and while they were to me little more than black specks in the sky, he would name the birds that were coming towards us, snipes, green plovers, curlews, bald coots, and so on. . . . We ended that day at Crag Lough. I am afraid thou hast never seen this little Northumbrian lake of which we are rather proud. A great wall of basalt, split by the frosts of a thousand winters and the thunderstorms of a thousand summers into picturesque spires and pinnacles, rises above the little blue lake and is itself crowned by the Roman Wall which faithfully rises and falls along every indentation of its summit. . . . Next day the chief interests were Borcovicus and Cilurnum (Housesteads and Chesters). . . . At Chesters the great interest is in the new excavations which are being made between the camp and the river. . . . From the excellent arrangements for warming the house and from the shape of one of the rooms, it seems probable that it was a kind of villa for which the builders have certainly chosen one of the prettiest situations in all Northumberland. . . . On the third day of our pilgrimage we left the line of the Roman Wall and went six or seven miles towards the north, and a thousand years or so back in history, say from about A.D. 200 to 700 or 800 B.C. The hills above the North Tyne are thickly studded with 'hut circles,' or British camps, and old cairns. . . . They have been very carefully examined and written on by the vicar of Birtley, a delightful man named Rome Hall. . . . Two great excavations, one of a 'hut circle' the other of a cairn, were to celebrate the Bishop's visit. The first was somewhat of a failure. We could see the flagged pavement of the ancient British village, but could not find, as we hoped to have done, any arms or implements resting upon it. . . . Our other attempt at the cairn was more successful. . . . Some labourers had been at work the previous day removing the turf and getting the rough work of the excavation over, and now all was ready for the first dig. The Bishop had been as eager as a boy about it all the morning . . . when we got to the cairn we found that one small discovery had been already made. Near the top of the cairn they had found some ashes of a human body . . . it was a great family burying place with many tombs in it, and, what was very interesting, it was clear that *both* cremation and inhumation had been practised in the same burying place. . . . The Bishop gently thrust all other excavators aside and 'laboured

more earnestly than they all' with crowbar, pickaxe, and spade . . . before long he came to a little urn about six inches high and six inches across . . . this Mr. Hall pronounced to have been the 'food jar' placed in the grave of the departed hero to supply his wants during the few days that would be occupied by his journey to the land of spirits. . . . Then we all dug again, and my spade was fortunate enough to turn up the first bone of the buried hero. The eager Bishop took a trowel and dug carefully down. Sure enough, he soon came on some skull bones . . . the great thigh and leg bones were next dug out and showed clearly that the chief had been buried in a bent-up posture. . . . A young doctor who had ridden up to the cairn (which by this time was dotted with the churchwardens and other notabilities of the parish) pronounced, from the shape of the jaw, that the departed hero was a man of about 45 years of age, and from the fashion of the tomb, Mr. Hall gave him at a guess 2500 years of burial. Imagine this Brachycephalic Briton may have been entombed when Isaiah was prophesying and when Remus was jumping over the wall of Romulus, to be now unearthed after two millenniums and a half by a Bishop and a Quaker, burying the metaphorical hatchet while they unbury him.

To Lord Justice Fry. Benwelldene: 18 October, 1885.

. . . I find myself increasingly attracted towards these Border Counties, which some people call the Scottish Lowlands, though, as they are filled with a profusion of hills, the high ones among them not very much lower than Skiddaw and Helvellyn, the name does not seem very appropriate. I feel that the right plan is to learn the country, dale by dale. We now know Tweeddale pretty well. . . . Yarrow, too, I now know, and my Brunanburgh researches and Carlyle pilgrimages are making me very familiar with Annandale. . . . What a fair country we have and how well she rewards her children who will patiently study her beauties. . . .

Politics during this and the following years were a great source of pain and sorrow to Hodgkin. His indignation over Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was deep and lasting. He considered his swing round to a coalition

with Parnell 'the most utterly immoral thing that he had ever seen done in politics.' Like many others, he felt obliged to sever his connexion with the Liberal Party when they adopted Home Rule, and in consequence threw himself more warmly than he had ever done before into the turmoil of a contested election at Newcastle. As Chairman of the Committee that worked for the return of Sir William Armstrong, he found it painful to be in opposition to many of his old friends, and still harder to be looked at a little askance by some of the members of the meeting and one or two of his own relations who thought that a minister should not interfere with politics. In the main he agreed with them but felt it to be one of those exceptional cases in which his own clear view of his duty to his country must prevail over every other consideration. He was at the time alone at home in Benwell, and in a nervous and depressed condition, which made attendance at the clamorous and disturbed political meetings about the hardest thing he had ever to do in his life. He was sustained by the thought that his reason having convinced him of the dangers to his country involved in Home Rule, he was doing his duty in God's sight by trying to avert them and mingling for a time 'in the hateful strife of politics.' It was a bitter mortification to him that Newcastle preferred the 'Quay-sider Craig to its own most illustrious townsman, Sir William Armstrong, but it was some comfort that the general opinion affirmed that never had there been a parliamentary contest in Newcastle fought with so little bitterness and rancorous personality.'

To his sister Mariabella. Benwelldene: 8 July, 1886.

Thanks for thy letter of condolence, which came very opportunely and has helped me to bear what is really a bitter disappointment—more like a failure at an examination in the old College days than anything else that has since happened. I don't think we have anything to reproach ourselves with. We polled the numbers that we expected and our men split their votes fairly, but the Caucus, the Trades Union and the Irish ring, have been too strong for us . . . all the local patriotism of the city deeply resents Sir William Armstrong having been pushed aside.

. . . However, we must bear it patiently. I suppose, in a certain sense, Demos and Caucus must be accepted as the ' powers that be ' and, therefore, ' ordained by God ' or, at any rate, permitted by Him like the unlovely monsters that wallowed in their slime while the Earth was preparing for man's habitation.

Nothing can go greatly wrong with me now I have got my dear wife back again. I was very heavy hearted without her.

Two years later he gave a lecture on the Irish question at Walker, a Newcastle suburb, to an audience which he knew would be unfriendly. It was only by the influence of Father Berry, the model of a gentlemanly and scholarly Roman priest, that the Irish among the listeners were prevented from receiving the speaker with a shower of rotten eggs and cabbage stalks. Afterwards he published this lecture saying, ' I am going to have the audacity to publish it, feeling that as it is I live and die unheard, with a most voiceless thought piercing me like a sword.' He called it ' Think it out,' not wishing to set Gladstonian readers against him at the outset.

A pleasant break in what was to him the uncongenial work of the election was made by a summons to Oxford to receive the Hon. Degree of D.C.L. John Bright and Oliver Wendell Holmes were amongst those honoured by the University at the same time. Hodgkin thoroughly enjoyed the day. Oxford was at its best and brightest under a cloudless sky. Many of his friends had gathered round him, his wife and daughter were with him, and he met many interesting people, shaking hands with Robert Browning at luncheon in All Souls.

That year, 1886, Thomas and Lucy Hodgkin celebrated their silver wedding at Falmouth. They kept it by giving a tea to the fisher folk of Durgan, and Hodgkin writes : ' It was a very happy time and one which seemed to draw us nearer both to our servants and to our poorer neighbours.'

One of his favourite recreations was to take a driving tour with his wife and sometimes some of his children, and in this way he got to know many different parts of England and Scotland.

To his sister Elizabeth. Malvern : 25 March, 1887.

. . . We have greatly enjoyed our fortnight's drive through our dear England—yes, I will dare to call her dear, even when the March winds are blowing over her, and when the note of ' enlightened ' and ' progressive Liberalism ' is to love every other country but your own, and most chiefly the ' Geba and Ammon and Amalek ' who shout with their rowdy voices, ' Rase it, rase it even to the ground.'

Still, as I said, England remains dear to a few old-fashioned souls like mine, and I have a little secret hope that she will still be great and a power for good on this planet when the casuists and egotists and selfseekers of to-day, of whom our ears are weary, are deep down under thick layers of oblivion.

Away with politics : I want to get to our journey. We have been travelling the whole time on, or very near to, the Roman Road (the ' Second Iter ' of Antoninus), and it has been most interesting to see almost at every halting place the traces which the Romans have left : the mounds of Pierce Bridge and Catterick Bridge, the really beautiful tessellated pavements of Aldborough, the columns and altars of Chester, the high hill-fortress of Hawkstone Park, and, last, the . . . high Roman Wall at Wroxeter. In the excavations at this last place I confess I was somewhat disappointed. I don't think they can compare with those near our dear Chollerford.

In 1887 Hodgkin was appointed examiner for the Lightfoot Scholarship at Cambridge. This connexion with one of the older universities from which his creed had excluded him in his own student days, was a very real gratification to him. The work itself interested him and he was most conscientious in the care he bestowed upon it. He stayed for each examination with his friend Creighton, then Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, and enjoyed meeting other scholars and feeling himself for a few days at least a part of the University.

It is impossible to do more than mention the chief of the events that filled these rich years of Hodgkin's middle life. Enough has been said to show how many and how varied were his interests and occupations. It was a life full of movement. There were the regular changes between Newcastle and Falmouth, there were weeks spent by the

seaside or in the country for the sake of his children's health, driving tours, archæological rambles, journeys to London for Yearly Meeting, or for work at the British Museum, besides visits to friends and relations and journeys abroad. He always liked to make his historical learning as widely useful to others as possible by giving frequent lectures to audiences of very different kinds, in London at the Royal Institution, as well as in Newcastle and many neighbouring towns and even villages to gatherings of working men and others. In the civic life of Newcastle he took a full, if not a leading, part, acting as a magistrate and showing himself always ready to help in every good cause. He was specially keen about everything that made for higher education in the town, and was an active member of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

The politics of Newcastle were always a trouble to him. It was a real difficulty to him to support the candidature of two successive members who were avowedly non-Christian, and the break with his Liberal friends over the Home Rule question, and, what he considered, the domination of the city by a caucus, were a real distress. But in the main his life during these years was signally prosperous and happy. He was much beloved and admired, his many-sidedness brought him into contact with people of all kinds, who all alike felt his charm, and delighted in the readiness with which he loved to share his interests and pursuits with others. His character inspired complete confidence, no one could doubt that he was actuated by the highest motives. He was a man of whom none could speak evil. He constantly gained new friends, and to meet people of note was at all times an interest to him. Behind all the varied occupations of his life there was always the permanent interest of his historical work, ever a source of joy and refreshment. Through all alike, whether business or study or interests of all kinds, there flowed the deep joy of his home life. His children were his constant refreshment and delight, his absorbing care and interest. His chief anxieties were caused by their childish ailments. He followed every detail of their lives and delighted in even their smallest successes. Writing about his eldest son's

skating, he said (Jan. 23, 1886): 'You cannot imagine the pleasure which a father feels on seeing his son doing something much better than he can ever hope to do it himself.'

In every possible way the children's well-being was considered in the Hodgkin home life, but there was no unwise indulgence, the home was ruled by love. His methods with them were often original. One of his daughters writes:

One great family custom was 'Remarks' at Sunday dinner. When the dessert was brought and the servants had gone, each child had to make one remark, while the rest of the family sat round and listened. It originated as follows: the two eldest children had chattered so unceasingly at meals, that Father instituted the custom of 'Remarks,' giving them the opportunity of making one weighed and sage remark instead of ceaseless chatter. At first the silence during the rest of the meal was enforced, but very soon the game of 'Remarks' had the effect of keeping us all silent and thoughtful from the moment we left the Meeting House till the time when the dreadful ordeal was over. Father was the only person who enjoyed that game.

This may give the impression of an austere father, but there was no austerity in his relations with his children. He loved to share their games, he was ever full of fun and nonsense, and delighted in the little family jokes which only grew dearer to him through frequent repetition. He was full of delicate attentions to his wife and daughters. Every Sunday he would gather a little posy for his wife, which used to be a wonderful mixture of all sorts of things, hot-house and garden flowers, 'unlike any other bunch that ever was picked.'

His ready, humorous turns delighted his children, as when he said to the little daughter who told him of a jar that she had broken, 'It is better than if you had broken your heart.' It is impossible to make these light, tender sayings live again on paper, but none who knew him can forget their grace and charm.

This sympathy with little children ripened into a rare capacity for friendship with his sons and daughters as they grew to be men and women. The interest in human nature

which gave life to his historical work found its richest satisfaction in watching and sharing the intellectual and spiritual development of his children. He gained their confidence because he had the tact not to thrust himself upon their inner life, but to be ever ready when they needed him.

Letters, 1870–88

To Edward Fry. Benwelldene: New Year's Day, 1870.

. . . The Education people, League and Union, had a great Conference, in other words, a great stand-up fight, at Newcastle a month ago. . . . It is extremely unfortunate for the League party that they should have made the word 'secular' so prominent in their programme; for already the newspapers are beginning to call them Secularists for shortness' sake, and as men are ruled by ideas rather than words, I have no doubt that great numbers of newspaper readers will imagine that every subscriber to the League holds all the views—or no-views—of Holyoake himself. The great problem, I suppose we shall both agree in thinking, is how to establish State-schools without killing the business already done by the National and British Schools—and it certainly would be an intensely foolish piece of doctrinaire-ism to destroy two such splendid and living organisations for the sake of a theory. But I think English statesmanship which is so great in compromises will surely devise some means of combining the two systems, continuing *laissez faire* where *laissez faire* has manifestly succeeded, and educating by the authority of Cæsar where it has failed. . . . Daniel is just at present my chief subject of literary interest, hiding for the time even Italy. We are at present studying it in our Bible-class. . . . I confess that Arnold's doubts and Rowland Williams' confident assertions of non-genuineness, together with the very peculiar character of some of the later chapters, had made me feel that it might be one of the least defensible books in the O.T. canon. Since reading Pusey's 'Lectures on Daniel,' however (which is one of the most interesting books I have met with for years), almost all of this fear has vanished. . . . Perhaps thou wouldest hear from Jonathan of the discussion that we have been having as to the reading of the Bible in Meeting. There was a Committee appointed to enquire into the reasons why

so many young Friends were leaving, and the result of their conferences, three or four in number, with 'the young Friends' (*i.e.*, apparently those from 18 to 30 years old) was to recommend this course. All, or nearly all, the really living and earnest members of the meeting were in favour of it, if not for their own sakes, at least for the sake of those who said they needed this help. But the more formal Friends said, 'We have gone on in one way 200 years and why should we change?' Conservatism said, 'If you grant this, where will you stop short of a regular Liturgy?' Our one or two scientific disbelievers in all Revelation plainly implied that if the Bible came into Meeting they would go out of it. And of course all the men of Red Tape said, 'How can you do this without getting the leave of Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meeting?' Still, after all this, the advocates of the change were in a decided though not large majority; and it therefore seemed best not to press it. But certainly the course of the discussion convinced me not only that the practice is a permissible, but also that it would be a most desirable, one, and that there is nothing against it but those miserable mouldy 'traditions of the Elders' which Friends must get rid of if they don't want to die of mortification.[1]

I am watching the Œcumenical Council with great interest and have read the greater part of 'Janus'—an astonishing book certainly to have been written by any Roman Catholic. I think surely this successful attempt to raise the full and final issue between Rome and the whole tendency of modern European thought, is the most interesting thing in our day, and will be so looked back upon by us hereafter.

To Frederic Seebohm. Newcastle: 12 July, 1870.

. . . As for the religious difficulty, tho' I have no doubt we shall in the end stumble through the thicket to some good practical compromise, I must say I cannot at present see my way at all. I am afraid that there is a little compromise of the great principle, 'Christ wants no help from Cæsar,' in the Bill as it now stands, and yet, on the other hand, I see that not even any Pagan state has yet been built up on principles of pure atheism (for I am persuaded that a nation of complete Atheists would have

[1] The Bible is now read regularly in many Friends' Meetings.

no power of cohesion whatever), and so even putting Christianity out of the question, it seems as if Cæsar may rightfully teach something to the young Pagans of his Empire, concerning the *Numen* to whom he and they are responsible. It is a very hard question though, and I believe you are right in saying that we are only as yet at the beginning of it.

To Edward Fry. Benwelldene: 8/8, 1870.

. . . How I should have liked to talk to thee about this horrible war in the earlier phases of it. Now there seems to be nothing to be done but simply wait, and watch the falling of each successive thunderbolt. Each day brings forth such strange surprises that one cannot even guess what the end will be. As to-day's and Saturday's papers have been full of Prussian successes, possibly Napoleon will be in full march for Potsdam by the time this reaches thee; but I confess that there are two events which seem for to-day more probable, an outbreak at Paris and the suicide of the Emperor. If the first occurs, shall we not see a *République Rouge* proclaimed with some despotic Committee of Public Safety at its head? If the second should occur, it would give Prussia a splendid opportunity for gracefully ending the war, declaring that her quarrel has been with Napoleon not with the French people and retiring with her bands across the frontier. My mind has been greatly exercised about the question of the supply of coals to the French fleet, which many people believe will be done *direct* notwithstanding the prohibition of our Government, should the war continue. After much running about the town in search of backers I had succeeded in getting a meeting of our Chamber of Commerce called for next Wednesday to consider the subject and see whether some machinery might not be devised for rendering detection more certain and so lessening the temptation to offend. The present news seems to take the wind out of my sails . . . in any case, as I am responsible for the meeting, I must go through with it. The Peace Society are behaving sillily and ignobly as usual, trying to persuade the public that England has contracted no obligations towards Belgium, that it would be a very good thing were Belgium annexed to France and so on. Whereas, if they would really work the question of what the policy of neutrality, cordially and honourably pursued, involves,

if they would have tried to persuade Government to take more stringent powers for prohibiting the export of implements of war and so on, I think they might really have done the State and the future of Humanity some service.

To Frederic Seebohm. Benwelldene: 12 April, 1871.

At length I can sit down and write the—to myself—long-promised letter of thanks to you for your very interesting book on International Reform, and at the same time comment thereupon.

I confess that to me, much the most interesting and convincing part of the book is contained in the first 70 pages. . . . The evidence that we are advancing whether we will or no, to a state of international dependence, in which the old rules of Maritime Warfare would be suicidal as well as murderous, is to me most convincing, and though we had of course a vague idea that such was the case, before, yet I never saw the argument so clearly or so forcibly stated elsewhere. . . . When we come to the remedy for the evil, I do not see my way so clearly, though I think you have done good service in pointing out how greatly superior a regular permanent International Tribunal would be to Arbitrators selected *pro re natâ*. But we revert after all to the difficulty . . . that 'the ultimate sanction of International Law is Physical Force.' or, in other words, 'to prevent war the whole world must go to war.' I suppose if the 'Parliament of Man' were assembled in vigour it would have to execute its decrees against a recalcitrant France or Prussia by a process like the federal Executives of the late Germanic Diet. Must not these executives, though in theory federal, practically be entrusted (as *those* were) to one or two of the strongest obedient members of the Federation? The probable result last year would have been that while France and Prussia were belabouring one another, England, Austria, and Italy (the chief obedient members) would have been belabouring *both* to compel them to be quiet, until after some months of this chaotic strife, Russia would have walked in and appropriated Constantinople which exhausted Europe would then have been powerless to protect from her. This is, perhaps, an exaggerated view of the case, but I think complications like this would often arise.

Again, if we are to pursue the analogy of litigation between individuals, might it not frequently occur that

nations A and B would be at the same time enemies and confederates of one another? Of course, in lawsuits this continually happens. Brown and Jones have friendly interests in one suit and opposing interests in another contemporaneous one, and no difficulty arises. But killing and being killed are such very different matters. Could English soldiers be at one and the same time 'executing process' by artillery *upon* Prussia in Denmark and *with* Prussia in France?

These are some of the difficulties that occur to me. I can only briefly indicate them, but my feeling is that though commerce and philosophy both suggest a longing to have done with war, only Christianity will ever give that longing, power. Let it be once thoroughly impressed on the conscience of Europe that a successful, unjust war is the greatest calamity that can befall any nation (and certainly the fate of France, victim to Napoleon-worship and a craving for a frontier which did not belong to her, seems to point this moral) and I think we should be pretty nearly at the end of war.

To D. A. Fox. 30 October, 1877.

I have a little hesitation about the *word* 'vicarious' because it is not Biblical but scholastic, and though I know this feeling may be carried too far, still, looking to the great harm which professional theologians have done by the introduction of their technical terms, to the deep simplicity of the Truth as it is revealed to us in the Bible, I should prefer if possible to follow the advice given us 'to keep to the use of sound Scripture terms.' But as to the thing signified by the term, the idea conveyed by the texts 'He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin,' 'He died for our sins according to the Scriptures,' and by so many other similar utterances, I feel that I could not disbelieve this and still call myself a Christian. I know not why it is, but the doctrine of the Atonement (simply stated and not eked out by shallow men's attempts to make a religious mystery quite clear to 'common sense') causes me no trouble or difficulty at all. Doubts as to God's moral government of the world, as to the reality of the life to come, and so forth, often present themselves (to be wrestled with and overcome, I hope), but doubts as to Christ's atonement for our sins, never.

I admit that I cannot think of any word which expresses

the idea quite so well as ' vicarious,' still I should be glad to dispense with it. And I quite see that there are some minds to which the thought of Christ's death as completing His perfect and pattern-life by the highest possible act of self-surrender seems sufficient, and the notion of an atonement for sin seems only to worry them. I think that even these persons, if they hold firmly what the Apostle Paul preached, ' Jesus and the Resurrection,' ought to be borne with and recognised as Christian brethren, though we may wish that the Scriptures conveyed to their minds the same ideas which we cannot help deriving from them.

To his sister Mariabella. Benwelldene : 8 February, 1878.

. . . Everything is bright and pleasant in our home, Lucy well, the children very good and bright, and to-day, for instance, is like a lovely day in spring. But public affairs cannot but have a depressing effect on one's mind. Everything seems going so hopelessly wrong, war so near, the justice and expediency of it so doubtful (and yet in all honesty one must admit that some of the predictions of the War party have been most uncomfortably verified), and the general state of things seems best described in the words of Christ, ' Men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after the things that are coming upon the earth.'

To his brother Jonathan. Moffat : 28/3, 1880.

. . . I send thee two newspaper cuttings which will show thee the line which I have taken in the rather delicate matter of supporting Dilke who is I fear a decided non-Christian and some say, an Atheist. My one desire throughout has been to do what our father would have done had he been in my place : and though I know it would have cost him a severe struggle, I *think* his final conclusion would have been that after all he had said and done on behalf of religious toleration, he durst not withhold his support from a public man because he was theologically ' unsound.'

To the same. Newcastle : 30 November, 1880.

. . . I am going over to Sunderland this day week to lecture on ' Pascal as the Doubter.' The name of Pascal is not much more than a peg on which to hang some thoughts as to the relation of doubting to believing. I mean to address myself chiefly to doubters : a difficult and delicate

task, for how can one show how much one shares their difficulties without disturbing some of the quiet souls who have never had a doubt in their lives. However, it seems to be the right thing for me to do, so I must hope no harm will come of it.

To his sister Elizabeth. Benwelldene: 15 July, 1882.

My hearty sympathy goes out to thee in prospect of to-morrow's anniversary. That is to say, by no means condolence nor absolutely unmixed congratulation, but a share in the emotions, whatever they are, which the thought of 48 completed years in this dear, sad, mysterious, amusing world brings with it. Anything in fact rather than apathy: something of *κακοπάθεια*, far more of *εὐπάθεια* but *πάθος* of some kind always in the thought, because one is a human being and not a sea anemone.

In my dreams I get through a great deal of deep sadness about growing old. I fancy that everyone I ever knew or cared for is dead or somehow in trouble and that I am left alone in the world. I wake and all these sad thoughts fade away, and notwithstanding many cares and much yearning back to the irrevocable and beautiful Past, I realise the fact that Middle Life has been and is incomparably the happiest part of my life . . . as for care, I certainly *felt* the weight of care far more at 15 than I do at 50.

To Mr. Justice Fry. Benwelldene: 15 September, 1882.

It was a great delight to us having Roger. It is so amusing when one looks back to old days to see Bella's children and mine sniffing their way into acquaintance with one another and gradually finding out what they have in common, and how much it is. Will Aryan and Semite ever make the same sort of discovery as to their resemblances under all the immense and obvious differences (Tottenham being in this case represented by 'the great plateau of Central Asia')? . . . Theodoric is going on as fast as I could reasonably expect. His victory over Odovacar is taking rather longer than I hoped. . . . There is a strange interest in piecing together the little scraps of information which we get from the Annalists and are illustrated by Eunodius's windy panegyric on Theodoric. I cannot make out why Gibbon has slurred over this part of his history so hastily. Yes, I think I know, he was in a hurry to get to Justinian and Belisarius.

To his Wife. 14 January, 1883.

. . . If ever any of our daughters marry, I trust we shall have the wisdom to stand aside and let them stand or fall with their husbands. Better for husband and wife to go wrong than for them to be kept right by the constant interference of the parents of either. There is no truer word in the Bible than that about husband leaving father and mother and cleaving to his wife, and wife leaving father and mother and cleaving to her husband.

To the same. Devonshire Hotel: 25 May, 1883.

My visit to Cambridge was a very happy time . . . we went to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury preach the 'Ramsden' sermon on Missions at St. Mary's. The church was densely packed—more than 1000 undergraduates there—but by holding on to Creighton I got a splendid place among all the Professors. The Archbishop was very nervous but preached a capital sermon. . . . He has a delightful face, with far more peaceful power in it than I should have imagined from his photographs. All my heart went out to him when he said, 'Great changes have happened lately in this place (the admission of Dissenters), changes which many of us opposed and all watched with anxiety. But I am bound to state that the result of these changes has been to produce a deeper tone of religious life and feeling than was ever known here before.'

What a fine broad and brave utterance from the head of the Church of England in the University pulpit, and how unlike the narrow faithless forebodings which I had been listening to at Devonshire House.

To his sister Elizabeth. Newcastle: 12 June, 1883.

. . . A *little* dissatisfaction with home is rather a good thing I think. It tends to prevent cliquishness and that disposition to talk about 'We, Us & Co.,' and to believe that all our belongings are incomparably superior to anyone else's, which is so tiresome in the people who are given over to it. . . . I think I am Grandmother Howard's own descendant in my incapacity to say much to any purpose about my affections. Our dear father was so very different. Particularly in his later years, it seemed to be so easy to him to pour out a great flood of affection over those whom he loved without in any way compromising his truthfulness.

To Lord Justice Fry. 27 August, 1883.

. . . As to Drummond's book, I am glad you liked it on the whole. . . . For me it is not so much materialism that I want to be delivered from, as the conception of changeless law.

I have no temptation to think, and can scarcely understand the temptation to think, that matter called itself into being, and has moulded itself into its present shape, but I can entirely understand the temptation to think that the great forming and modelling Spirit has guided everything in the universe by absolutely changeless laws, and that since first the spark, our earth, flew off (if it did fly off) from the sun, all the changes that have taken place in its surface and in the successive types of being that have appeared upon it, have been essentially like the changes by which the wheat stalk is produced from the grain, and the grains again from the wheat stalk: changes mysterious certainly, not truly explicable by us, but absolutely uniform. Room for the Supernatural in the history of the world is what I want, and what I think a book like Drummond's should help me to obtain.

To the same. Yattendon: 13 July, 1885.

. . . I think I see a little more clearly than I ever did, the great temptation that a religious leader is under to supply, not a corrective but a stimulus, to the prejudices and passions of his followers: and how the phraseology of the sect thus becomes moulded not by the highest but by the lowest intelligences in it. Evidently the most easily uttered word in the whole of the New Testament is *Anathema*. . . . The great danger, I think now, of our Church and of some others, is that upon the true and right foundation we should be building edifices of wood, hay, stubble, which will not stand the fire. It is so easy to preach what is called a Gospel sermon, setting forth one particular phase of Christian truth and piling text upon text in support of it, without troubling oneself about 'the proportion of faith,' or considering what relation one's broad, slap-dash statements bear to the facts of human consciousness, or even to other passages in the Bible itself. Yes it is easy, as it is to 'build hay' in a hayfield, but will the work endure?

To Mrs. J. W. Pease. Benwelldene: 31 July, 1885.

Many thanks for the grapes which came from Pendower and for your kind remembrance of my birthday. Only the cluster of grapes of Eshcol should have been brought by me, not sent to me, as I suppose I must consider myself a spy sent forward to explore the country into which our generation is marching. On the whole, I can bring up a good report of the Valley of Old Age into which I am just descending, but certainly human life seems an absurdly short affair. Just when you are beginning to understand the game and learn a little how to use your powers, it is time to push back your chair and make room for other players.

To his brother Howard. Benwelldene: 20 December, 1885.

. . . I wonder whether your Colonisation scheme is going forward at all. I have been pondering the subject a good deal and am inclined to think that the right thing would be for our Government to vote 20 millions or so for the development of the railway systems of Australia, the Cape, and, if necessary, Canada, but chiefly Australia. Lend this money to the Colonies at some extremely low rate of interest, perhaps even 1 per cent., at any rate not more than 2; but stipulate that the rails shall be English manufacture and *that they shall be laid by English navvies who at the end of a certain term shall be provided with homesteads in the lands developed by their labour.* Think of the stimulus thus given to our languishing industries: think of the relief given to our overcrowded population: think how the wages of labour would be raised, probably for a generation: and also think how that great influx of sturdy English settlers would strengthen Australia and (I trust) enable her to laugh at fears of invasion by Russia or France or *qui que soit.* In this way, by sending English capital along with labour to the thinly-peopled lands at the antipodes, you would get rid of all that element of competition which causes the Australian working man at present to give such a cold welcome to all schemes for emigration. You would be in no sense spoiling the Australian labour market and yet you would be immensely relieving our own.

To Lord Justice Fry. Newcastle: 18 November, 1886.

The same thought passed through my mind as through yours on receiving the funeral card of Francis Fry. All

this means the creeping upwards of the line of sea and our being left nearer to the encroachments of the waves. Well, let pessimists say what they will, human life is a beautiful, and I almost venture to say, a happy thing, and I think the idea of death as the transition to 'some better thing' becomes on the whole less formidable as the reality of it draws nearer.

To his sister Mariabella. Benwelldene: 11 February, 1887.

Many thanks for returning me my two MS. books on Inspiration with thy and Edward's criticisms, which I greatly value. I don't wonder at your thinking that there was a need of some recapitulation. The fact is that the papers are quite fragmentary in their present state. When I reached the threshold of the New Testament my heart failed me and I laid down the pen. It is some years since I wrote the last line and now I cannot feel sure enough of not doing more harm than good to resume the work. I have no doubt thou art right that few reflective and vigorous-minded Christians hold the doctrine of verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, yet I think it is practically held and taught by most of our popular preachers: and I confess I sometimes doubt whether, as a kind of rough working hypothesis, it may not be almost necessary for such.

Some of the texts in the Bible are such pillars for the soul to rest upon, and reveal glimpses of truth so impossible for man's unaided mind to have attained to, that one feels that we must practically deal with thought and words and all as suggested by the heavenly Teacher. Doubtless as thou and I believe, and as I have been labouring to prove in this Essay, there are other texts of which it would be something like blasphemy to think this. But how for the many to separate between the two? It seems to need the Word of God Himself 'dividing between the joints and marrow' to do this. I sometimes think, on this very account, that we must be near the end of the present *αἰών*, and that God will surely give us soon in some way or other a little fresh light upon our path. There is light enough now to walk by, but not always light enough to explain to others by what road we are travelling.

I go to a very different subject. What a most amusing affair is this which Bessie has doubtless written to thee about, of the attribution in *Temple Bar* of *your* joint poem

to Calverley. A higher compliment could hardly be paid to two young maidens of 16 and 17 than that their handiwork should be considered—as it is by those to whom I have shown it—'exactly in Calverley's style.' But what a very curious literary problem it is to find out how ever it got into the hands of Calverley or his friend! There may be, I think, no bad faith at all in the matter. Somehow—but I cannot imagine how—he may have fallen in with it, been taken by the roll of it, sung it at undergraduate parties, and so it may have been supposed to be his composition. But how hopeless such an incident seems to make 'the higher criticism' as applied to documents of a distant age, if such an extraordinary blunder can be made about an essay written in 1849. Fancy the serene assurance with which a German student assigns one verse to the second Elohist and another to the Third Jehovist: and yet, guided by very much the same instinct as he, we have a Reviewer assigning the work of two demure (looking) little Quakeresses of Tottenham to the dashing and rebellious undergraduate of Christ Church.

To Howard Lloyd. Benwelldene: 16 December, 1887.

. . . I am glad that you like 'Think it Out,' still more that the words which I called forth from dear F. Maurice, now more than 20 years ago, should have turned up again to comfort and help you. I felt sure as soon as I saw the review of Darwin's Life that the old trouble of those days would be to some extent renewed. I think we can see now that many unwise things were said by the champions of the faith . . . and I also feel, as I suppose most Christians who think about the subject now do, that there is no real conflict between the doctrine of evolution and faith.

Still, the fact that its discoverer, the Newton of the nineteenth century, can calmly announce that if there be a God it is impossible for man to know anything about him, will startle many and I fear 'overthrow the faith of some.' The true answer to the difficulty is, I think, contained in Darwin's own admission that he had lost what he once had, all power of enjoying poetry. He himself says that this part of his mind had become 'atrophied' by disuse and he regrets that it should have been so. What he noticed in himself about Poetry I think we may notice in him about Communion with the Unseen Father. We must have our spiritual faculties exercised by reason of use; and if Darwin

was willing to let himself dwindle into a mere scientific machine for grinding out laws from facts, becoming atrophied for prayer and faith and praise and dependence on the Most High, I suppose he would be allowed to do so. . . . I expect that somewhere in the ages, that truth-seeking spirit will find or has found Him who is the Truth itself.

I went last week to the Liberal Unionist meeting in London, which I much enjoyed. It was full of earnestness and resolution to stand even though a dozen 'Pliables' should leave us.

To his Wife. Newcastle: 18 June, 1888.

I think it is better not to arrange for any of Teddy's holidays to be spent at Falmouth. While quite wishing to make his holidays as interesting as possible, we must not sacrifice too much to this. The holidays are the only time that we have for keeping the chain bright and exercising the influence which a father and mother ought to exercise on their child's character; and I cannot think we ought to give this up, through any morbid fear of his home being dull. After all, Newcastle is his home and probably will be through the greater part of his life, and he had better be learning now the lesson of putting up with it.

CHAPTER IX

JOURNEY TO THE EAST

For some time Thomas Hodgkin had been planning a journey to the East. He did not go unprepared. With his rich store of Biblical knowledge, with his keen historical sense and his quick eye eager to discern everywhere traces of the work of the Roman rule, the chosen subject of his life's studies, he travelled with a mind open to every interest the East could offer. All through the winter guide-books were studied, and he began to learn a little Arabic to help him on his way. The great pilgrimage, as he called it, started from London on February 13, 1889. The party at first consisted of Hodgkin, his wife, his eldest daughter, and son, and Helen Browne, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Browne. Of this journey, which lasted over three months, Hodgkin wrote a full account for the benefit of friends and family at home. It was not a diary written day by day, he wrote it at intervals as he had leisure, finishing it after he got home. He sent it back in batches, and it seems to have taken the place of letters home, for no letters remain telling of these weeks so full of rich experience and delight.

On the way to the East the party spent some happy days on the Riviera with the Hanburys at beautiful Mortola. Then they paused at Rome for a visit which Hodgkin describes as the shortest he ever paid 'to the Eternal City, but one of the most enjoyable, so great was the pleasure of showing to our young fellow travellers the well-known sights, and of watching their sensations in presence of them.' On their way to Egypt they were joined by their cousins, Rachel Albright (now Mrs. Wilson King) and F. F. Tuckett, and later the party for the Palestine journey was

completed by Dora Albright (now Lady Scott Moncrieff) and Mr. Hanbury. It was with ever-growing interest that they drew near to the wondrous East. Hodgkin writes after reaching Cairo : ' It is of no use to describe this, our first real day in the East. Everything was so strange, so picturesque, so Biblical.' Every scene was full of meaning.

The greenest and most fertile looking bit that we passed through was the Wady at Toumilat, which seems to be identified on sufficient grounds with the Goshen of Genesis. Those chapters of Genesis and Exodus will always seem more real to me for having looked out upon Goshen, even from the window of a railway carriage.

He was much impressed by the ' great and civilising work which England is doing in Egypt,' and it was of special interest to him to see the great Barrage under the guidance of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff. He describes Sir Colin as ' one of the best specimens of one of our best types of men, the industrious and enlightened Anglo-Indian official ' ; and likened him ' to Julius Frontinus, who was taken from warring against the Silures to reform the administration of the Aqueducts of Rome, as Sir Colin has been taken from military operations in India to complete the Barrage and regulate the inundations of the Nile.'

Like other tourists, Hodgkin went to see the Howling Dervishes ; but he found the sight too painful, and went out and waited in the garden of the little mosque till the performance should be over ; and ' thanked God for having put it into the heart of our teacher St. Paul to write those noble words, " which is our reasonable service," striking at the root of all this hysterical, brain-softening religionism by whomsoever practised.'

The sights of Egypt were visited and enjoyed. He revelled in ' the marvellous, fresh, happy-making air of the desert.' ' Two things,' he wrote, ' had not been enough impressed upon him, the marvellous greenness of Egypt and the freshness of the air of the desert.' The visit was spoilt at the end by the illness of his son, which caused great, if short lived, anxiety. It was not till March 22 that the party was able to set out from Alexandria for Jaffa.

There they met the dragoman Ibrahim Lyons, who was to take them through Palestine: he had travelled with Lord Dufferin and General Gordon, spoke some seven or eight languages, was a Christian and a most trustworthy and excellent man. His conscientious and considerate care of the party did much for their comfort and enjoyment. When asked once what would happen in case of some possible difficulties on the journey, he answered, 'You must, first of all, put your trust in the Lord, and then we will do all we can for you.'

Travelling in Palestine was not an altogether simple matter in those days. The party intended to go from Jerusalem to Damascus, and thence to Beyrout, riding most of the way; but two palanquins were provided for those who might tire of too much riding. Quite a little army of servants was needed for the expedition, and the full cavalcade consisted of the nine pilgrims, as they called themselves, twenty-four men and boy attendants, and forty-two beasts.

Before leaving Jaffa, Hodgkin visited the grave of his much loved uncle, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, who had died there twenty-three years before, when on a tour with Sir Moses Montefiore. He was pleased to find the monument in good repair, and arranged with the Scottish teacher of a little Syrian school near the cemetery, that she should always on the anniversary of his uncle's death place a wreath of fresh flowers on the grave.

The party started some to ride and some to drive from Jaffa to Jerusalem. A halt at Yasur, looking over the plain of Sharon, gave him his 'first experience of the wonderful and indescribable charm of a Palestine landscape.' The plain with the beautiful line of mountains behind reminded him a little of the view of the Keswick mountains from near Cockermouth.

Of course there is nothing like the same variety and picturesqueness of outline, but on the other hand there was an inexpressibly tender beauty of colouring such as we never have in England. I cannot explain at all how or why it was, but we were all strangely moved by the sight of the long line of hills, with that mysterious afternoon beauty

upon them, and I think we all felt some of those thoughts which are often too deep for words.

As they neared Jerusalem the prospect of camping out at the end of a long day's journey seemed a little forlorn. But when they had alighted rather disconsolately on a bare piece of stony ground, they discovered behind some buildings 'the daintiest encampment imaginable.' There were eight cosy little sleeping tents and a large saloon tent for meals. Instead of having to rough it they found themselves 'in the lap of luxury.' The encampment was near the Jaffa gate, outside the walls of Jerusalem. Of his visit to the Holy City Hodgkin writes that it was

in some respects more completely soul satisfying, and in others more sadly disappointing than any that I have ever paid to any city, not excepting Rome, which comes, I think, nearest to Jerusalem in its strange power of both fascinating and repelling.

On the first day they rode round the walls outside the city. This was 'soul satisfying.' Jerusalem showed herself to them

in reality and looked like no other city we had ever seen. The very existence of an unbroken circuit of walls singles her out from most other cities . . . some is undoubtedly of the time of Solomon or of Herod, and the general appearance of the walls is probably not very different from what it was when our Saviour wept over it.

Hodgkin felt that he had 'seen (from the outside) the Jerusalem of history.'

It was the city within the walls that was so sadly disappointing, and of it he writes:

I do not think any honest account of a visit to Jerusalem can be given which does not express the disgust which the present condition of the streets, and the miserable poverty of the internal architecture of the city raise in the mind of a European traveller.

The holy places and the traditional sites were visited more from a sense of duty than from any religious feeling;

his historical sense would not allow him to believe that any genuine tradition determined the various sites of the great events of the Gospel story. But he was inclined to accept General Gordon's view that the little hill outside the Damascus gate, which bears a most striking likeness to a human skull, is the real site of the Crucifixion. The travellers went to Bethlehem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and then to Samaria and Nazareth. At Nazareth he would not go to see the Church of the Annunciation, 'being quite tired of these so-called holy places, so monotonous in their tawdry decorations and so redolent of the ecclesiastical humbug of many generations.' The mission stations on their route were visited with much interest, and on Sundays, when possible, they shared in some religious service. At Nazareth he was glad to join in the General Thanksgiving, feeling that 'we travellers had an especial share in that part of the service.' Some Sundays they held their own worship under the olive trees; at all times Sunday was a day of rest. The weather was often exceedingly hot, and the party much enjoyed bathing in the streams and rivers they passed. Afternoon tea was always the occasion for a delightful halt, and there were days when two afternoon teas were enjoyed. 'It marked one of the most enjoyable hours of the day . . . a beautiful evening glow was creeping over the hills; the limbs cramped with riding were now stretched out deliciously on the grass.' This happy moment was commemorated in a little poem which ended:

> Travellers' Joys: how sweet I've found them!
> Yet are sweeter far to me
> White tents pitched, and flickering round them
> Signs of Post-Meridian Tea.

They visited Mount Carmel, rode along the shores of Lake Tiberias, and then round the northern slopes of Mount Hermon. Looking back at Tell-el-Kady they felt they were saying 'farewell to the Holy Land.' Hodgkin writes:

It was only three weeks and a day since we had landed at Jaffa, and since we had seen the mountains of Judah with that mysterious beauty of late afternoon resting upon them. In some ways it seemed more like months or years, so many

fresh thoughts and experiences had been crowded into the short interval. I was heavy hearted in the thought that I at least should see this sad, wonderful land no more: but I am sure we all feel deeply thankful that we have had these three weeks given us that their memory may remain with us for ever.

They spent happy days wandering round the rocks of Hermon, exploring lonely Syrian temples, but 'nothing like the same deep personal interest was attached to these days as to those in which we seemed to be learning over again the lessons of our childhood during those unforgettable weeks in the Holy Land.'

A couple of days were spent in Damascus, the chief glory of which he felt lay in its gardens and bazaars, and its 'exulting and abounding' waters. It was a delight to follow the joyous Abana to its source, on the first day of their ride to Baalbek.

Baalbek itself greatly surpassed even their highly raised expectations, and the time spent there seemed all too short to explore the glorious ruins. But they were carefully studied, inscriptions were copied, and the beauty of the place was thoroughly enjoyed. From Baalbek they rode to Beyrout, and visited from thence the Friends' Mission Station at Brumana, founded there in 1867 by two American Friends, Eli and Sybil Jones. One of the first and most earnest workers in this mission had been Alfred Lloyd Fox, Mrs. Hodgkin's brother. A Swiss, Theophilus Waldmeier, was the head of the happy little community of workers now living on the beautiful slopes of Mount Lebanon. The good work of the Medical Mission and the schools had won the friendship of both the Druses and the Christians in the neighbourhood. A happy Sunday was spent there when there were about forty persons present at the Friends' Meeting in the morning. Dr. Hodgkin spoke to them, and his address was interpreted into Arabic by one of the teachers. The whole mission was fragrant with the memory of Alfred Lloyd Fox. A former member of it, who had become a priest in the Greek Church, said of him to Hodgkin, 'that man was all pure gold. I do not doubt that he is in heaven.'

That Sunday evening, April 28, was the last that the pilgrims spent in their tents. Their time had been thoroughly happy and blessed, marred by no traveller's disputes and no serious misadventures. Plenty of fun and gaiety had enlivened the fatigues of the way. On this last evening some of the members of the Mission dined with the pilgrims in their tent, and the indefatigable cook who had provided for their comfort all the way, surpassed himself in the elaborate dishes he prepared for this last meal. The tent was adorned with flowers wreathed round the poles, and the men sent up a blaze of rockets and crackers in honour of the travellers. Two days after at Beyrout the pilgrims parted from those who had served them so faithfully, 'really a sad and heart-wringing performance.'

From Beyrout the Hodgkins went to Smyrna and thence to Athens, where their stay, though grievously short, was 'wonderfully better than none at all.' Hodgkin writes that his 'chief feeling was one of sadness at having postponed this visit so long.' Modern Athens struck him as 'much less discordant with its glorious ruins than modern Rome.' They left with great regret after three days, rich in enjoyment, 'having found' Yarrow visited 'even more lovely than the Yarrow of our dreams,' but full of hopes of returning.

They next went to Constantinople. Here the two things that interested Hodgkin most were St. Sophia, which he felt must have been 'one of the noblest temples ever reared by human hands,' and 'that most interesting relic of the past, the walls of the city.' On Sunday he attended the Friends' Meeting.

To his daughters, Lily and Nelly. Constantinople: 19 May, 1889.

This morning I have been to the little Friends' Meeting at Constantinople. It is held in a little upper room over the Medical Mission: Dr. Gabriel Dobrashian (who married the granddaughter of Cousin Edwin Tregelles) is the pillar both of the meeting and of the Mission . . . there were about 50 or 60 people present, chiefly men, and most of them I believe Americans. There was no singing and the service was entirely 'after the manner of Friends.' After one of the congregation had offered a short prayer in Turkish

I spoke. . . . After I had finished (I was interpreted by a doctor who sat by me) an elderly man of gentlemanly appearance arose . . . his allusions to his own history were particularly interesting: 'I was born neither Christian nor Jew, yet by reading the Scriptures I came to believe in Christ, and I am persuaded that His mighty words will yet penetrate to the remotest nations of the world.' I found afterwards that the speaker was born a Turk and a Moslem. About forty years ago he was converted to Christianity. For many years his life was in danger (as is that of every convert from Mussulmanism to Christianity), but he changed his name, and is now I suppose safe. His profession is that of a secretary. . . . After meeting we shook hands with every member of the congregation.

From Constantinople they travelled home by the Orient Express. He concluded his account of this journey as follows:

So the great journey, so long talked of and looked forward to with such mingled feelings of hope and fear, is safely over, and we must go back to the routine of the daily home life. Many a delightful picture is hung up now for each one of us in the long chambers of memory. Scarcely a single discomfort remains there, but over all reigns an abiding thankfulness to the Fatherly hand which has guided us out and home again.

The conduct of some travelling parties met on this journey led him to write:

All my experience of this journey convinces me of the propriety of having a preliminary examination before persons are allowed to travel. Men like one we met, absolutely clownish and ignorant, spoil the pleasures of other travellers and can get no good from the journey themselves.

There can be no question as to the good that Hodgkin himself got from such a journey. Everything he saw had its message to him, and the zeal with which he copied a half defaced inscription, or searched amongst a heap of rubbishy old coins for a possible treasure, was no greater than the interest he felt in the actual conditions of the

living people amongst whom he travelled. His sympathy went out to all those whom he came across, whilst his Biblical and historical knowledge made the past live again as he wandered amongst its ruins. In a sense the ancient stone or arch was as living to him as the Syrian peasant, but the dead past was never allowed to obscure the living present. The temper in which he travelled was shown by the continual happiness and gaiety of his large party. Everyone's wishes were consulted as far as possible, the servants were considered as well as the masters. His was the final word in ruling the party, but the final word was rarely wanted.

They reached London on May 27 and he was able to attend part of the Yearly Meeting. On the last day of the month they were all back at Newcastle. Work of all kinds awaited him. There was an election for the School Board for which he was a candidate, but he came out at the bottom of the poll, and his comment on what he calls this ignominious position is, 'Would that I could get out of most of my public engagements on the same terms.' Such spare time as he could get he spent in developing the many photographs taken during the Eastern journey, which he found a delightful task. 'This photography is almost as fascinating and demoralising as drink.' In some ways the long journey had tried his health and left him unusually sensitive to cold, and the doctors convinced him of the need for care. He was ordered to spend a little time quietly at home, mainly in one room. He felt it 'humiliating, deeply humiliating to cry off work so soon after the prolonged Eastern journey; and it was very dull to spend the days in the library while a glorious July sun was shining outside.' These quiet days were full of busy occupation. He wrote an article called 'A Palestinian Utopia,' in which he suggested that Palestine should be put under an international commission, and he continued the re-writing of the first volume of 'Italy and her Invaders.' He could not 'get away from the reign of Theodosius,' and writes, 'How one's standard of accuracy alters! I was satisfied to knock off the reign of Theodosius in one rather superficial chapter in 1877, and now I have to give him six chapters, which have cost me much labour.' The

journal of his Eastern tour was completed and adorned with the photographs taken by him and his son.

The British Association met that year in Newcastle. Hodgkin attended the anthropological section. His guest for the occasion was Canon Isaac Taylor, 'a man of wonderful acquirements but too dogmatic and impatient of contradiction. A dispute which he had at our table on Sunday with Robertson Smith about the temple area, seemed at one time as if it would lead to bloodshed.'

The three next years were to be the last at Benwelldene. Hodgkin thought that a country home would be better for his children; and for himself, he desired more freedom from business and public claims, and more time for his historical and religious work. The constantly growing engagements of these years show how necessary it was for him to secure more time for himself, if he was to complete his great work. Requests of all kinds for books, articles, and lectures came to him; lectures on Palestine were given in many different places. His chief literary work in 1890 was the life of Theodoric for the Heroes of the Nations series. He found time to coach his eldest son for his entrance examination at Trinity College, Cambridge, and as he worked with him became convinced that he would make 'a very useful and efficient partner some day.' The oldest partner in the firm, Robert Spence, lay dying that August, and Hodgkin wrote to Mrs. Waterhouse:

When he goes I shall be the oldest partner, and shall soon be the oldest man in any position connected with the Bank. How strange! Human life is not at all like what I think I imagined it in the pre-existent state, but love abides and explains much.

A great interest early in 1891 was a visit from the gifted sister of Leslie Stephen, Caroline Stephen, who had lately joined the Society of Friends.

To his daughter Violet. Benwelldene: 13 February, 1891.

We are greatly enjoying—should I rather say 'highly valuing'?—the visit which Caroline Stephen is paying us. She is certainly one of the most earnest 'seekers after God' that I ever met, and more than anyone else now living recalls

to me the depth and spiritual intensity of the Friends who were great in the Society when I was a child. But there is another side to her character. She is sometimes the racy and humorous, almost brilliant, woman of society who has talked to Macaulay and Thackeray and knows all the gossip of literary London. It is so much easier to tap this vein of conversation, that I am afraid that I do not, as often as I might do, go with her into the higher spiritual regions in which she feels most truly at home.

In July 1891 he went to the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, and there in company with many distinguished men of all countries received an honorary D.Litt. degree. At the presentation of the degrees he notes that he sat between Creighton and Masson.

The chief intellectual interest of this year was the starting of an enterprise, in which Hodgkin was a moving spirit, for the production of a County History of Northumberland. The work has been carried on under several successive editors and is not yet completed. Hodgkin remained a member of the Committee until his death.

The Home Rule question continued to occupy his mind very much. In 1890 he assisted in forming a Liberal Unionist Association for Newcastle. Mr. Arthur Balfour visited the city, and Hodgkin describes his visit as follows:

It was an intensely interesting event to see, to hear, to converse with 'the base, bloody, and brutal Balfour,' and to find him scholar, gentleman, Christian, a delightful companion, a true lover of Ireland, earnest in his desire to promote her prosperity—all this, though it was hardly any surprise to me, was certainly a lesson to me as a historian, never to accept the character of a statesman painted by his party opponents as having the slightest resemblance to his real self.

In 1891 his nephew J. A. Pease stood for Tyneside in the Liberal interest. This might have been a difficult situation had it not been for the spirit in which he faced it.

To his nephew, J. A. Pease. Newcastle: 6 May, 1891.

. . . My chief object in writing is to assure you that though I cannot vote for you I shall watch your political

career with interest, and hope it may be a long and honourable one. I sometimes fear that there may be difficult and dangerous times in store for our country, and I don't think any one ought lightly to undertake the responsibilities of a legislator at such a time. But go straight onward, vote according to your conscience, let the fear of God and the love of our country be your guiding principles, and you will leave a good record behind you whatever party name you may be called by.

It was a distress to him that one of his oldest and dearest friends, Miles MacInnes, then in Parliament, differed from him on the Home Rule question. Many long friendships were cruelly shaken at that time by this bitter controversy. But though for a time there was a slight cloud over the relations between Hodgkin and MacInnes, it soon passed, and the deep affection of many years' standing remained true to the end of their lives.

Visiting Dublin in 1893 he spoke at the Friends' Meeting on our Citizenship in Heaven, and wrote :

There was in my mind, and in all our minds, the danger with which these poor Friends' earthly citizenship is threatened ; and without getting deep into politics I alluded to the dangers to our spiritual life by which we are beset when we go—as some of us have to do—into political strife.

Sympathy with the Irish Friends, combined with general anxiety as to the Home Rule question, led him and others to arrange a Friends' Unionist Conference on the subject in London, which was held on the very day that the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried, April 21, 1893. Of this Hodgkin wrote that all felt it to be ' a time of deep feeling, binding us and our poor dismayed Irish Friends closer together.' That page in his diary is headed ' Finis Britanniæ.' He considered Gladstone's Home Rule Bill to be a hopelessly unworkable measure.

To his Wife. Athenæum : 22 April, 1893.

We had a splendid meeting yesterday, abundantly rewarding me for all the trouble which I had taken in preparing for it. . . . The only difficulty in connection

with the meeting came from the *embarras de richesses*. We had so many good speakers from Ireland and from all parts of the country. . . . *The* speech of the meeting was, I think, clearly that of Anne W. Richardson, so clear, persuasive, forcible, and to the point, and not without a touch of real literary eloquence. F. Seebohm gave us a good philosophical discussion of the H.R. Bill. . . . W. Fowler let himself go and delivered a tirade against 'this crazy bill,' almost amusing in its violence. John Albert Bright said a few well chosen words about his father's opposition to it. Bevan Braithwaite gave us, as it were, his benediction at the beginning; and dear J. H. Tuke spoke a few words full of deep feeling at the close. He said to me that it was particularly pleasant to feel that he was working in this cause alongside of John Hodgkin's son, because Father had helped him so much in his early labours on behalf of Ireland. . . . It was a most impressive meeting without doubt. One could not help wishing that all the Gladstonian Friends could have been present to hear all that was said: and yet their presence would have given an entirely different character to the proceedings. Let us hope that the report will do something, though it will be only like a dried plant instead of the living breathing flower.

To Lord Justice Fry. Falmouth: 15 May, 1893.

. . . I have had, as you will suppose, a great mass of correspondence about our Friends' Unionist Conference. It was a very interesting time, and I should think the earnest, pathetic pleadings of the Irish Friends must produce some effect, even on the ordinary Gladstonian Quaker mind. We had very full notes taken by a reporter, which I have worked at busily to get into shape. They are all up in type now, and I trust they will be out by Yearly Meeting. We shall send copies to most of the chief Gladstonian Friends individually. . . . In looking back on our winter at Falmouth I feel that it has been not only a very pleasant but a pretty fruitful time in a literary point of view. I think my book must have grown by at least 250 (printed) pages, which required a pretty considerable amount of research. . . . I should have done even more if it had not been for Home Rule. No doubt —— would say, 'Wherefore disquiet thyself in vain?' but *if* this fatal measure should pass (I hope it won't), I do not want to feel that I did not do even my little best to avert the coming disaster.

In 1891 a house was taken at Chollerton that his family might be in the country, whilst it was still possible for Hodgkin to get into Newcastle to the Bank.

To his brother Howard. Chollerton : 20 May, 1891.

I cannot tell you how we are enjoying our cottage in the country. The absolute quietness (what people would call dullness) of it ; the hearty welcome we get from our farmer neighbours, the beautiful landscape—gently hilly and with suggestion of far distant fells ; the gliding river with the beeches above and fields yellow with cowslips and primroses by its side ; the known nearness of the Roman Wall, and the fact that the North Tyne valley is rich in archæological curiosities, all of which I must explore ;—all these make my environment (to use the scientific slang) a very happy one. . . . I am *thoroughly* happy, and not least in the feeling how few and simple are the elements which go to make up the highest happiness.

Each spring long visits were paid to Falmouth.

To his daughter Violet. Tredourva, Falmouth : 2 March, 1892.

I cannot describe to you how happy I am in my surroundings here. . . . Everyone is so kind and sympathetic (you know that that word is not confined to sympathy with sorrow) : the life is so easy and simple, and—the book is getting on so fast. I really think I can do as much in six weeks here as in a year of Benwelldene, and if my health is spared I feel little doubt of finishing my Lombards before the end of '93.

To his brother Howard. Glendurgan : 24 April, 1892.

. . . Our time here is fast slipping away. . . . I love Northumberland and will not admit that, county for county, even Cornwall surpasses it ; but I must confess that I never felt more strongly than during the last two months how infinitely Falmouth transcends Newcastle in all that makes life worth living. And no marvel : the tables which have been lately published show that Falmouth has the largest number of hours of sunshine of any place in England (Jersey heads the record), while our poor smoky and rainy Newcastle would, I fear, come much below Durham, which is the nearest station to it on the chart and is itself very low in the list.

Oh! the glory of sky and sea here on some of these delightful April days, while there is still enough keenness in the air to prevent one's being oppressed with the heat and to give a strong steely blueness (without haze) to the sea. My literary work here goes on swimmingly. I keep my mornings for Italy sacred from all other occupations.

To his sister Mariabella. The Bank: 2 January, 1893.

. . . If your experience at Failand is at all like ours at Falmouth, I expect the 'great renunciation' has already begun to justify itself by the increased happiness and restfulness of your lives. We have to suffer to some extent from want of elbow room, an inconvenience which you will not feel: still, with all that, and though I sometimes have to 'fold my tent like the Arabs and as silently flee away' from one room after another in search of quiet, I find my work and my larger share of family life intensely enjoyable. I have no longer the feeling of wasting the best hours of the day over routine work, which most of our clerks could do better than I, nor the yet sadder feeling that the golden years of my life are slipping by and my children are growing up into manhood and womanhood without my having time to earn their friendship.

The Lombards are going on at a steady pace. I think I must now have written enough to fill one volume, but unfortunately I am still only at 597. I find Gregory the Great a very big man, and he wants to take up more of my canvas than I can well spare him. He wrote about 800 letters, some of them very long ones, and though I am not absolutely obliged to read every one of them, there are a great many which I must not only read but abstract at considerable length, if not translate verbatim.

An occasional visit to London to work at the British Museum and see friends was always much enjoyed.

To his daughter Violet. Reigate: 29 May, 1892.

. . . You would, I think, have enjoyed the dinner party last night at the Bryce's. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Lord Justice and Lady Bowen, Lord Justice and Lady Fry, H. M. Stanley and 'Dorothy,' Mrs. Bishop (*née* Miss Bird, the traveller), Sir M. Grant Duff, Professor and Mrs. Jebb of Cambridge, Sir Trevor Lawrence, 'an old Indian,' an unknown lady, and T. H. Unfortunately

the two chief lions, Goschen and Stanley, were lazy or grumpy and would not roar; and Goschen left early ('in order to protect the national pocket,' as he said to Stanley). . . . I had Lady Bowen on my left . . . on my right I had Jebb and then Mrs. Bishop. . . . She seems to me a very pleasant elderly lady, and, though she has her own opinions and enjoys talking about her travels, by no means a 'strong-minded woman bore.' We soon got on to Persia and the Babis. She, of course, knew all about Edward Browne's Babi papers, but she said that the feeling of the people she had talked to in Persia (chiefly merchants and missionaries) was that Browne had too easily taken the Babis at their own valuation: that they are really a sort of Nihilists, and aim not only at the deposition of the Shah . . . but at a general revolt against all the laws of God and man. Instead of being meek, suffering saints, these persons represented them as wildly immoral enthusiasts. Mind, I do not think it necessary to condemn them on this evidence, because this is exactly the sort of charge which has been brought against all teachers of new religions from St. Paul to George Fox, and further. . . . She is, I think, a sincere Christian, and feels that our religion ought to, and probably will, soon meet with much wider acceptance amongst these interesting Oriental peoples. . . . Altogether I was much pleased with this dear little elderly Bird of Passage.

In 1891 the premises in which the business of the Bank had been carried on for thirty-two years having proved too small, the partners moved to new and splendid premises in Collingwood Street. At the same time it became necessary for the firm to issue an audited balance, which had not been done before. This caused a great deal of work and worry, and Hodgkin wrote:

Our friends at a distance congratulated us on the fine and flourishing business disclosed, but they knew not how much of the pleasure of business is destroyed by having thus to conduct all our operations under the fire of the often unintelligent criticism of the public. I feel that we are now like the bees which have glass in front, and we have to make our honey under the stare of countless ignorant and uncomprehending eyes.

That year 1892 was saddened by the loss of several

close friends. In April John Collingwood Bruce, who had done so much for the study of the Roman wall, died in a ripe old age, and many felt that his mantle should fall on Hodgkin, who had so long devoted himself to the same study. In May the news of the death of Professor Freeman whilst travelling in Spain was received. Hodgkin had visited him in Oxford the year before, and had written at that time to his daughter Violet :

10 December, 1891.

He is obviously older and feebler, and I cannot feel that he has many years of work before him, though his plans of work are as vast and far reaching as ever . . . every chair is covered with proofs, and you can hardly find room to sit down. He is at his work morning, noon, and night.

After his death he wrote : ' He was always kind to me and I loved him dearly and feel his loss continually.'

In the summer his beloved old Aunt Rachel Howard, who had been more like a mother to him than anyone else after the loss of his own mother, passed away.

To his daughter Violet. Pendower: 6 August, 1892.

. . . I have not had time to write about dear Aunt Howard's funeral. It was a very interesting time, such a gathering of descendants (who alone nearly filled a good-sized room) and relations. . . . The funeral itself took place at Abney Park Cemetery, about two miles from Tottenham. . . . Hudson Taylor (of the China Inland Mission) and Mr. Broomhall, one of the ex-missionaries, delivered the addresses at the graveside . . . the singing was very sweet and soothing. We gathered again in the dear house in Bruce Grove at 7.30. A short sketch of dear aunt's last days, prepared by Bessie, was read by Theodore. Then Bevan Braithwaite gave us a short and beautiful address. I said something in acknowledgement of what dear aunt had done for us when we were left four motherless little ones ; and then Howard Lloyd, Zachary Lloyd, Catharine Wilson, Robert Lloyd, Jonathan followed all in the same strain, all obliged, as it were, to say what they owed her. As some one said, it was like one of the ' testimony meetings ' which we sometimes hear of. Really, if the old maxim ' De mortuis nil nisi bonum ' had been reversed and ' malum ' written instead, I

do not know where we should have found the ' malum ' to utter.

It was actually at the funeral of this beloved aunt, that the sad news came that his wife's dearly loved sister Minnie (Lady Pease) had died after a painful illness. She was to her relations and friends one whose very existence helped to make life beautiful, and many must have shared Hodgkin's feeling that her passing away made life less bright for them.

Hodgkin began 1893 with a great deal of lecturing at various Friends' Meetings. He had carefully prepared a lecture which he delivered on several different occasions on ' The Trial of our Faith,' in which he ' tried to get down to the solid facts on which one's faith in the Unseen Ruler of the Universe depends.' His desire was ' to help in winning back the Huxleys and Matthew Arnolds of the next generation to Christianity fairly and truthfully set forth ; but who is sufficient for these things ? '

This lecture he gave at York, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Birmingham, and other places, taking the opportunity at the same time to see the Friends at these different centres. At Birmingham he spoke to a special meeting of younger Friends, and his hearers were much impressed by ' the deep reality of the address and its extreme beauty of diction, as well as its wonderful scope.' He also gave it at Dublin.

To Richard Westlake. Falmouth : 12 March, 1893.

I have just returned from a little visit to Dublin, the object of which had something in common with the ' concern ' (if I may use the conventional Quaker word) expressed in the enclosed very interesting letter of A. W. Marsh's. I entirely agree with her, that the great need of our time is for such a presentation of Christianity as shall make it possible for earnest truth-loving men who know what science has declared to us of the constitution of the visible universe, to accept it. I do not for a moment mean that sort of ' surrender on condition of being allowed to march out with the honours of war ' which some apologists for Christianity make. If it be true that —— said to some doubter, ' If you can't join us with the miracles join us without

them,' that was an illustration of the kind of defence of Christianity to which I allude: for a Christianity with the supernatural (as we call it) eliminated from it, a Christianity without the resurrection of Christ is really, it seems to me, like a triangle with four sides, or any other 'contradiction in terms.' But what I understand our friend to mean, what I want to see, is a genuine attempt to grapple with the difficulties of the honest Agnostic, to see which of them spring from an attempt to soar beyond the range of human reason, from an attempt (which must end in failure) to think the unthinkable (all questions about the creation of species whether by evolution or without evolution are, I think, of this kind), and which of them arise from our insisting on belief in the Christian Revelation including some things which are in flat contradiction to the discoveries of Science. By extending our line too much and including some positions which can be easily captured we court defeat. As thou knowest, all my tendencies are 'Conservative' as to the questions raised by 'Old Testament Criticism'; but I have been thinking a good deal lately what our duty may be with reference to the early chapters of Genesis. Must I say to a young physiological student, 'If you do not believe literally the statement in Genesis ii. 21–23 as to the creation of the first woman, you can have no part or lot with us'? If I claim the same degree of certainty for that history as for the Resurrection of Christ, I know that I shall send many earnest truth-loving minds away from the faith. Is the sacrifice necessary? Do not some of our well-meaning but ill-informed religious teachers bind on men's consciences burdens heavy and grievous to be borne which they themselves touch not with one of their fingers?

It is some feeling of this trouble and desire to lessen it which has caused me to write a little paper on the difficulties of religious belief, which I have read at Birmingham, Plymouth, and Dublin. . . . I feel that it is better for me not to print what I have to say at present, but even at the cost of some little trouble to myself to deliver it orally. So few people will read, with any degree of attention, a paper of this kind, while the living voice has some chance of carrying it to the hearts of the hearers.

To a large extent Hodgkin did take Dr. Bruce's place as an exponent of the Roman Wall, and many were the expeditions to see it that he conducted. Sometimes these were

pilgrimages of learned archæologists, German as well as English, lasting several days; sometimes pleasant excursions of a day with friends new and old. He himself was always learning new things about the wall and the camps in its neighbourhood. Amongst other things he helped to organise excavations at Heddon. He wrote in 1892, 'The wall has now become such an important element in my experience that I don't know how I ever got on before without knowing it.' He also gave some time to a careful study of Flodden Field, and after conducting the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries to view it, wrote a paper on the battle. Often in letters and diaries he regrets that these other occupations and interests kept him from his dear history. The amazing thing is that he managed to get on steadily with it in spite of all distractions. Even when staying with friends or in hotels he would often find an hour or two to write some new pages, or revise a chapter. Lighter occupations were not neglected. At Falmouth he arranged Browning readings with a few friends, when they read Paracelsus and Strafford. There was always time found too for reading to his children, sometimes story-books like 'The Golden Butterfly'; sometimes 'The Lady of the Lake,' or Jane Austen, or a more serious book such as Ward Fowler's 'Julius Caesar'; often some article he had written or a chapter of his history. Once when an aged Friend remonstrated with him for reading novels, he answered that he felt that moderation was needed, but he could not go in for total abstinence. In the evenings he often played games with his children and thoroughly enjoyed them, distinguishing himself at writing games of all kinds. Somehow he managed to find time for every one, though he himself felt it impossible to do all he would for others.

Letters, 1889–93

To Mrs. Janet Ross. Newcastle upon Tyne: 13 June, 1889.

Among the many pleasures of my home-coming after a much enjoyed visit to the East, has been that of finding your delightful book 'The Land of Manfred' on my table. I am reading it with great interest, and think you

have been remarkably successful in blending the two interests of modern travel and of ancient history. Most people who have any knowledge of history *feel* this blending of two harmonious notes, but it is not everyone who can make others feel it as you do. To me the power of transporting oneself into the past makes the chief part of the pleasure of travel, and you can imagine how I revelled in it at the Pyramids, at Jerusalem, at Baalbek, and at Athens.

I am glad to find that your sympathies are so entirely and undisguisedly on the side of the Hohenstaufens. I always was a Gibelline, and have felt from a child something like personal hatred for Charles of Anjou, only tempered by the remembrance that after all he was the brother of Saint Louis, whom I take to be one of the noblest characters of the Middle Ages.

To Rendel Harris. Benwelldene: 15 August, 1889.

. . . There have been several articles lately by Cheyne, Driver, and others about which I should much like to have a talk with thee. I have always myself argued for great freedom in our dealing with the Old Testament, but I feel that these men (writing in the interest, I believe, of the Jewish-Christian Revelation) are asking for more than *can* be conceded without pulling the Old Testament all to pieces: far more than need be conceded in the present state of our knowledge of the *Entstehung* of the old Masoretic text. I am willing to keep all the old theories about 'the books of Moses,' the 'Psalms of David,' and so on, very much in suspense till we understand more about the matter. But in the meantime is Cheyne justified in saying, 'We can know nothing about the three ancestors of the Jewish people'? To reach so strong a conclusion as that, even though it be a negative one, I can't help feeling that we ought to know a great deal more and guess a great deal less than even the most learned German scholar can yet do as to the true history of the O.T. scriptures. And always now when I read these assertions of 'armchair critics' as to the possibility of introducing a whole fresh code, prayer book, national history, and persuading an Eastern people that they have had them for centuries, whereas they are a fiction of yesterday, I remember that wonderful sight which we saw together at El Azhar, the thousands of pupils gathered round their teachers, repeating the very words of the Koran or listening to their Master's

comments upon them. If there were anything like El Azhar at Bethel, Shiloh or Jerusalem, how could the clever novelist of the 7th or 8th century B.C. write his romances about Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, and persuade the Jews and the Samaritans also (*there* is a great difficulty) that they had always believed them ?

To his brother Howard. 9 November, 1889.

. . . I agreed with all your remarks on the Irish Land question. How the hereditary unpolitical genius of the Irish people is showing itself at this time ! Now when they had a chance such as they have not had for centuries of winning the sympathy of the English people and getting the weary land question settled ' on the best and surest foundation,' they must needs throw it all away by wild talk about killing landlords and shabby acts of social persecution, such as poor Capt. Boycott is the victim of. As great as was the Greeks' genius for art, the Romans' for law, and the Hebrews' for religion, is the Irishman's genius for doing the wrong thing in politics.

To his brother Jonathan. Newcastle : 20 February, 1890.

. . . I look upon it [Quakerism] as a valuable influence on religious thought and as one of the forces which will make the Church of the future : but I do not expect or desire that all the world should eventually become Quaker. The feeling of ' pygmyness ' when brought over against the sorrows and follies of the world is one which I should think we can all share : but I rather like to think of myself as a little insect engaged in building up, with myriad others, a slowly uprising coral reef. It is infinitely little that one such insect as I can do, but if that little is in accordance with the will of the Infinitely Good Architect I need not distress myself. I daresay this view tends rather towards Mussulman fatalism and oriental apathy ; but it helps me, and I think there is some truth in it.

To the same. Tredourva : 7 April, 1890.

(About his draft (sent to Jonathan for criticism) of the triennial report to the London Yearly Meeting of Friends concerning, that is, the Spiritual Welfare of Durham Quarterly District Meeting.)

. . . The only suggestion that I have to make has

reference to the delicate question of the hereditary members. When I spoke of 'doing justice' to these, I was not thinking of discipline, but of pastoral care in the widest sense: and by pastoral care I do not mean knocking the sheep on the buttocks with the pastoral staff, but guiding them out of the wilderness into the green pastures. Not only among Friends, but also in other denominations, I feel that while much is being done for the outcast and degraded classes of society, too little is done to meet the real spiritual needs of those who are among the 'comfortable classes,' but who are often longing for help and guidance, and desperately hungry spiritually, but who are somewhat left to themselves as the drunkard and wife-beater are not. But this by the way in order to explain what I mean by 'doing justice to them.' Now I am afraid 'kind and faithful care' will not convey to the mind, say, of X. the overseer and Y. the loosely attached hereditary Friend exactly the idea which I want to convey. I think it will be understood by both of them to mean five or six domiciliary visits equally painful to the giver and receiver, and then disownment, or at best a polite request for resignation of membership. This is not my desire. I want that they should neither be scolded nor left severely and frigidly alone, but helped, *sympathised with*, and, as far as they are willing, guided.

This I know is what you wish also: but how to express it is the difficulty. I have suggested the words 'that they do not either neglect or repel,' but this I admit is rather negative, though perhaps taken with what comes afterwards about the duty of Ministers it may be sufficient. . . . This is the most difficult but may be the most important part of our Report. At L. at any rate there is need of a little plain speaking, both to the 'Missioners' and to the 'Hereditary Friends,' or else in 20 years' time there will be none of the latter left: and after all, I am persuaded there is not stuff enough in the new converts drawn in from the Y. meeting to make a Quaker Church of. When A. and B. and a few others die off, the meeting will vanish if it is composed only of these.

To Mrs. Janet Ross. Benwelldene: 6 July, 1890.

. . . I have been reading with much interest and amusement your 'Early Days Recalled' in *Murray's Magazine*. Of course my memories go back further than yours, as I date from 1831, but I have not such a brilliant

literary circle to tell my children of when we talk about old times. But I always think that the most heart-stirring time that I have known was that terrible year 1857, when we were hearing the tidings of one scene after another in the Indian Mutiny. The revolution of 1848 was exciting, and in a grim way amusing ; the Crimean War had many dramatic times in it, and the winter sufferings were horrible and heart-rending : but the Indian Mutiny made the nation, as it were, hold its breath in awe-struck horror of what might be coming next.

To one suffering from physical infirmity. 21 April, 1891.

I know that the hardest part of this kind of trial is the feeling of loneliness that it brings with it. ' Here am I shut up in this weak and weary body, and no one can really sympathise with me or help me to bear the burden which falls on me alone.' But that I think is a whisper of the adversary. Human love does lighten the burden of bodily infirmity, and I doubt if any of us need be absolutely alone in any trial that falls upon us. Though there is a sense, too, in which the (comparatively) lonely sorrows do most to ripen and strengthen the soul. The glorious words of Jacob have often been a help to me, when wrestling with this sad thought of loneliness.

> They shall come upon the head of Joseph
> And on the crown of the head of him that
> was *separate from his brethren.*

. . . the Heavenly Companionship will, I think, always clothe itself and take flesh in earthly companionship ; and in another sense

> Who hath the Father and the Son
> May be left but not alone.

To Lord Justice Fry. Benwelldene : 19 July, 1891.

. . . I have lately received the newly discovered ' Apology of Aristides ' which Rendel Harris brought back with him two years ago from the monastery of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai. It is a curious production and interesting as a record of Second Century Christianity, so desperately unsatisfactory as a statement of the Christian argument. . . . The most interesting part of the Apology to my mind is the statement of the moral and benevolent life led by the Christians . . . comparatively worthless as a piece of

apologetics, it is extremely interesting as a post indicating the channel in which Christian thought was running, and it is certainly a great trophy for Rendel Harris to have brought back with him from the East.

I wonder whether you have yet read Hatch's Hibbert Lectures, which I am now reading with great interest. I think Aristides capitally illustrates one of his chief theses, that the (supposed) necessity of defending Christianity against Paganism by philosophical weapons was the chief cause of the change which so early crept over Christian literature, and which results in the difference of both form and content between the Sermon on the Mount and the Nicene Creed. One feels that Aristides is not a Rabbi but a Greek philosopher, and is trying to squeeze Christianity into a philosophical mould . . . evidently the result of this kind of defence of Christianity is to change it more or less, from a vivid Semitic faith into a plausible Greek philosophy. This is the process which Hatch traces with such ability through most of his Hibbert Lectures. He hints (and here I feel disposed to agree with him) that some part of this process will have to be reversed, that if Christianity is to be the world-wide religion which its founder meant it to be, it will have to strip off some of the accretions which gathered round it in the lecture room of the Greek philosopher. . . . I have long cherished the thought that the next great phase of Christianity will probably be the conquest of the great Oriental populations, and that perhaps some of the trials through which our faith has had to pass are really preparatory to this great triumph: the purging of our Christian consciousness from the elements which the Greek philosopher, the Roman legist, and the Teutonic trader had blended with it and the restoration to it of the earnest simplicity of its childhood.

What a loss Hatch's death has been to the whole Christian world! I am afraid he was ill rewarded in his lifetime, because he was not acceptable to the dominant party in the Church.

To his daughter Violet. Benwelldene: 15 June, 1892.

. . . Shall I end my little note with some of the thoughts that came to me in Meeting this morning?—'The things of a man knoweth no man save the spirit of a man which is in him, even so the things of God knoweth no man save the Spirit of God.' We sit here a little company, and yet even

in this little company so many separate worlds, to each of which one spirit—the Ego of each of us—has the key and the others cannot enter. Is my neighbour worshipping or day-dreaming or thinking over his business? I know not. Even so the things of God, the deepest innermost things, knoweth no one save the Spirit of God. May we say it reverently? Perhaps the Divine Being Himself has body, soul, and spirit as we have. His body: that is this wonderful universe. The astronomer's eye wanders up and down through space resolving nebulæ and observing stars which may have ceased to shine centuries ago. Yet he comes not near the heart of God, for he is but looking on his body. The scientific theologian discussing the Trinity, Providence, and Free Will and so forth, *perhaps* gets some little insight into the *mind* of God, but still he may be far off from His Spirit. That Spirit which Christ said should come and compensate His followers for His own departure, that Spirit lets us into the heart of things: and lo! we discover that Love is the one great master key. St. John, who had read Christ's secret perhaps more truly than any of His other disciples because he loved so much, impresses this on the mind of his 'little children.'

And then I ended with that chapter of the first epistle of John (the fourth, I think), which contains the wonderful words, 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love *dwelleth in God*.' What a home! Would one (could) get into it and go no more out for ever!

To his sister Elizabeth. 1 August, 1892.

. . . I have enjoyed once more those 'Lectures on Papal Infallibility' by dear old Dr. Salmon. With my tendency to see the adversary's side more strongly than my own, I have always felt a little nervous about that great claim to inerrancy which is founded on the words that run round inside the dome of St. Peter's: and it is a great pleasure to me to see it so calmly, so fairly, and so convincingly demolished as it is in this book.

To his sister Mariabella, in answer to a birthday letter.

Newcastle: 1 August, 1893.

. . . Yes, I am glad to say that though we have many cares . . . I have got back I think all my old hopefulness of heart and believe in my instincts as well as by my reason that things are being ordered for the best, and that a good

end will be reached by all those who are at all in harmony with the Divine Will (though how hard it is to believe in reference to our *country's* affairs that any good end can be reached through the miserable welter of our present party politics, I need not say). . . .

My poor Lombards get on miserably slowly now that I am back at business. I see more clearly than ever that it is only by a virtual retirement from business that I shall ever be able to do anything at my true life-work.

To the same. Chollerton: 11 September, 1893.

. . . I wanted to thank thee for thy most acceptable present of Balfour's essays, which arrived safely and which I am greatly enjoying. He is a fine fellow, and has done his work in this session, I think, with a wonderfully light and skilful hand. . . .

By the way, how very good the speaking in the House of Lords has been on both sides. Rosebery's speech, with all its chaff and drollery, had a good deal of real argument in it. In reading it I could almost for the time imagine myself a Home Ruler, and that is more than can be said of *any* of the speeches in the Commons.

To his daughter Violet. Benwelldene: 9 October, 1893.

. . . I know that I am often *affairé*, preoccupied, apparently absorbed in my daily duties—some of which are very irksome—and I am afraid you and all my dear ones here think sometimes that I am cold and indifferent. Please do not let this thought into your heart. Say of me, 'Poor Father! He is tired, or he is busy, or he has managed his time badly and has been running all day to catch up ¼ of an hour which he let slip at the beginning of it.' Many of these guesses will be true, but never the guess that I care a bit less than I ever did for the love of my dear wife and children, who are unutterably dear to me.

CHAPTER X

BAMBOROUGH

The desire to possess a permanent home in the country had been strengthened in Hodgkin's mind by the summers spent at Chollerton. The house there was really too small for his family, though the beauty of its surroundings, the fine air, and the nearness to Newcastle made it in many ways a most desirable residence. Before looking out for a place which might be a permanent home, it was necessary to get rid of Benwelldene, and in 1893 Hodgkin was able to sell it to the Blind Asylum Committee. It was a real grief to him to give it up. He wrote to Lady Fry: 'Of course, it is a terrible wrench to leave this dear house, which I built myself, where all our children were born, where we have lived for twenty-seven years, and where I meant to die.'

Benwelldene was sold before he had found another house to which to transport his family, his furniture, and his library of 5000 books. On October 23, two days after the sale had been completed, he by chance found himself travelling in the train with one of the Crewe Trustees, the body who managed the Bamborough property. This castle and its lands had passed, in 1704, into the possession of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham; he, at his death in 1720, had left the Castle with most of his property to Trustees for charitable purposes. It had been the custom of the Trustees to let the Keep, and in 1893 they had not been successful in securing a tenant. Dr. Hodgkin, after listening to some laments on this subject, exclaimed quite on the spur of the moment, 'I have a good mind to make you an offer for it.' On getting home he talked over the idea with his wife and daughters. A few days later they visited

Bamborough and inspected the Keep, and on November 3 Hodgkin made his offer to the Crewe Trustees to rent it for five years. On the 6th his offer was accepted. He felt at the time of this rapid decision that he and his were being guided by a better wisdom than their own. Two days after the idea had occurred to him, at the mid-week Friends' Meeting the subject had been ' God's guidance ' and he had felt it a very helpful time.

Hardly had the matter been settled when unexpected difficulties arose. Lord Armstrong made an offer to the Crewe Trustees to buy Bamborough Castle. The Charity Commissioners urged them to accept, and they tried to get Dr. Hodgkin's consent to withdraw from their agreement with him. This he refused to do. Lord Armstrong recognised his right to refuse, and arranged a compromise according to which Hodgkin was to be his tenant for the five years, allowing him the use of the Keep for one month of each year during which Hodgkin was to be allowed to occupy Lord Armstrong's house in Jesmond Dene, rent free. This matter settled, the dreary work of preparing to leave Benwelldene had to be begun. There were vast accumulations of papers to be sorted and destroyed. Many hours were spent by Hodgkin over masses of papers and letters belonging to his father and uncle, ' the accumulation of at least three generations of the conservative Hodgkins,' during which he several times expressed the resolve not to keep so many letters himself. There was inevitable sadness at leaving what had been such a happy home.

To his sister Elizabeth. Benwelldene : Christmas, 1893.

. . . We are of course somewhat saddened by the thought that this is our last Christmas in the old home . . . the mental and physical labour of the actual move must be considerable. . . . We have been for weeks working among all the rubbish-heaps which inevitably accumulate in a house where one has lived for near 30 years : and which are so difficult to deal with precisely because they are *not* all rubbish but so many precious jewels are hidden among them. I am going through my letters of 30 years ago, burning *some* even of thine and of dear Father's because I feel that I have no right to leave such a great

pile of correspondence to be dealt with by those who come after me.

Many were the regrets of friends and neighbours of every class at the Hodgkins' departure. The secretary of the Benwell and District Institute wrote to him after he had read Dr. Hodgkin's farewell letter to the members : ' I am utterly unable to pen to you the regrets that were spoken in their rough and honest way.' Hodgkin and his family had identified themselves with the life of Benwell. Amongst other things they had started a school for the children of the old village of Benwell. Hodgkin loved to show the children a magic lantern, and sought every opportunity to know them and their parents, inviting them at haymaking time into his field for tea and games. When new streets were built in the village for the Elswick workmen he and his wife started a village nurse and were largely responsible for her support. Hodgkin did not confine his interests to Benwell. He often went to Slatey Ford, two miles off, to help at a service for pitmen held in a mission room ; and with the help of other Friends, he kept a Sunday evening mission service going in a very poor part of Newcastle. It is no wonder that his neighbours deeply felt the loss of the loving services rendered by him and his family.

Early in January a few days were spent at the Bamborough village inn that he might begin to arrange his books in the library at the Keep. Till then the shelves had held the theological library of Archdeacon Sharp, bequeathed to the Crewe Trustees for the use of the clergy of the neighbourhood. Hodgkin wrote of himself as arranging his books in their new home :

One bookcase for ecclesiastical history and biography in which George Fox and John Woolman dwell only half at their ease in this clerical library, but Gregory and Ambrose, with whom they rubbed shoulders at Benwelldene, tell them not to be dismayed, they will answer for them that they are not such devilish heretics after all.

And again :

What a waste of intellectual wealth there is in all these books. How little I really know of their contents. Isn't

the *homo unius libri* really wiser and happier than I with my 5000 slightly-tasted books?

Those who helped him in this happy, if severe, toil remember the light-hearted courage with which he worked, enlivening the drudgery with many droll remarks and puns. The task had to be left unfinished when they returned to Benwelldene for their last Sunday. He felt the last days in the dear home of 27 years unutterably dreary. To watch its 'slow dismantling was like watching a deathbed.'

The first months of 1894 were spent at Falmouth. He was busy with the fifth and sixth volumes of 'Italy and her Invaders,' and was studying Hegel's '*Stadtverfassung*,' and in spare moments he read the '*Promessi Sposi*' with his family. There was always much enjoyment from the society of friends and acquaintances at Falmouth. Hodgkin found in Judge Granger a pleasant companion for his walks and enjoyed meeting Sir Edmund Henderson and the Hon. Auberon Herbert, who were both wintering in Falmouth. There were many visits to the Miss Sterlings, the daughters of John Sterling, Carlyle's friend, whose charming home, the Crag, was dear to a wide circle of literary people.

In April he started for a trip to Italy with his second son Robin, his two younger daughters Lily and Nelly, and Miss Carrie Vyvyan. The object of this journey was to show his children the four chief Italian cities, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice. It was an immense delight to him to see these cities again as if 'with the fresh unjaded eyes' of his children. He was just the right kind of cicerone for them. Full of keenness and endless powers of observation himself, he imparted his own joy and interest to others, but never overdid it. He was always careful not to overtire his companions and to leave them free to enjoy things in their own way. Often he seemed to be the youngest of the party. The journey was made useful for his own work by a visit to Benevento and Spoleto, the seats of the two great Lombard Duchies, with whose history he was then busy. Readers of his History know how it is enriched by his personal acquaintance with the places about which

he writes, and as he travelled he forged links between the past and the present.

In Rome he enjoyed seeing a great deal of Count and Countess Balzani and other Italian friends, and in Florence made friends with Professor Villari and his wife. He was never a traveller who kept to himself but made friends wherever he went, talking readily to people in trains and hotels.

He returned to England in time for Yearly Meeting, and on May 30 went to his new home at Bamborough. The five years that he spent there were a constant delight to him. For a historian it would have been hard to find a more fitting home than the glorious Keep of the castle on the great rock, the home of Ida and the famous line of kings who followed him. The great castle rock towers over the little village of Bamborough. The cliff, that faces inland, as do most of the Northumbrian heughs, the local name for such hills, is absolutely perpendicular, a serried row of basalt columns, above which rise the castle walls. On the sea side the sand has been driven in and has covered the old foundations of the Castle. The sand-hills with their coarse grey grass, golden in the summer with sheets of ragwort, stretch away on either side, with beautiful expanses of firm sand below reaching to the edge of the sea. Many different buildings are included in the circuit of the Castle. These were used for various philanthropic purposes in the days of the Crewe Trustees, but have now been completely transformed by Lord Armstrong. The Keep, a vast donjon dating from Norman times, stands in the castle courtyard, quite detached from the other buildings. This was the part of the Castle rented by Hodgkin. From its windows could be seen the great expanse of the North Sea, deep blue when the wind lies in the north-east, with its endless variety of turquoise blues and soft greys on quiet days, its wild storms of angry steely waves in the fierce winds of February and March. To the west rises the long back of Cheviot and north-west the beautiful outline of the Kyloe Crags running out almost to the sea, where lies the flat expanse of Holy Island with its castle on a rock, looking like a smaller Bamborough. To the east may be seen the

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE

scattered Farne Islands with their basalt ridges on which thousands of sea-birds breed, and to one of which St. Cuthbert fled when he felt that on Holy Island the world was too much with him. Some ten miles to the south, along the coast line, the great tower of Dunstanborough stands out above its basalt cliff. Small wonder that each return to such a home was a new delight, and that Hodgkin's face used to light up with gladness when he first caught sight of the Castle on the way from the station. Each point from which it is seen gives new grandeur and romance to its position. The village below, standing round the little green with its thick grove of trees and its beautiful church, takes away any feeling of grimness and loneliness from the Castle. The storms that rage round its walls are wild enough in the winter months, but no place could be more radiant and full of colour on a fine day. The Hodgkins, true lovers of out-door life, were able to picnic even in winter on many days in sunny nooks in the sand-hills. There is a record of a moonlight supper on the sands one January. Shelter can always be found amongst the sand-hills which in the summer are gay with flowers of many kinds, blue bugloss and close-growing pale yellow roses. For Hodgkin there was constant refreshment in a walk on the hard sands of the beautiful shore, and he would generally fetch out a daughter for a stroll after his morning's work. For longer walks there were the Spindleston Crags, famous for the legend of the Laithly worm, a favourite spot for tea picnics. The great Northumbrian castles, Dunstanborough, Alnwick, Chillingham, Norham, were all within reach of a day's excursion. For Hodgkin and his family this place, so full of rare charm, was an ideal home.

To his sister Mariabella. Bamborough Castle: 16 June, 1894.

Thanks for thy letter with its enquiries about our new home. Well, I have only been a little more than a fortnight in it as yet and I feel that it is rather soon for expressing a judgment on the matter: but so far I can only say that I enjoy it far more than I expected and only regret that our tenure *may* come to an end after five years. The place is not only picturesque and historical—this, of course, one knew we should find it, but it is actually *homish* and, in a

certain sense, snug, and for this I was certainly not prepared. This is partly the result of the new papers that have been put upon the walls : still more of the large quantity of our Benwelldene furniture which, after all, we have been able to introduce here, turning out some rather dingy old bedsteads and wardrobes from the bedrooms. Then, after many days of labour, my books are now all comfortably housed in the great library and arranged in a more scientific manner than they have ever been before. This is a great boon and goes a long way towards making the place homish. Then another great pleasure is in seeing the pleasure of our friends who come to visit us here. Of course it is all comparatively new to them, and the little bits of Bamborough history which we have already picked up (we shall have to go on learning through all the five years) are interesting in the telling as in the hearing.

And then the sunsets and the strange light of the midsummer night over the Northern Sea, and distant Holy Island and the faint blue Cheviots—thou canst imagine how all these charm us with a fresh beauty every fine day. And when bad weather comes (and we, like the rest of England, have had our spell of it) the thick walls seem to help us to defy it and the quantity of work we have yet to do in turning Chaos into Cosmos enables us to forget it.

The chief drawback is the Sunday difficulty. I wish as a rule to spend my Sundays at Newcastle, as I think this is a debt due from me to the Meeting : and this means my either leaving the house at 6.30 A.M. or spending the preceding evening at a hotel in Newcastle. Neither of these can be called a comfortable arrangement, and it is hard to spend so much of the Sunday away from most of my people (Lucy, or one of the girls, will generally be with me), but there is some joy in lighting ' the Lamp of Sacrifice ' ; and besides almost any settlement that we could have made out of the smoke of Newcastle was liable to the same objection. I wish Friends could recover something of their old power of sporadic growth.

As soon as he was settled at Bamborough he set to work on the seventh volume of his History. But his main literary work this year was finishing and revising the fifth and sixth volumes. The interest of the new home in itself tended to diminish the amount of work that could be done, for there

were many visits from friends and relations eager to see Bamborough. The stream of guests of all kinds was continuous, friends and relations from every part of Great Britain as well as others from the continent and America. Newcastle friends, such as the Redmaynes, the Robert Spence Watsons, the Merzs, Brownes, and many others were glad to come and breathe the life-giving air of Bamborough, and still more the spiritual and intellectual atmosphere of the Castle. Besides those who came to stay were the many passing visitors who wished to see over the Castle. Thursday was the regular day for tourists, but Hodgkin was not the man to refuse entrance to those who came on other days, and when the visitors were known to him in any way he delighted in being cicerone himself.

On the August Bank Holiday all the clerks from the head office of the Bank, twenty-five in number, with thirteen wives, were invited to spend the day at Bamborough.

To his sister Elizabeth.

Bamborough Keep: 10 August, 1894.

. . . Our clerk party was a great success. We had 38 extra visitors, making 50 with our own party, who just filled that beautiful long armoury. I am thankful to say we had no speechifying, but when we adjourned into the Court-room I gave them a little account of the history of the Castle. Then we came downstairs and were photographed on the steps by the doorway: and then we scattered. I took a party up to the battlements to see the view, and Edward led a party down on the sands where they played leap-frog, rounders, and cricket. As Nelly said it will be a pleasant memory for them when he and these young clerks are all white-headed men together: 'On August 9, 1894, we all played leap-frog on the sands under Bamborough Castle.'

There was no isolation or loneliness in the life at Bamborough; it was a stopping place for friends on their way to and from the north. In the summer there were often pleasant and interesting people staying in the village or at Holy Island. Hodgkin, by this time, knew very many of the people in the county, and all of them were glad to bring their friends to the Castle. The John William Peases had a house at Alnmouth and there was constant passing to

and fro of the members of the two families. Hodgkin had arranged with his partners at the Bank that he should gradually cease to take an active part in its management after he left Newcastle. At first he used to spend two days there in each week. After a time he as a rule only went once a week, and in 1899 no further regular work was asked of him, though he still continued to keep the private ledger. All his Newcastle work and interests were kept up. He was much interested in the work undertaken by the Northumberland Excavation Committee at Great Chesters, and was rewarded by a great find of gilt ornaments in a guard chamber, which was judged to be one of the most interesting finds ever made in Great Britain. The early winter had to be spent, according to the agreement made, in Lord Armstrong's house at Jesmond, but the Hodgkins returned to Bamborough for Christmas, undismayed by the wild winter winds. There were days when it was impossible to take the carriage out of the stable, and more than once such a terrific hurricane raged that it was impossible to stand out of doors. Once, in describing a wild storm from the north-east, Hodgkin wrote, 'The blizzards came sweeping over the sea like the smoke of a battlefield, and when they came, enveloped us in darkness, a truly magnificent effect.'

Of course, Hodgkin interested himself in the life of his neighbours. He took part in village penny readings, and notes that they disclosed a good deal of local talent. He himself gave occasional lectures in the village, generally about his travels, illustrated with slides from his own photographs. On Sundays in the summer months he allowed the old hall of the Keep to be used for a service in the afternoon in which when at home he himself took part. In this way he got into touch with some of the fishermen from the little seaport, known as Sea Houses, three miles from the Castle. These men gladly walked over for the sake of the services, and would often stop for a talk with him. They did much of the preaching themselves, and he enjoyed their earnest, simple addresses. Hodgkin attended the Church service in the morning and was very friendly with the vicar though often somewhat distressed at his ecclesi-

astical views, but they were able to talk together frankly, and to agree to differ. Unfortunately, during his second year at Bamborough, he was much disturbed by some very dogmatic sermons he heard there, and, finally, after a sermon on baptismal regeneration, during which, but for fear of making a public scandal, he would have left the church, he decided that he could no longer by his presence seem to give a tacit sanction to such teaching, and that there must be no more Bamborough church for him.

Journeys to different parts of England as well as to Ireland, in order to lecture or speak at Friends' Meetings, gave Hodgkin the opportunity of keeping in touch with his widely-scattered circle of friends, and also of doing much to stimulate the religious life of the Quaker body. On these occasions he always tried to visit any object of local interest, best pleased, perhaps, if there was a camp or an inscription to investigate. After a visit to Leicester (1895) he went to see Bradgate Park, which had been the home of Lady Jane Grey, and wrote :

How delightful it is to live in this beautiful historic land where every step away from the railroad may bring one into such a place as this, so rich in remembrance of the men and women whose days and sufferings have made England what it is.

Much anxiety at this time was caused by the increasing deafness of his eldest daughter, a trial which his sympathetic and affectionate nature made him feel as deeply as she could feel it herself. On May 3 he had been much distressed by a discouraging report from the doctor, and on the following Sunday, speaking at Meeting at Leicester, he chose as his text, ' Bear ye one another's burdens.' In the course of his address he said : ' In family life the burden of one member of the family is felt to be the burden of all, and in bearing it together they become more closely united.' In that spirit this burden was borne, and it was ever beautiful to see how he and others strove to lighten it. He did not allow it to interfere with the close intellectual companionship with his daughter which was so precious both to him and her.

He certainly knew what companionship with his children meant, and as they grew older it brought him ever new joys. His eldest son had finished his time at Cambridge by taking a first class in 1894, and on June 10 in the following year, began what his father hoped would be his lifelong career at the Bank. This led to the following reflections on a banker's life in a letter to Lord Justice Fry :

. . . It must be confessed that the business of money lending is not an ennobling one. It opens out no wide prospects before you, and does not, like some merchants' or manufacturers' business, bring you in contact with different countries and large masses of men. . . . However, I must not blame the bridge which has carried me well over. Banking has given me . . . leisure and opportunity for the side pursuits which make up so much of the happiness of life.

To have his son in the Bank was a deep source of joy. When one day in the autumn of that first year, they had been left alone to run the Bank in the absence of the other partners, he wrote in his diary : ' This was a day of quite ideal happiness ; no one but Edward with me and teaching this dear son to get through all the routine work—so dull in itself—which I had been doing for the last thirty-six years.' This joy only increased as time went on. Two years later he writes in his diary, ' Working away at private ledger. Edward was writing the business letters at my side. Delightful.' ' Instead of the fathers there shall be the children.' His two younger sons were at school at Reading and he seldom went south without paying them a visit. His proofs, and the new chapters of his History as they were written, were shared with wife and daughters, and many books were enjoyed with them. Amongst the books read aloud during the first year at Bamborough were ' Childe Harold,' ' Persuasion,' the ' Jungle Book,' and Crabbe's ' Tales of the Hall.'

The early part of 1895 was spent at Falmouth, and here he was busy revising and making the index for his new volumes. This was rather tedious work, and he wrote in his diary : ' I am sorry to feel that this drudgery is making me

dislike the book which in the hours of composition was so dear to me. I am afraid my fatherly feeling towards it is dying.' His next undertaking was to write a life of George Fox for the series of 'English Leaders of Religious Thought.' For this purpose he studied the history of the seventeenth century, and he writes that this made him 'much more anti-Stuart' and more distinctly Cromwellian than before. But he adds, 'All this does not make me a bit more in love with modern Radicalism. Rather, I dislike it more than I did, and feel that it would have had in Cromwell an uncompromising foe.' He paid special visits to the places made famous by events in Fox's life.

To his brother Howard. Jesmond Dene: 30 June, 1895.

We hope to make a little pilgrimage to Swarthmore next week. . . . I have now got to that point in George Fox's life that I must see Swarthmore. I think his visit to that place, and the enthusiastic reception which he had there marked a crisis in his life something like that which was made in the life of Mohammed by his flight from Mecca to Medina.

I am getting extremely interested in George Fox's life and live on the whole more in the seventeenth century than the nineteenth. I see more and more clearly—what I was always dimly conscious of—that Quakerism was far more of a protest against hard doctrinal Puritanism than against Episcopalianism. In fact all the talks about Sacramental Efficacy, Apostolical Succession, the validity of the Anglican orders and such like, seem to me to have rumbled over Fox's head without exciting in him even the interest of antagonism. It was much more the long dry sermons of Peter Pound-text and the almost equally long insipid or irreverent prayers of the Puritan clergy which 'struck at his life' and moved him to his sometimes ill-timed and disorderly protests.

To Lord Justice Fry. Bamborough: 7 October, 1895.

I am getting on pretty steadily with my life of George Fox. . . . Though I am much interested in the work I feel it is rather difficult. It is so difficult to know what to select and what to reject in a book like the Journal. . . . Then, too, it is difficult, but necessary, to keep to the *Life* of George Fox properly so called, and not be tempted into a History of Quakerism. . . . Also it is very difficult to give a perfectly

truthful picture of Fox's character without sometimes seeming to speak harshly of one who is for many reasons so much to be honoured, or sometimes—which would be worse—adopting a patronising tone in urging the mitigating pleas. However, I suppose I shall get through somehow or other. The book will receive a good deal of blame, both from Friends and non-Friends, but I think it will be read.

The book was written in a thoroughly impartial spirit. Some Friends complained that he had taken up a spirit of too great detachment towards his hero, and wished that he had spoken of him with more enthusiasm. But though he felt this was certainly a fault, he believed it to be a fault on the right side. The book was well received, and for those who are unable to master the voluminous journals of George Fox, it gives a most interesting account of that remarkable man.

During the general election which followed the resignation of Lord Rosebery in July, the Hodgkins chanced to be at Jesmond Dene. Hodgkin was thus 'all through the fight close to headquarters at Newcastle instead of being away in remote Bamborough dreaming over the seventeenth century.' He was instrumental in persuading W. D. Cruddas to stand in the Liberal Unionist interest. Cruddas had hesitated, saying that he was not afraid of being beaten, what he was afraid of was success. A telegram from Hodgkin, urging him to consider his duty to his country at a critical moment, made him decide to accept nomination.

Hodgkin was at Quarterly Meeting when a roar of cheers was heard outside. He listened, wondering whose victory they meant. Presently he saw a paper passed from hand to hand at the end of the room and received with smiles and frowns, but those at the top of the meeting knew nothing till they parted for lunch and heard that Morley was out and the two Unionists in. Hodgkin was sorry for Morley, but he rejoiced at the victory, believing that such a victory in the home and cradle of 'the Newcastle programme' would do more than anything else to knock the bottom out of Home Rule. Other elections in the neighbourhood did not go so well as he had hoped, though he was diligent in his support of the Unionist candidates in

the various constituencies where he possessed a vote. He felt it hard that his political views should oblige him to vote against J. A. Pease, the son of his wife's dear sister Minnie, particularly as he did not much admire the opposing candidate. Probably he did not altogether regret that Pease held his own, seeing that the elections ended with a majority of 152 for the Unionists.

In 1896 there was a great family migration to Italy, where four happy months were spent. The party consisted of father and mother, the three daughters, and George, the youngest son, who for the sake of this journey missed one term at school, not, in his father's opinion, to the detriment of his education in the true sense of the word. They started, attended by two servants, on January 17, and Hodgkin writes:

Scarcely ever, it seems to me, since Jacob set out from Padan-aram with all his wives and all his children to return to Canaan, had so large a family party set out on so long a journey. There was no excuse for homesickness, for was not the home itself with us? If the family fell in love with a place, as I think all the daughters did with Palermo, I had only to say, 'Very well, let us stay on here, we are under no obligation to change our quarters.'

They went, first, to Sicily and spent nearly a fortnight in 'dear, bright, beautiful Palermo,' and then moved on to Girgenti and the other wonders of the enchanting island.

To his sister Mariabella. Girgenti: 9 February, 1896.

. . . We look out from our rooms over a landscape of hills and deep ravines . . . on the crest of a much lower hill . . . are the glorious ruins (in one case hardly ruins but the thing itself) of five or six temples. . . . Oh, it must have been a superb place. To wander through the dirty lanes of the little modern Girgenti, all cooped up in the little space which was once only the Acropolis of the City, and to hear the jabber of the inhabitants, to look at their narrow foreheads and get hints of their poor, limited lives—all this is rather depressing because it makes me feel that here the world has not gone forward, but has gone decidedly back in the last 2000 years. But Christianity: perhaps one ought to make an exception for that, and in a sense I do.

Only when one gets into the Churches and sees the kind of function that is going on in them, one is not quite sure whether there is any real advance on the worship of Apollo and Athene. Except that all, even the dullest of the saints and martyrs worshipped now, led at least respectable and some of them holy lives and that is more than can be said of the disreputable company of the Olympian gods.

After Sicily they stayed in Naples, a place which Hodgkin always found unsatisfactory except for its museum and its nearness to Pompeii. From here he made some interesting excursions.

To his son Robin. Naples: 26 February, 1896.

. . . I went yesterday by myself to Cumæ, a place which I had long wanted to see. It was the earliest Greek colony. . . . Then, in *my* period, it was the last stronghold of the Goths. . . . With all this vividly in my mind, I was startled to find the utter solitude of the place now. There is not even a village, only one or two little farmhouses. A beautiful Corinthian capital in one place, a Doric capital in another, an amphora in a third; that is nearly all that remains above ground to bear witness to the existence of '*la gran Città di Cuma.*' I went up to the Acropolis, and had a fine view of the site of the city now so desolate. It was hardly possible to imagine that once there had been the vivid life of a Greek city, and still less that there had once been the clamour of armies, besieging and besieged, round this solitary hill. Scarcely anything has been done here in the way of excavation, but I imagine that there are few places which would reward it better.

Next they settled in Rome, where their longest stay was to be made. Here the days were spent in a delightful mixture of work, sightseeing, and intercourse with friends old and new. Through Count Balzani he was introduced to many interesting people, and his repute as a historian made everyone eager to do him honour. He was especially delighted by meeting the 'pleasant, broadminded, learned' Abbé Duchèsne, who allowed him to read in the rooms of the French School at the top of the famous Farnesina Palace.

To his sister Elizabeth. Rome: 5 March, 1896.

. . . . Here we are at last in Rome, and I think all of us feel that we do not know how to tackle the mighty city, or where to begin in seeing (or even re-seeing) its endless interests. It is almost a fortunate thing for me that I have got definite book-work to do, which exempts me from the necessity of much sightseeing. I have still a little work to do in revising George Fox, but this will be, I hope, quite off my hands in a few days, and leave me altogether free for the very different personality of Charles the Great. I should think that G. F. will be out before the end of April, at any rate in good time for Yearly Meeting. I am afraid Friends will think I have rather 'given away' the character of our founder, of whom in reality I have a decidedly higher opinion than I had when I began the work, but I determined within myself that I would be absolutely truthful as a biographer, and not suppress any words or deeds which were inconsistent with my ideal of Christian saintliness. He had faults manifestly, but for all that he was a noble-hearted man, and I think a true servant of the Lord. I have tried to do justice to his opponents as well as himself, but certainly some of the persecutions, especially those for not swearing, were very mean as well as cruel. Continually, in reading Church History, I am disposed to echo with a variation the exclamation of Madame Roland, 'Oh, *Christ*, what wicked deeds are done in Thy name.'

Besides revising George Fox and preparing for his little book on Charles the Great, he was beginning to read for the next volume of his History.

To his sister Mariabella. Rome: 17 April, 1896.

I certainly feel that I have got to know the country *round* Rome better than I ever did before. Excursions to Livia's Villa, Fidenae, Frascati, Alatri (what noble Cyclopean walls surround that old city of the Hernicans!) have all been most interesting, and help me, I think, to understand the early struggles of Rome with her neighbours better than I did before. I do not feel that I have got *much* further forward in preparation for my last volume, but the introduction to dear Abbé Duchèsne, the scholarly and broadminded editor of the 'Liber Pontificalis,' has been a great gain to me, and would alone have

been worth coming to Rome for. I am finding out—what I partly suspected before—that the materials for the half century that still lies before me are very scanty, and I am half afraid that I shall not have enough to make even a thin volume of unless I may draw on my imagination for facts. I wish I might, to relieve the intolerable dryness, and what the *Spectator* calls the 'snippety' character of the Annals that I shall have to work from.

I must confess that George Fox interests me far more than the great ruthless Saxon-killer and Saxon-baptiser Charlemagne, and I rather wish that I had not to turn back from the seventeenth century to the eighth, but I daresay when I have begun to write I shall feel differently.

Another occupation in Rome was sitting for his bust to the sculptor Ferrari, a very pleasant man and a good talker, who never made his sittings too long. Hodgkin's eldest son Edward joined them in Rome, and he went off with him to visit Charles Lacaita on his estate near Taranto, a most enjoyable trip.

May saw him back in London for Yearly Meeting.

To his Wife. London: 25 May, 1896.

. . . We have had an important meeting to-day. The question of women's rights came up, and Women have triumphed all along the line. It is now settled that they are to have an exactly equal position with men, and I expect all important matters will be settled 'in joint conference.' I ventured to suggest that there would be practical difficulties owing to the great size of these meetings, but I had few backers, and, as I say, Women triumphed all along the line. The meeting was very harmonious and good tempered.

There were visits to his sisters before he settled down again in Bamborough. At each return to that wonderful spot he expresses again his delight in its rare beauty and interest. But there was no slackness as regards his many duties in Newcastle. He continued to give much thought and time to the County History, attending committees to discuss plans for it, criticising each separate chapter, and revising the proofs. His Sunday visits to attend the Friends' Meeting kept him in close touch with his Newcastle friends. He stayed very often with the

Merzs and was much interested in reading Dr. Merz's 'History of European Thought' as it came out, and in talking it over with him. He felt it to be a truly great book. At other times he stayed with the Benjamin Brownes, the Wigham Richardsons, and with his relations the Peases at Pendower. He remarks repeatedly on the warm hospitality with which he was welcomed, and much enjoyed these opportunities for talk with his various friends.

At the Yearly Meeting he had been appointed a member of the Committee to visit the meetings on Ministry and Oversight. This led to his paying a visit to Manchester in October and another to Cumberland in December. During these visits he was accompanied by other Friends; addresses were given at the various meetings and opportunities were sought for talks with different Friends. At Manchester he read a paper on 'The Divinity of Christ,' which he calls 'that great stumblingblock to the faith of so many of us in this day, yet if we can, not fall upon it, but stand upon it, how it lifts us; "*Largior hic aer.*"' In Cumberland the chief business of the visitors was to hearten the members of small scattered meetings, discouraged because the silence in their meetings was so seldom broken. He urged them to use in simplicity and courage such spiritual gifts as they possessed, however small they felt them to be.

They visited lonely Meeting Houses in which there was only a meeting at rare intervals.

To his Wife. Rickerby, Carlisle: 13 December, 1896.

. . . A little after one we started in an omnibus for the little country meeting of Sikeside, about nine miles N.E. of Carlisle. There were eight or nine of us in the omnibus, mostly young Friends, and I will not deny that there was something in the appearance of our party rather suggestive of a holiday excursion. It was a beautiful autumn day and the views over the long level landscape, with the near clumps of trees standing out as in a fine steel engraving, were very charming.

The meeting was fixed for 2.30, and it was quite that time, or a few minutes later, when our omnibus turned off the country road through a gate into a field and then began

to pitch and toss over a track across the turf, such as we sometimes traverse with our carriage to the danger of our springs, when we go to visit a Roman Camp. Soon we dismounted and went the few remaining yards on foot. The meeting house stands in the middle of the fields near to a farm house, but it is approached by no regular made road. Yet it is a building of some size and architectural pretension, a good deal larger I should think than 'Come-to-good' [1] in Cornwall.

The first meeting house on this spot was built, I think, about 1680, and the present one in 1740. Evidently the number of Friends who attended this meeting in the early part of last century must have been very considerable, though looking out over the country, with only a farm house here and there in sight, it is difficult to understand where they can all have come from. Probably the whole population is much thinner now than formerly; there used to be a considerable weaving industry in the cottages which has entirely died out.

The meeting is now almost entirely closed except for an occasional service (like that at Come-to-good), and these are eagerly attended by the people of the district, most of whom are descended from Friends, though at the distance of several generations.

When we got there, we found the congregation already gathered. I think there must have been from 100 to 120 people there, with some little children among them; but there was a rather unusually large proportion of young men. After a time of silence and a prayer from a woman Friend, I read the Nicodemus chapter of St. John and tried to bring out some of its spiritual teaching. . . . After meeting we had a little chat with some of the dear old goodies who stayed behind to talk to the Carlisle Friends.

Such small country meetings had a special attraction for Hodgkin. He writes to his wife after a meeting at Portishead, near Bristol, describing it as 'a tiny country meeting of the kind that I, with my small gift, like the best.'

Since the death of Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Hodgkin's mother, in 1890, less time had been spent at Falmouth, and the Hodgkins' own house there, after being let from time to time, was sold in 1898. Falmouth was still frequently

[1] An old meeting-house in the country seven miles from Falmouth.

visited, and in 1897 some happy weeks were spent there in beautiful Glendurgan, lent to them by G. H. Fox. Here Hodgkin finished his life of Charles the Great.

After this he went to Italy with his eldest son, chiefly in order to visit the Lacaitas, and saw a good deal of Apulia, a province little visited by ordinary travellers. The journey was all the more delightful because they were completely off the track of the British tourist. The traces of Robert Guiscard and other Norman invaders of Italy he found specially interesting, and was convinced that for students of ecclesiastical architecture there was a rich and comparatively unreaped field in the churches of Apulia. He much regretted his own ignorance of the details of architectural history.

They met Lord Justice and Lady Fry in the south and visited the battlefield of Cannæ with them. Famous battlefields, and specially those concerned with his own period of history, were always of great interest to him. But he was not blind to other things. He wrote to his daughter: 'There were many flowers and all Nature seemed to say, "Why tell me your doleful stories of fights fought long ago? I care for none of these things, I am happy for is it not spring?"'

Yearly Meeting in London that spring brought him the pleasure of the friendship of the distinguished American Friend, Rufus Jones. He enjoyed showing him something of Oxford and afterwards welcoming him as his guest at Bamborough. On settling down at the Castle in June he turned with delight to his History again, determined to take up no other literary work till it should be finished. In December he wrote to Mrs. Waterhouse:

I am getting on pretty steadily with Vol. VII., and I hope it may be finished by the middle of next year. The chief subject of this concluding volume will inevitably be the foundation of the States of the Church. I hope I shall be able to treat it impartially and not too much from the mere Protestant point of view.

And again later:

This volume will deal more with ecclesiastical matters than I like. It is difficult to say what one thinks about

these rather covetous old gentlemen (the Popes) without seeming to write a controversial Protestant tract, which is the last thing I desire to do, but I cannot help myself, the story, which certainly is not very creditable to the Popes of the eighth century, has to be told.

Interruptions were many, and if he had not had the capacity of using every bit of time that he could save for the 'dear History,' progress would have been impossible. He wrote the account of the Roman Wall for the County History and gave much attention to the excavations at Aesica. These proved most important when, in 1897, a big villa with a large hippocaust was discovered and many distinguished archæologists gathered to see them. In the following year excavations were undertaken at Borcovicus, where he expected rich results. He took much personal trouble in order to raise money in the county for this work. There were many short absences from home when he went to attend the four Quarterly Meetings of the Northern District, or to various towns, or even villages, to lecture. During these years he lectured on Ravenna at Owens College, Manchester, Toynbee Hall, and elsewhere; on Roman Northumbria at the Literary and Philosophical Institute, and on Savonarola at Alnwick, and gave an address on the Causes of the Fall of the Roman Empire[1] as President of the Political Education League. In this lecture he was inevitably led to consider whether any of the conditions which led to the decay of the Roman Empire were to be found in the British Empire. After showing that for the most part they were absent, he ended by stating that it was national character that was our most precious asset, and said:

We are not easily understood nor easily loved. We do not, like the Roman, the Frenchman, the Russian, fascinate the people of lesser civilisation with whom we are brought into contact. We are selfish, as I fear most nations are selfish, and our neighbours, not always justly, think us to be grasping. But deep down in the national heart there is, I think, an instinctive love of fair play which is

[1] This subject is treated in *Italy and her Invaders*, vol. ii., ch. ix.

capable at times of rising into an enthusiastic love of righteousness.

He attended the Scarborough Summer School, where he read papers on Sacerdotalism and Apostolic Succession, two subjects with which his mind had been a good deal occupied because of some of the teaching given in the Church at Bamborough, with which he grew more and more out of sympathy. He always enjoyed the services in the Hall of the Keep, and was quite sorry when they came to an end because a Methodist Chapel was opened in the village. He attended the services in this chapel and sometimes spoke himself, but often was content to listen to the earnest addresses of the farmers and fishermen. He felt that these simple services, whatever their deficiencies, did directly influence the conduct of the people. Sometimes he preached in other village chapels in the neighbourhood, and he often held a Bible Class at the Castle. When he went to Newcastle for Meeting he usually attended the Adult School Classes, which had now begun to be held all over England. Sometimes he still found time to go to the Hebrew class of clergy and others held in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. Nearly every week he would manage to drive some miles to the house of an invalid neighbour, Mr. Morton, of Twizel Hall, to whom he used to read aloud. This year he read to him Lord Roberts' account of his forty-three years in India, a book which interested him intensely and of which he said that he doubted whether so good a general had written so good a book since Cæsar wrote his 'Commentaries.'

In all his intense enjoyment of Bamborough it was ever a sad thought that his five years' tenancy of the Castle was drawing to a close. The new buildings being erected by Lord Armstrong were slowly rising on the Castle Mound, though the Keep remained undisturbed except by the presence of the many workmen employed on the work which, in Hodgkin's opinion, was to a large extent destructive, even though it meant a vast expenditure on an imposing erection. It was necessary for him to think of a new home which might be permanent. Several houses in Northumber-

land were considered, and towards the end of 1897 he took for a year's trial Netherwitton, a house with fine grounds some way above Morpeth towards the moors. A few weeks were to be spent there from time to time during the year that they might discover whether it would suit them.

During the last year of the tenancy of Bamborough no long journey was undertaken. They wished to enjoy to the full 'the old Keep, the gorgeous sunsets over Holy Island and the Kyloe hills, the waxing and waning lights on the Farne Islands and, above all, the hearty love of their dear neighbours in the village.' On the August Bank Holiday there was a great gathering at the Castle of the clerks from the Bank and its fifteen branches, with several of their wives. They lunched in the Hall and then Hodgkin gave them a short history of the Castle, after which there were games of all kinds on the green. His enjoyment of this summer was a good deal spoilt by an attack of sciatica, which obliged him to go with Mrs. Hodgkin in September to Llandrindod to take the waters.

To his daughter Violet. Llandrindod: 13 September, 1898.

. . . I am more and more struck with the Dantesque character of our proceedings at the Pump House. The souls collect: they pass through a narrow portal where the genii of the place stand over steaming cauldrons. They emerge, each bearing a cup of water in his hand (the cup of sorrow): then they are drifted along, leaves before the wind, all in one sad silent procession, along the shores of an Avernian lake towards a bleak hillside. They turn, they drift back towards the guardians of the steaming well, and once more, with sad faces, begin the eternal round. It is pathetic to see them, still more to feel oneself part of the visionary procession.

Yes; I think if Dante could have come here and partaken of the waters, he might have written a really fine poem.

In the late autumn they were at Falmouth for the 'somewhat dreary task of clearing out of Tredourva.' Of this Hodgkin writes:

This home had some very happy memories for me. I always like to think of us sitting at breakfast in that pleasant

dining-room, hearing the pant of the steam-engine and seeing our little children all scuttling off to the window with the cry of 'Puff puff.' Then I am again with my little Violet on the shore and she, with her sharp eyes and advantage of being two feet nearer the ground than I am, is beating me hollow in the quest for the little shells which she calls blackamore's teeth. All finished now: that happy chapter in the book of my life closed. Our children, now in one sense far dearer—our counsellors, our friends, in many things our patterns, but not those dear little playthings that they then were.

Meanwhile the new home had at last been decided upon. There was much family counsel on this important matter, for Hodgkin was far from being a family autocrat. It was with universal agreement that Barmoor Castle was at last fixed upon, a commodious house with fine trees sheltering a charming garden and a beautiful lawn. It lay high on the rising ground towards the moors, not far from the Kyloe Crags, and only about sixteen miles from Bamborough.

The end of the last year at the Keep was brightened by the happy engagement of his eldest son to Catharine Wilson, an event which so filled Hodgkin with joy that he was heard to go singing about the Castle like a boy, a quite unprecedented performance in his case. In his diary he wrote: 'When the tidings came of the success of his suit, I had that kind of full restful happiness which only the Nunc Dimittis can express.' It was also a great satisfaction to him that it was arranged in December, 1898, to admit three sons of the partners in the Bank, J. B. Pease, R. B. Hoare, and T. E. Hodgkin, into partnership.

Leaving Bamborough was sad work. The wild storms which sometimes made any exercise but pacing the great Hall an impossibility, had increased rather than diminished the fascination of their home on Ida's rock. As Hodgkin wrote one day in February 1898:

It is not easy to be dull and lonely in this place; there is bright sunshine, and the wind, however blusterous, is warm. The waves, rushing up to the shore, get their hair all blown back over their eyes, and tiny rainbows make their aureoles.

For the days of packing they moved into a little house in the village below, going up to the Keep to sort books and papers.

To his Wife. Bamborough: 26 January, 1899.

This packing up and saying good-bye is melancholy work, and must be, I should think, a good deal like dying. Violet and Lily have been saying good-bye to all the dear people here. . . . Last night dear Lily and I went up about 9 P.M., let ourselves into the lonely house, went through all the rooms, partly by moonlight, partly by candle-light. Drewry had made it all beautifully clean and neat, tho', of course, it looked empty and unhappy. We went on to the roof, stood on both the towers, looked at the moondial and scrambled back over the roof at the east corner, doing everything that we could do, for the last time. And yet it was not quite the last time for me, for I could not help repeating the performance when I went up this morning to take Hart the key. . . . During our moonlight scramble on the Keep last night Lily said, 'I can't help feeling that the place itself is sad that we are going and that it is saying good-bye.'

The great migration was made on January 26, 1899, some of the family and household driving in three vehicles from Bamborough to Barmoor. Hodgkin wrote of it:

Such a migration has hardly been seen since the days when Abraham journeyed from Bethel to Mamre and from Mamre to Beersheba. Happily, there was a hard frost, and the journey in the crisp winter afternoon was really enjoyable. In the night the full moon shone, and all encumbered as the house was with unpacked furniture, I felt when I looked from my bedroom window on the fair expanse of lawn spread out in the soft moonlight, 'well, we can live here and be happy.' *Juveni patiem* (?) *Spes et Fortuna valete.*

Letters, 1894–99

To his sister Elizabeth. Falmouth: 28 March, 1894.

. . . Deep down in my conscience I feel satisfied that in trying to do my little literary work conscientiously and thoroughly, I am doing (in a certain sense) God's will; but when I hear of the indefatigable work of a definitely religious

kind done by a man like ——, I sometimes ask myself whether it can be right to choose such a much easier and apparently self-indulgent path. I do not think that I have any call to the kind of revival work to which he is now giving his life. I feel that I should only be copying other people and not following my own Guide, if I were to attempt it : but still——

To Richard Westlake. 10 October, 1894.

. . . In these days we must have a little confidence in one another, and not be always suspecting some heretical-ism or other where none such is intended. New views of the Creator's manner of working have been, and are being unfolded, views which some of us have resisted as long as we could, but which we see are commending themselves to truth-loving scientific men, Christians as well as unbelievers. We have to '*orientiren*' ourselves afresh, to adapt our thoughts of God and the history of man to these newly discovered truths, in the same way that Christians in the seventeenth century had to adapt themselves—much against their will—to the Copernican theory. Hard as our problem is, I do not believe it is anything like so hard as that ; yet after all the thing was done then and there have been seven generations of earnest Christian men believing in the motion of the Earth round the Sun, as I trust there will be many generations of the same kind of men believing in Creation by Evolution, should that theory triumph. But, meanwhile, we must bear with one another and not be 'imputers of evil thoughts' to those who in their eager desire to show how 'God and Nature' are *not* 'at strife' may sometimes express themselves in language which those who have been always accustomed to the old theological formulæ cannot understand.

To his sister Elizabeth. Bamborough : 6 January, 1895.

. . . I have been reading lately Froude's Erasmus ; a very good specimen I think of Froude's style with some of his slipshodedness about dates and the like. It suggests again the old question 'What would the Reformation have been like if it had been kept in the hands of scholars and men of the *juste-milieu* like Erasmus, and had not fallen into the hands of Luther, when he distended his huge Wittenberg lungs and brought Theology like a flood down upon Europe.'

But I am afraid the answer is that without Luther's passionate narrowness there never would have been a reformation at all.

John Addington Symond's life is also interesting, but what a sad life it is. One honours his courageous battle with the long disease of life, but one laments that he should have had so little, so nothing of the Heavenly Vision, to cheer him on his way.

I spent last week at the Bank getting the balance ready for our auditor, and I don't think many railway clerks worked harder during those seven days than I did: happily without any injury to health. It was very snug to live at the Bank and have the dear son for my companion at the beginning and end of the day.

To——

3 May, 1895.

. . . 'Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not also receive evil?' The temptation to murmur, 'Why hath He made me thus?' is strong, but let us fight against it, especially by the thought of all the rich gifts which He has given and also by the thought that even in this withholding which is to us so hard to understand, there must be love, there must be wisdom.

The following letter is in answer to one from a dearly-loved cousin, who wrote:

Do not be too tender in your thoughts to those who turn from the truth and are not sound in the faith. . . . I fancy you are perhaps a little too lenient towards those who hold error. . . . Old Henry Groves used to pray 'Lord, harden our softnesses and soften our hardnesses.' There is a good deal in that prayer.

24 May, 1896.

My dear Cousin,—Let me thank you very cordially for writing to me as you have done. It is one of the sad things in old age that the number of friends who have the courage or will take the trouble to point out the defects in one's character grows smaller and smaller. And notwithstanding the well-known quotation:

Save, oh save me, from a candid friend,

a really honest and faithful friend who will (with gentleness like yours) point out what seems to him or her the faults

in the picture of our life which we are painting, is really a great treasure. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' Now, having said this, from my heart I must add that *I do not agree with you* as to this particular blot on the picture. I do not think that I should be a better Christian or a more useful man if I had more of the spirit of polemical theology in me. On the contrary, it seems to me that the great curse of the Church in our time is that Christians find it so hard to do justice to those from whom they differ in opinion. I have smarted of late under a good many sermons from the high Ritualistic standpoint; sermons which condemn all those who do not accept the doctrine of Apostolic Succession as presumptuous persons, disobedient to the plain command of Christ. When I have heard these sermons I have felt very sadly 'Christianity, which ought to be the Great Uniter, has become the great divider'; and I have desired, more earnestly than before, that I may never, like these so-called successors of the Apostles, 'forbid him because he followeth not us.'

Then, remembering what our Saviour's attitude was towards the Pharisees, I come to the conclusion that the hard, unsympathising attitude of some very 'orthodox' people is the very thing which He would most emphatically have condemned. And when I think of all the frightful crimes which have been committed by 'heresy-hunters' in His name, the burnings and the torturings and the devastation of wide countries, all under the pretence of rooting up the heretical tares, I feel that this intolerance must be a hateful thing in His sight; and that we have no need to ask Him to 'harden our softness' towards those from whom we differ in theology; quite the other way.

However this is a very wide question, and I cannot hope, in a short note, to do justice, even to my own convictions, about it. But I hope I have made you understand that I do most heartily thank you for your hint though I cannot honestly say that I altogether agree with the doctrine on which it is founded.

To his sister Mariabella. Newcastle: 30 July, 1896.

Many thanks for thy delightful birthday letter. The little bit of chaff about the great historian glides harmlessly off the surface of my mind. After all, it is better to have dabbled a little in bookmaking than to have been plunging

on the Stock Exchange, and perhaps almost as good as to have been collecting china or postage stamps. . . . It is exactly as thou sayest with me about growing old. I do not feel in the slightest degree as though I had less to do with the future now than I had 30 years ago. Perhaps this is partly because of our children, but I do not think entirely so. The same exercise of the imagination, or whatever faculty it is, which enables me to live with such a sense of actuality in the sixth or sixteenth century enables me, I think, in some degree to 'dip into the future far as human eye can see,' and gives me a feeling of great homeness in that doubtless strange and wonderful world which shall be in the next century and the next: long after we are forgotten. I would that I knew whereabouts men will then be in respect of faith: whether things unseen will be more or less believed in: whether Christ will be more or less understood: what will have become of the claims of the Infallible Vicar, what of the claims of the Biological Professor.

To his daughter Nelly at Oxford. 2 November, 1896.

. . . I am much excited about these canals in Mars about which the astronomer Lowell is writing. No doubt *Nature* is taken in by someone at Somerville; do get a sight of the last number which has a picture of them. They are so straight and mathematical that they surely must be the work of some rational beings. I should like that all the Great Powers of Europe should agree to suspend all warlike operations for ten years and employ that time in digging gigantic canals, perhaps somewhere in the 'Western States of America' in the shape of the diagram of the 47th proposition of the First Book of Euclid. Think what a triumph it would be to see the Martians setting to work to prove some subsequent proposition. 'Right you are,' would be the sentiment exchanged between one planet and another. And so by a sort of homœopathic cure the study of Mars in the heavens would counteract the worship of Mars on the earth.

To his sister Elizabeth. St. Swithin, 1897.

. . . I am asking Frowde to send thee a copy of the Λόγια Ἰησοῦ. . . . I am no expert in these matters but I think the very difficulty of one or two of the Logia is a strong argument in favour of their genuineness. Especially I

think does this apply to that concerning the Sabbath. No forger would have dreamt of making Christ a teacher of high Sabbatarian doctrine. On thinking this *logion* over I think it must mean that those who would 'see the Father' must come out of the turmoil of the world into a quiet place apart; and so it points forward to a teaching like that about the Σαββατισμός in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

To the same. Bamborough: December 26, 1897.

At this Christmas time I find my thoughts and loving remembrances going out especially to the other three with whom I shared my childhood and so I am writing to each, though I feel how poor a substitute letters are for heart to heart converse. But when I see the gaps made in other circles and even in our own in other ways, it is certainly a thing to note with thankfulness that now with 70 years so near at hand, we four are still left to one another as we were in those first sad months after 'dear Mamma's' death, whereby as we can now plainly see so much of the light of life went out for all of us. I do not murmur, but how different life would have been for us all if she had lived! And yet it is something to feel that there is absolutely not one speck or flaw in my remembrance of her. I do not feel that I ever thought of her as cross, or unfair or ununderstanding of one's childish troubles. Had we grown up to manhood or womanhood before her I suppose (as she must have had some human weakness) this would have been impossible. As it is, I think, all that the Virgin-Mother is to a devout Catholic my mother is to me. Except that, of course, I do not worship: nor would he if she could speak to him from the place where she is at rest in the Paradise of God.

How strange that a letter begun at the end of 1897 should be so full of the thoughts of 1836; but thou knowest how near sometimes those days of childhood seem to me. One's real self seems to be the little child that played about in the nursery and went a walk through the village with Betsy ('Don't lag, dear'), and the person that moves about in this old Keep, and draws cheques and writes solemn letters, and sits silent and (just now) slightly deaf, while grown up sons and daughters are joking around him, seems to be only an actor: playing his part he hopes fairly, but still an actor.

To his son Robert. Newcastle: 23 April, 1898.

I believe we are to have a formal keeping of your birthday and coming of age some months hence, but meanwhile as time will not wait and as you actually do reach Man's estate and are competent to make a binding agreement tomorrow, I must send you a word of congratulation: and herewith express my thankfulness to Him from whom all good comes that He has given you life for these twenty-one years. I hope on the whole they have not been unhappy ones. I remember well being made very sad by hearing that when a little boy you had said you wished you had never been born. As I was partly responsible for your having come into being, I was, as I have said, saddened by such a speech from a little fellow as you then were: but I hope that it is not your abiding thought nowadays. My own dearest Father (how I wish you had known him) once quoted to me the lines in 'Sampson Agonistes' when old Manoah says:

> When unto me a son was born
> And such a son that all men hailed me happy.

I liked him to say that of me, and I can most heartily pass on the promise to you. May you in some years to come, which probably I shall not see, have a son of your own to whom you can say the same thing.

To the same. Llandrindod: 5 September, 1898.

I am sorry that you are beginning to find the Scottish Parliaments difficult, but I do not wonder at it, and I take it as a sign that you are really getting near to the heart of the subject. Historical investigation is very like travel in a foreign country. On one's first superficial view one is struck by all the differences from one's own country or one's own time. These strike one forcibly and it is easy then to give a vivid picture of the strange place or time. Such first impressions have their value: it would be well sometimes if one could get back to them and describe things as one then saw them: but still they are superficial. Afterwards, when one has spent years in the country, one feels the manifoldness of its phenomena and one despairs of ever being able to describe it accurately. Or, one gets something like a real scientific knowledge of an epoch and one says to one-

self, ' How shall I ever get all these facts to come into focus and make one picture ? '

Therefore be not discouraged at finding Scottish Parliaments hard to describe. It is a proof to me that you are beginning to understand them.

We are leading a droll sort of life here, drinking salt water till we fear to burst ourselves, walking backwards and forwards between our lodgings and the Wells . . . and I suppose doing a great deal of high thinking as we certainly in our cheap lodgings with only one maid of all work to wait upon us are doing a good deal of plain living. We think of having Littlefair down to help us if our children in their lordly Castle, where ' they dwell like gods together, heedless of mankind,' can spare him to us.

CHAPTER XI

BARMOOR

THE years spent in Bamborough Castle were like a romance in the life of the Hodgkin family. Their new home at Barmoor was to be equally dear to them if in another way. Hodgkin thus described it in writing to an American friend :

Our home is still called a ' Castle ' (which I am sorry for, as it sounds pretentious) but is not a historic edifice like Bamborough, but simply a good large modern house (in somewhat castellated form) built on the site of an old border tower. We have no such grand view as we had at Bamborough, but the Castle stands high, about 400 feet above the sea level, and both Holy Island on the east and the Cheviot Hills on the south-west are visible if one takes a short walk from the house. We are also within a drive from the battlefield of Flodden. So if thou shouldest be able to pay another visit to Northumberland, we shall be able still to show thee some scenes of historic interest.

No visitor was long at Barmoor without being taken a short walk outside the grounds to a spot from which could be seen ' the Cheviots slumbering in the sunshine.' All lovers of Northumberland cherish a very special feeling for these hills, and rejoice when they see on the horizon the long flat ridge of Cheviot and the smaller peaks that cluster round. From many points the Cheviots look little more than a range of low undulating hills, but from the moors or in certain lights, no one could deny their right to be called mountains, and in the winter the line of snow on their summits stands out white against the sky. Hodgkin loved a ramble amongst the Cheviots and knew them well. The little walk which showed them to him in ever-varying

BARMOOR CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND

lights was almost a daily pleasure. A stroll across the lawn in another direction soon brought a sight of the long blue line of the sea and Holy Island with its castle mound. The coast was so dearly loved by his family that Hodgkin secured for them some disused coastguard cottages on Budle Bay, to be a refuge for those who longed for the sea and a simple life. Within a walk from Barmoor were the Kyloe Crags, Flodden Field, and the charming village of Ford with its school frescoed by Lady Waterford. These were amongst the spots that Hodgkin loved to show his friends. Though in no sense a gardener himself, the garden at his new home was a constant joy to him. Coming back to it after some weeks' absence that first year, he wrote in his diary, 'Our new home looks superbly beautiful with its masses of rhododendron and azalea, its hawthorns in full blossom and its soft blue horizon of sea'; and again, 'The rhododendrons, hawthorns, chesnuts, purple beeches, &c. are an unending joy.'

His first task on settling into the house was to arrange his books.

To his daughter Lily. Barmoor: 8 February, 1899.

. . . We are getting on very nicely here. Everybody round us is very kind and friendly, and there is a sort of welcoming look on every face. Of course it must make a considerable difference to the neighbourhood to know that 'the great house' is again occupied, not by casual tenants. . . . For more than a week I was continually employed marching from room to room, carrying books, sorting out odd volumes, arranging them into shelves and so on. I used to go to bed actually foot-sore, as if I had walked twenty miles. But what really tried me was the disgusting ingratitude of the books themselves. There was I working ten hours a day to give them comfortable quarters, and racking my brains to give them congenial and friendly society, and all the time if they could find an excuse for falling sideways and making a Jack-a-running of a whole shelf-full, they did it. Oh, they are stupid, sheep-like, irresponsive things!

I cannot get anything like such a good scientific arrangement of my books as I did at Bamborough, owing to the shelves not being nearly so long and some of them of very

inconvenient sizes ; however, I shall get used to all this in time, and meanwhile I find it most luxurious to sit in the library correcting my proofs with all the needed books within a few feet of me, and none of them blocked up by pianos and sofas. Herein I am better off than even at Benwelldene.

His library at Barmoor was a very pleasant room, and he made the books a real decoration to its walls. That spring he had a bookbinder down from London, and with his help, after several days' work, selected about 1000 books to be bound. Whilst he trembled at the thought of the possible bill, he wrote, ' I am sure it is worth while. Mine is now a valuable library and should do itself justice in its outward appearance.' He worked with his daughter's help to make a catalogue of his books, and many happy hours when no other pressing work was on hand, were given to this pleasant task. He found it difficult to destroy even the pamphlets that accumulated so easily. His motto in all such things was ' Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost.'

Thomas Hodgkin, though he delighted in living among his books and counted a day lost which did not give him opportunity for study or writing, was both too human and too Christian to live the life of a literary recluse at Barmoor. He threw himself at once into all the concerns of the neighbourhood. A mile from his house was the village of Lowick, which possessed a church and several chapels. With the various ministers he at once made friends, and helped them all as much as he could. He generally, when at home on Sundays, attended the parish church in the morning and enjoyed the preaching of the vicar, the Rev. F. Harley Williams, who found his candid criticism, quite as much as his commendation of his sermons, a great help and stimulus. Hodgkin often read the lessons, and the vicar records that he never heard a layman read with greater accuracy and reverence. His spirited reading of some of the Old Testament lessons made the characters live again. But there were some of these lessons, such as the one telling of Jael's killing of Sisera, that Hodgkin could not bear to read, and he would avoid going to church rather

than do so. He also made a point of not going to church on Easter Day or Christmas Day, 'not desiring,' as he put it, 'to hear the vain speculation concerning the Infinite, of the Creed commonly called of St. Athanasius.' On Sunday evenings he occasionally attended one of the Presbyterian chapels and sometimes preached in them. Now and then he would drive over on Sunday to Bamborough to preach to his old friends in the nonconformist chapel there. He was interested in the schools at Lowick, was a manager of one of them, and used to give the children lessons in English history, illustrated by lantern slides. He gave thought to anything that concerned the welfare of his neighbours, whether rich or poor, doing them countless little acts of kindness. Often when the gardens were in special beauty, they were thrown open to the neighbourhood on Sunday afternoons, and he rejoiced to see the villagers wandering about and admiring the flowers. What he was to those who served him is well shown in the following words written by his faithful gardener, John Cornwall:

It may be thought that to give a brief account of the relationship which existed between Master and Servant, after fifteen years' experience, would be a simple or easy matter; but in the case of my late Master and myself, I find this far from easy and feel there is very little to say, as those fifteen years have passed so quickly, quietly, and uneventfully, that I often wonder how the time has passed and what has happened during all those years. That we had a master out of the ordinary is proved conclusively by the fact that one servant had 40 years' service, one over 30 years', and there were several with from 10 to 25 years'. This is a remarkable record, and one which it will be difficult to equal. And this was not due to extraordinary servants, as we are all of the very usual type, who like our own way and soon lose our tempers, but was due entirely to an extraordinary master who treated us one and all with respect, inspired confidence, trust, and who was more like a near friend than a master. In many cases a servant will go some distance out of his way to avoid meeting his master, but in our case the opposite was the rule, we would all make it our business to meet him, knowing we would receive a cheery word.

When at home his custom was to walk through the garden every day, and to meet him there was always a pleasure ; full of interest, enthusiasm, and sympathy with all that was being done, he would ask questions as to what was going to be grown on this or that plot, what were we preparing for here or there ; and how pleased he was to hear of some favourite flower, such as Violet, Sweet Pea, or Mignonette ; all our troubles and complaints of slugs, birds, frost, etc. always had his deep sympathy.

The weather to him was always an interest—the direction of the wind, the temperature, the clouds, the sun, the rain, and no matter how bad the conditions were, the worst even was good, as hard frost and heavy snow were a great benefit to the ploughed fields and the garden land ; heavy rains filled up the springs and gave us a store for the summer ; strong winds were drying up the land ready for seed-sowing ; the sun was always delightful. On one occasion I complained I could not get on with the garden work owing to so much wet ; he even said, ' Oh well, never mind, you always have the satisfaction of knowing the rain-gauge is getting full.' To inspire cheerfulness, to smooth over difficulties, and to make our way easier was undoubtedly his object.

The bees were always a source of pleasure and interest to him ; every morning he would stand awhile to watch them flying in and out of the hives, and in June when swarms were coming off, he would come several times a day to enquire how they were going on. One day he stood watching them for a considerable time, then said, ' Some say it is instinct which prompts them to do this or that, some say man rules them to do this or that, but I believe it is God Who rules them ; they belong to Him.'

When away from home for any length of time, we could rely on receiving a letter from him. Any business would be spoken of, a question as to how the garden work was progressing, a query as to the health of our wives and families, a few words about the place (perhaps abroad) where he was living then, signed ' Your affectionate master.' Now I've seen and heard of many letters from employers to servants, but he was the only one I ever heard of who wrote in this manner.

Our children always received his kindness and respect. Whenever he met them he would stop (even when accompanied by his visitors), would mention each one's name,

give them a gentle tap on the cheek, a kind word, and pass on.

To help the fallen was one of his greatest desires. More than once he engaged men whose character would not bear strict investigation. His idea was to give them a new start, to lift them out of the mire, to help them over the stile, as he called it. In his opinion they were not bad; they had only a weakness, and were not much worse than the rest of us, or even than himself. As he once said, 'What do any of us deserve?' when I argued that a certain man did not deserve such a good place, as his former employer gave such a bad report of him. He asked of the man's faults, which were that he had left his work on several occasions to go away to get drunk. I was much surprised to hear him say, 'What an opportunity! This is the very man we want. I'd do anything to save that man; tell him to come and see me.' The man came, received some kindly word of advice, was engaged, and did well for a considerable time, but I'm sorry to say went wrong again, which was a bitter disappointment to Master.

His desire was for our well being, to make us comfortable, happy, contented with out lot in life, to encourage thrift, to educate, to enlighten, to amuse by innocent healthy pleasures, and to achieve these ends he spared neither time nor money. At a cost of some hundreds of pounds he built a fine club house with a large reading and lecture room, a full-sized billiard room fitted with a splendid billiard table; he started a cricket club, gave us a field free, bought bats, balls, and all accessories. In this lecture room he gave many interesting lectures on his travels in foreign parts.

In the matter of wages he saw that we were all well paid. He would say 'The labourer is worthy of his hire'; and in the case of a servant getting married, his first act was to raise his wages in a very substantial way. I once told him we were better paid than any servants in the district. He was very glad to hear it, and only said, 'Pay your servants good wages.'

On attaining his 80th birthday I ventured to offer to him my humble congratulations. He received them very heartily, and said, 'Yes, it is a great event, but it makes me think very deeply, for it proves how the time is flying, and it is at times very hard to keep up one's courage, but I am helped by the thought that I have so many faithful servants with me. I have been blessed very much with my servants.'

What an impetus words of this kind gave to us ! What would we not do for a master like this ? It is our desire to go on and do better than we otherwise would have done, which proves that it is the good master's influence that makes good servants, and not, as it is often said, good servants which make good masters.

I would there were more masters like him ; we are easily influenced and led one way or another, and with masters like him, good servants would be the rule rather than the exception. Industrial troubles would be unheard of, for he held the balance fair and just between master and servant, servant and servant, favouring neither one nor the other. He ruled more firmly by love and kindness than many do with a rod of iron.

And now I feel these words utterly fail to convey a true impression of what a master he really was ; this can only be realised by a servant who has served other masters, who associates with other servants and hears from them the relationship between them and their masters, and is able to compare one master with another. It is only by this means that it is possible to realise how he stood out by himself head and shoulders above all others. Yes, those whom fate or chance happened to bring into his service were indeed very fortunate, for, bad as we are, I feel we are considerably better than we would have been had we never known Dr. Hodgkin. And I and many others are very thankful to have had the privilege of serving him, and, I hope, of perhaps being able to add a gleam of sunshine into his life.

Another faithful friend and servant, Thomas Littlefair, his butler for thirty years, who had to leave because of illness, writes (January 6, 1916) :

I have thought of dear Master while I have been in bed, how he at the Sundays' Prayers used to read Farrar's ' Life of Christ ' and the ' Pilgrim's Progress,' and then comment on the chapter he read, and the hymns with the beautiful ring of voice, and he was always disappointed when he could not have all the household collected. His whole life was to do as much good as he could, and try and leave the world better than he found it, and we all on it too. He was always so grateful when you did anything for him when he was not well. When he was writing his book and the proofs came

to be opened he said, ' I think, Littlefair, you will have a share in the book.' There's not a day goes by but I think of him.

Chapman, his coachman for thirty-five years, was equally faithful and devoted. He was a real friend and felt his master to be a real friend. They had a delightful rivalry with one another over their respective grandchildren, and Chapman was proud to have beaten his master in grandsons, though he had to own himself beaten in granddaughters.

Hodgkin thought that the village needed some centre of social life, and after a while planned the building of a little hall and coffee-house as well as of four good cottages just outside his own grounds. A billiard-room and a reading-room were provided for the use of the men, and he hoped the club would prove a civilising influence for the village, but after the novelty had worn off it was not very much used, mainly because it was three-quarters of a mile from the centre of the village.

Animated by his constant desire to promote friendly relations with men of all kinds and to make his intercourse with them profitable, he arranged very soon after he came to Barmoor to have poetry readings, which he described as occasional readings on some non-controversial subject, weekly when possible, with the vicar and Presbyterian ministers, thus providing a neutral ground on which they could all happily meet together. He hoped to get the Roman priest to join, but this, for some reason, he did not accomplish. They read together the works of many different poets, Chaucer, Morris, Swinburne, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, even venturing upon Sordello. It was not a mere reading ; the poems were carefully studied, quotations were verified, and obscure passages elucidated from the books ready to hand on his library shelves.

He joined a Shakespeare reading which already existed, and which met in rotation at different houses in the neighbourhood. Different readers took different parts, and their success, or the reverse, was noted by Hodgkin in his diary.

When the vicar asked him for the loan of some books in order to study Italian, Hodgkin proposed that they

should read together, as he would welcome an opportunity for keeping up his Italian, and many pleasant hours were spent in this way. He got the vicar to help him in correcting his proofs; it was always a marked characteristic of his that in everything, whether work or play, he sought companionship. He wished to share his good things and his interests with others, and he was always ready to share both their troubles and their joys.

During the first years at Barmoor a good deal of time was still given to Newcastle. He did some work regularly at the Bank, he kept up the Hebrew readings, and he often spent a Sunday in the city so as to attend the Friends' Meeting. He gave special attention to the interests and extension of the College of Physical Science which, during these years, was rapidly growing in importance. Whenever possible he attended the Court as magistrate. His connexion with the life of the city was commemorated by his gift of a portion of the land owned by him in Benwell, to be a public park for the rapidly growing district of Benwell. This little park of nearly six acres contains some fine trees, and, lying on sloping ground, commands a beautiful view. It is close to the great works of Elswick, and has at least secured for the busy workers a place where they can find welcome rest under the green trees. The park was opened by Mrs. Hodgkin on August 9, 1899, when she said that she rejoiced to think that other children might now learn to love the spot which her children had loved so dearly. Speaking after her, Hodgkin expressed his regret that the building in Newcastle and its suburbs had been done in such a haphazard way, with no effort to preserve the beauty of one of the loveliest spots in England. He believed it to be the duty of the people, now that they were for the most part town dwellers, to make their town as picturesque as possible, and trusted that Benwell would set an example to Newcastle.

As years went on his visits to Newcastle naturally became less frequent. At the Bank there were great changes. In 1899, whilst away in the south, he heard by telegram of the sudden death of his partner, Mr. Hoare, whilst riding on the Moor. 'Dazed and heavy hearted'

he hastened back to Newcastle for the funeral. He wrote of Mr. Hoare :

His absolute straightforwardness and the absence of all petty artifices or meannesses from his character told upon those around him. I had always found him delightful as a host, but both as partner and fellow citizen I did not know his full worth till we had lost him. The effect on our business of the removal of so efficient a partner, of one who threw his whole soul into it, can hardly be calculated. It is too late for me to go back and render any efficient help. Happily our young partners are developing admirable business qualities, but John William Pease is pulling too vigorous an oar in order to make up for his partner's loss. His own health is, alas ! too precarious to make it advisable for him to draw so largely on his reserve strength.

To his sister Elizabeth. Newcastle : 30 June, 1899.

. . . To talk first of what is uppermost, I am almost always thinking of my dear partner Hoare's sudden death. It was a thing so utterly out of all my expectation for the future : he was thirteen years younger than I and, as far as I knew, in robust health. . . . For himself, surely, so very easy a passage across the river was a most desirable ending of life. He was a good man, quite untroubled by doubts or questionings, knowing nothing of the difficulties which so many in our generation have to face, but doing his duty to God and to his neighbours. . . I feel how much unconsciously we all leant upon him, and I see how much there was that was fine and really noble in his character.

Not quite two years later Hodgkin heard in Florence of the death of the one remaining survivor of the partners who had worked with him in the founding of the Bank, his brother-in-law, John William Pease. With his wife and family he travelled home day and night to see him laid to rest at Alnmouth, in the little cemetery on the bare hillside looking towards the sea, a man deeply loved and respected by all who knew him. Now Hodgkin was the last of the old firm left, and felt his position to be growing a very lonely one. When he found himself again at work at the Bank he wrote :

There is something eerie in writing at the Bank and feeling

that John William's spirit may be near me, but that we will never see him there again. The thought of all that stored up experience wasted, a spent force, is overwhelming !

In the following year negotiations were entered into for the sale of the banking business to Lloyds. This was from most points of view a satisfactory arrangement, but the selling to comparative strangers of ' the tree that he had helped to plant forty years ago ' brought its own peculiar sorrow to the one survivor of the original partners. He now ceased to have any official connexion with the Bank, but he always kept the private ledger of the old firm, which was continued in order to wind up some old outstanding matters. He had kept these books since the day the Bank started and did not wish to spoil the record. He kept them till his death.

To Howard Lloyd. Barmoor Castle : 24 November, 1902.

Yes, it is with a strange mixture of feelings that I learn the result of the recent negotiations. I sit in the Bank and feel that soon my place will know me no more. The clerks will soon be no longer *our* clerks but courteous strangers. The Private Ledger which I have kept for 43 years, and hoped to keep for 50, will now be kept by other hands, and will show another handwriting—far better, doubtless, but not my own. That long, long chapter of my life is about to be closed, and I feel as if I were on my death-bed.

But, on the whole, the feeling of relief predominates. . . . I trust we shall succeed in carrying over the business to you without spilling any. I think we shall, and I believe you will find some splendid openings. . . . You will smile when I tell you what was my first thought when the negotiations seemed likely to go through, ' Now I can ride 3rd class whenever I please, having no fear of my customers before my eyes ' ; and my second source of consolation was, ' Well, there is no fear of any one in generations to come saying that he lost money by Hodgkin's Bank.'

To Sir Benjamin Browne. Barmoor Castle : 5 January, 1903.

. . . Thanks for your very kind and cordial words, which are very soothing to one who is lying on his (business) death-bed.

The last week which I had to spend at the Bank seemed to me exceedingly like dying : always closing up old chapters, taking leave of old friends, and preparing to take myself away out of a world where one was no longer needed. However, 'the things which cannot be shaken remain,' and among them is the memory and the present abiding possession of your friendship.

No doubt it is a good thing for one to be thus dug up out of one's old ground. So much the less root will one have in the things of Time : may one hope for a little more power to realise and look joyfully forwards to the things of Eternity. You use that last great word : thank you for doing so, and for all that you say about our business connexion, which I, as it relates to one end of the chain, can most heartily echo.

Much of his work at the Bank he had really loved. He writes once in his diary after a day spent in calculating branch profits that it was 'pleasant work and soothing to the brain.' Account keeping was a source of real delight, and he was not content till he had reached perfect accuracy. On one occasion,when making up his annual private account, he could not get a balance. He had to leave the error undetected, noting it in his short daily diary with the words, 'I must look for it on my return.' Coming back after a couple of weeks, he notes that he succeeded in shifting the error a little, but he was still £1. 0s. 6*d*. out. Then came a long journey abroad of two months. Two days after his return the accounts are attacked again, and he enters in his diary, 'Polished off my accounts, finding without a very long hunt the error mentioned March 3. Wrong subtraction £1 ; error in bringing forward cash balance 6*d*.' His enthusiasm for correct accounts did not stop with his own ; he was equally anxious about his children's accounts, and used to spend much time during the visits of one of his daughters after her marriage in getting her accounts into order.

Travel remained one of Hodgkin's chief delights. Every two years there was a long journey on the Continent, and sometimes there were shorter ones in between. As a rule each spring there was still a migration to Falmouth.

There was some sadness in these visits. He writes in 1900 :

Visiting Falmouth now that all the noble band of brothers in the generation before us have so long passed away that their place knows them no more, and now that in our own generation those two beautiful *coryphae* of it, Anna Maria,[1] and Juliet [Mrs. Edmund Backhouse], have vanished from our sight, will be always rather a sad and solemn pilgrimage than a joy and a merriment, as it was in the old days of our spring and early summer time. Now our treasure and our heart seem to be more in Budock burial ground than at Penjerrick or Trebah, or any of the beautiful homes once so rich for us in friendship.

Every opportunity was taken for a little ramble in England ; above all to see some archæological treasure. In 1900 he was particularly impressed by a visit to Dorchester (Oxfordshire) : ' such a noble church, such a quaint fast-asleep little town, one can almost hear it snore.' Driving expeditions to explore the Scottish border were a special delight, and border history soon began to attract him and became a favourite study of his latter years.

In 1899 the marriage of Hodgkin's eldest son with Catharine Wilson was celebrated. He describes it as ' an event not only most joyous and enriching in itself, but also full of pleasant interest as bringing us again face to face with so many relations and old friends.' Whilst his eldest son carried on his work at the Bank, his second son, Robin, settled in Oxford as a historical lecturer, at Queen's College. It was always a great satisfaction to him to share his historical interests with this son, and the intimate introduction to Oxford life which he gained through his frequent visits to him was much appreciated. That he did not seek unduly to force his opinions on his children is shown by the fact that when Robin, on settling in Oxford, accepted a commission in a Volunteer Regiment and thus brought himself under the Discipline of the Society of Friends, his father wrote :

One feels that such a tremendous proposition as that

[1] Daughter of Robert Were Fox, of Penjerrick.

physical force is never to be used for the maintenance of right, (and that is what Friends' position on the War question really amounts to) ought to be accepted by a man's own unwarped conviction and ought not to be forced upon him by external authority.

Neither did he make any objection to his daughter Lily's engagement to the Rev. Herbert Gresford Jones, though he told him frankly that he would rather he had not been a clergyman. He wisely sought his consolation in the character of the man chosen by his daughter. Still, parting from her caused him great pain. 'What are we to do,' he wrote, 'without one who has been the very light of our eyes and the joy of our home?' His youngest daughter, Nelly, had gone as a student to Somerville College, Oxford, and he followed her life with much interest, and some questioning as to how university life should be ordered to meet the needs of women.

To his daughter Nelly at Oxford. 17 July, 1900.

. . . The question of the class which they give you is comparatively unimportant so long as your dear health has not suffered from this great strain. I am rather coming to the conclusion that though the higher female *education* is an admirable thing, the higher female *examination* is not so good. Do what we will, it means in one way or other comparing women, not with women but with men, and all the circumstances of their lives, the make of their minds, their strengths and their weaknesses, are so different (and may they always remain so: it would be a dismal world in which men's and women's characters were exactly alike), that I do not think you can really get any accurate common measure between them. However, let the result of the examination be what it may, you have immensely added to your store of mind-treasure by your four years at Oxford, and that is the thing which will abide and I trust enrich your life for many happy years to come.

Two years later he was called upon to part with this daughter also, when she married R. C. Bosanquet of Rock Hall.

The loss of these two daughters from his home was made up to him in the years that followed by his joy in

his grandchildren, whose visits to Barmoor were an unfailing delight. His companionship with the daughter who was left to him grew more perfect in its completeness with every year that passed. The little girl who had been proud to help to correct his first proofs grew to be his constant adviser and loving sympathiser in all the literary and religious interests of his old age.

The Bosanquets lived first at Athens, where Mr. Bosanquet was director of the British School, and this led the Hodgkins to pay two visits to Greece. Hodgkin was always ready to tackle a new language, and he set himself to learn modern Greek, taking lessons whilst in Athens. He did not find it easy to get hold of it, and wrote: 'I cannot say that I got even inside the door of the modern language. I think my knowledge of the ancient language is almost more of a hindrance than a help.'

He started for his first visit to Greece in February 1903 with his wife and Violet. They paused for a week on the way to visit the Lacaitas at Leucaspide near Taranto.

To his son Robin. Leucaspide: 28 February, 1903.

This last day of February finds us very happily ensconced in this thoroughly Italian home. Mother and Violet are both charmed with the place, and think that I have not half enough praised it after my previous visit. The house is a series of long arcades raised high on a sort of platform and overlooking the sea of olives which stretch from here five or six miles to the Gulf of Taranto. Far away we see by day faintly the lines of the city and at night the gleam of its two lighthouses. . . . All round us are the sights and sounds of a Virgilian farm: the great wide stone threshing-floor (*area*) like a little square in a town, the cistern in which the oil is stored, the machine in which the olives are pressed, the stalls for the cattle, the milking place for the sheep, and so on. Add great bushes of prickly pear, trees golden with oranges or silver with lemons and so on, and you get a little idea of Leucaspide. . . . We have had many amusements provided for us by our kind hosts. One evening (the last of the carnival) all the men and women employed about the place, young and old, came in and danced a country dance called the *pizzicha* (rather like the Tarantella), in which two lovers are supposed

alternately to pursue and to fly from one another. . . . Then, on another day, we had a most interesting excavation of some tombs about three miles from here in a vineyard of C. Lacaita's. The place has evidently been the Necropolis of some forgotten Tarentine townlet. They found a skeleton in every tomb (generally lying East and West, but one North and South), and at last, after drawing many covers blank, they came to a tomb in which there was a whole nest of Corinthian vases, very perfect, the style of workmanship of which enables them to fix the date of the tombs to about 600 or 650 B.C.

And lastly, to-day there has been a luncheon party to some neighbours at Taranto: Marquises, Cavaliers and the like, at which much Italian has been talked and we have tried (but not always succeeded) to understand and make ourselves understood. Oh, the amazing clatter of shrill Italian voices! It was tiring, certainly, but it was fun.

At Athens he had the joy of being joined by his youngest son, George, just back from a journey to New Zealand. About two months were spent in Greece, mostly in Athens. The visit was interrupted by a journey to Rome for the Historical Congress. He did not consider this a very profitable excursion.

To his daughter Violet. Rome: 3 April, 1903.

As I was afraid would be the case, this Congress is in some measure breaking down under its own weight. Lots of people who care nothing about history have taken tickets for the sake of a cheap trip to Rome, and several even of the Romans have done this in order to get cheap excursions into the country. The consequence is that all the passages are choked with people, and the real members, those who want to meet and to discuss historical questions seriously, can hardly get at one another. . . . If you want to have a real congress on history or any other branch of science, get a law passed that all persons attending such a congress, instead of half-fares, shall pay double fares, and then you will only get those who are in earnest about the matter.

Yesterday morning the Congress was to be formally inaugurated at the Capitol by the King. A few minutes after nine Robin and I were on the stairs pretty near the door, which opened spasmodically and let in some dozen at a time. The crowd thickened behind us. Close behind

was the Chinese Minister and his secretary in purple silk dresses and with beautiful pig tails ; near us we soon espied Pelham and Horatio Brown. Then the door ceased to open, or rather it opened once more to let out a gentleman who said, ' What a stench ! The place is packed full and there is no air to breathe.' It dawned upon us that we were done. All sorts of people who had no connexion with the Congress had come early and, by the aid of judicious tipping, had got all the places ; no precaution had been taken to reserve seats even for the delegates. . . . Well, we had a very jolly time outside chatting with Pelham and Horatio Brown and Jerome of Capri. Meanwhile some of the impatient spectators who were excluded, in their indignation began battering at the door and so disturbed the proceedings within, that the Sindaco of Rome in high wrath came out and gave them a regular blowing up and stationed *gens d'armes* near the door to prevent a recurrence of the disturbance.

To his daughter Lily.

(Between Brindisi and Corfu.)
8 April, 1903.

I am on my way back to Athens from Rome. . . . Robin and I have had an amusing and interesting visit to Rome, though I cannot say the Congresso Historico quite fulfilled the expectations I had formed of it, being swamped to some extent by the multitudes of people, quite uninterested in history, who had come to it attracted by the lure of tickets to Rome at half-price. But certainly the Romans and their King did their best to make us all welcome.

[On the Sunday he went to dinner at the Quirinal, where he represented the University of London.]

There were happily no after-dinner speeches. . . . We trooped back behind the royal hosts into the drawing-room. King and Queen stood as centre of two little groups on either side, and several of the guests were presented to one or the other. The Queen looked very beautiful and stately. . . . On the other side the young King, in a general's uniform with more lines on his face than his 30 (?) years ought to have given, decidedly not imposing in his appearance : his small stature makes that impossible, but with something in his face which makes one speculate on the character behind it. Is it temper or is it strength ? I do not know. He is still *x*—an unknown quantity. I only hope that the

events which solve the equation and bring forth the value of x may not be war or revolution. There are some unpleasant signs of trouble brewing in Italy, and I am afraid that little man is bearing a rather heavy load of care.

Bryce was soon presented and had a pretty long interview, the joke among the Englishmen being that he was trying to convert the King to Home Rule. When my turn came a little after, the whisper went round that I was trying to make him into a Friend. Little Professor Villari (he is even shorter than the King) led me up. . . . I made, I hope, a suitably deferential bow, and then the King began asking me what led me to write a history of Italy, and whether I was still going on with it. I told him that my book was ended with the death of Charlemagne. 'Ah, Charlemagne!' he said. 'I have his coins struck at Pavia, at Rome (he mentioned several other places), and at Benevento.' (Numismatics are his hobby, and he has the best collection of mediaeval Italian coins in the world, though he laments that he has now hardly any time to spare for them.) . . . This brought up the mention of our English coins of Philip and Mary. . . . He said, 'Did Philip ever live with Mary? Was it not merely a marriage by proxy?' . . . I assured him that he actually came over and spent many months in England. . . . 'I did not know that,' he said, and added rather pathetically, 'There are so many things to learn and I have now so little time.' . . . Soon after this I got my bow of dismissal. . . . Altogether it was an interesting glimpse of 'them that live in Kings' palaces.'

Several interesting excursions were made after his return to Greece. As he travelled through the country he thought much of the close connexion between Greek landscape and geography, and things were made clear to him which he could never have learned from books or even from maps. He visited the 'high uplifted mountain sanctuary of Delphi' and the broad and fertile plain of Olympia, which struck him as friendly, not majestic, speaking of peace and hospitality. He delighted in a visit to the ancient seat of healing, the Hieron of Epidaurus.

To his Wife. Nauplia: 24 April, 1903.

Our drive of 20 miles . . . led to the Temple of Aesculapius . . . not a temple merely but an immense

sanatorium with ruins of an enormous hotel, a theatre in perfect preservation (better than Syracuse), long colonnades, in some of which the patients used to sleep after praying to the god, and then in vision of the night received either healing or some counsel which they were to follow if they would be cured. Evidently when the temple was in its glory there were endless thank-offerings and records of cures—the work of grateful patients. It strikes me that it must have been in some ways very like Lourdes, only that the element undoubtedly present of priestly humbug and greed was, I conjecture, less in the pagan temple than in the Christian one. For one thing, I expect that the pure bracing mountain air and the mineral springs had some genuine healing power. And then the question of 'faith-healing' also comes in, with all its interest and its difficulty. One pathetic little touch, not mentioned in the guide-books, is added by the French author, Diehl. He says that in this house of healing there was no provision for death, and that those who were evidently on the point of death were removed from the temple precincts that they might not pollute the holy shrine. Then that dear and admirable man (surely one of the best sovereigns that the world has ever seen), Antoninus Pius, built a home for the dying at an easy distance from the temple. How much Christianity unconsciously lurked in the heart of these glorious Antonine emperors!

Whilst accounting in various ways for the cures said to have been wrought at this sacred spot, he refused to deny altogether to at least some of them the term supernatural. He could believe 'that even the pagan's reverent reachings out after the Unseen were not always left without a response from the Eternal.'

He admired the work done by the French and German Schools in Athens, and much appreciated the willingness of their respective governments to spend considerable sums on excavations without carrying off any of their finds from Athens. He regretted that 'the chief work of an archæological kind in Greece with which the English name is now associated is the removal of the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon to the British Museum.'

A second visit to Athens was paid two years later at the time of the Archæological Congress. On the way he

and his wife went to Algeria to fetch their daughter, who had been staying at Hammam R'Irha. He much enjoyed a week spent at that beautiful spot in the mountains, and wrote :

I had an indescribable feeling that I was in a far older country than our own, that the very mountains knew that I was a modern of the moderns, and were saying to me, 'The Carthaginians have been here : our Numidians long held Rome at bay : who are you, the barbarians from the North seas, who dare to tread our slopes and to wander through our forests ? '

And again :

I wish I had come to this Numidean land when I was younger and explored it thoroughly, as I feel sure that such a journey would have helped me to understand Roman Britain better. . . . I am heartily glad that the French have rooted out the race of pirates who had their home here, and have won back so large an extent of territory for the use of civilised man.

The steamer which took the Hodgkins to Athens was crowded with University men going to the great Congress, and there were many walks and talks on deck with friends old and new. At the Congress itself he was a little oppressed with a sense of hurry, and with the inevitable language difficulties of an international gathering. He doubted whether it was wise to hold it at a place of such absorbing archæological interest, and believed it might be better to hold such a congress in one of the great cities of the present. Then perhaps it might be possible to make busy money-making men understand the spell which is cast over us by the study of the Past, and to persuade them to give that noble science its true place in the education of our people, and to have its modest, its very modest, claims for help recognised by all Chancellors of the Exchequer.

All the same the time at Athens was full of delight. To wake up in the morning gazing on Hymettos and Pentelicos, to visit the Acropolis in the evening when the fierce heat of the sun was abating, these were among

its happy moments. Delightful too was the social intercourse at the Congress with its opportunities 'for making or renewing acquaintances, for getting speech of illustrious men' known hitherto only by correspondence. The event to which he thought all would look back 'with the most vivid remembrance' was the performance of 'The Antigone' in the vast Hippodrome erected on the site of the old Stadium. There, seated on terraces of dazzling marble, under the blue sky of Attica, he forgot any possible discomfort caused by the fierce rays of the sun, in the absorbing interest of the drama.

After the Congress he made an excursion to Crete with a party of fellow students, and visited the museum at Candia and the excavations made by Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Evans at Knossos. A sudden storm made some of their plans for landing impossible, a storm to him deeply suggestive.

The sudden springing up of this wind, the fierceness of its howling, the difficulty of finding shelter even on the northern side of that harbourless island, the evident nervousness of the captain, who threw a second anchor out in the harbour of Mirabella and wished for the day, all formed a most vivid commentary on the 27th chapter of Acts.

This compelled change of plans made them run for the Cyclades, and he delighted in a visit to 'the old world sanctuary of Delos' and in sailing in sweet spring weather 'on from island unto island at the gateways of the day.'

On their way back to England they halted in Paris to visit the Salon, and he wrote in his diary: 'Till I saw this Salon I had not realised how many naked women there are in the world tumbling about, generally on the sea-shores.'

When he reached Barmoor he wrote that his dear home was as delightful as ever. Constant remarks in diary and letters show how full of quiet joys his old age was, and also how he was able to realise its happiness and to be thankful for it. In 1901 he writes: 'The poor little twenty-four hours of the day are all too few for the delightful employments that each day brings with it.' Children

and grandchildren filled his life with thankfulness. 'I know and rejoice in knowing that my children are better than I.' This joy in life and all its manifold gifts made him grieve at times over the inevitable passing of the years; he could not feel old. In 1900 he wrote:

I have so long looked 70 in the face, that the fact of having now entered my seventieth year does not much distress me, and moreover I feel myself at heart much more a child than an old man. It often seems as though I might wake up suddenly and find myself once more under tutors and governesses, having dear old Betsy holding my hand.

It needed a talk with an old friend to make him realise how old they were both getting. But the past was never far from his thoughts. On December 26, 1906, he wrote to his brother Jonathan:

I have been living a good deal in the past, having at last begun the formidable task of arranging the pile of papers, grandfather's, father's, and uncle doctor's . . . those which treat of family matters, philanthropic plans, and religious interests I generally keep and classify. It is increasingly borne in upon me what noble-hearted men these two—our father and uncle—were, each in his different way.

In re-reading these old letters he felt that he 'had communion with their beautiful spirits.' In 1907 he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Waterhouse:

I feel in some respects so utterly different from the little fellow who climbed the trees and played about in the garden at Bruce Grove, and in other respects so absolutely the same. Human life is stranger, more bewildering, more loveable, the more one knows of it. And the thought of what comes next, immense, unfathomable.

The note of thankfulness, of joy in the quiet beauty of the country, returns again and again. 'Oh, the joy of harvest, the delight of seeing field after field cleared and the labourers binding up the sheaves, and setting them up as

tents, peaceful tents.' Even at the age of seventy-seven he can speak of a day spent in motoring along the border as ' ten hours of absolute enjoyment.' He knew his happiness and gave thanks.

9 August, 1908.

Driving past the Ryton Barmoor and other haunts of my lonely bachelor days, nearly 50 years ago, made me feel very humble as well as thankful in the thought of the utterly unmerited happiness which the Lord has piled upon me in middle life and old age.

The visits of many friends and relations added much to his happiness. His children's friends were always welcome at Barmoor. He loved the society of young people and they keenly enjoyed their opportunities for easy and sympathetic talk with him. Like all parents who have known how to make friends out of their children as they grew into men and women, he understood how to get on with the young. He did not force intimacy upon them nor thrust himself into the inner life even of his own children. He did not try to penetrate their reserve, but he gave them the feeling that he was always ready if they wanted him. When troubles or doubts were taken to him he was extraordinarily understanding and able to meet the need shown.

His own work was not interrupted by the presence of guests in the house, except when he left it to act as guide to Flodden or Holy Island or some other interesting spot in the neighbourhood. He would work in his library as usual, sometimes coming out to read to a sympathetic guest a paper just written, or to take them for a stroll in the garden or a short walk along the road to see his beloved Cheviots. Most evenings there would be reading aloud, whoever might be there, and the books chosen covered a wide range—fiction, history, poetry, even stories from the *Strand Magazine*. It was like listening to a real story-teller to hear him reading a magazine aloud after dinner. Jacobs, Anstey, Sherlock Holmes, and Edgar Allen Poe were amongst his favourite writers of stories, but perhaps the story he liked best to read to his guests was ' Wandering Willie's Tale ' in ' Redgauntlet.' In his later years he came to delight much in ballads.

In 1902 he wrote that he had decided to begin a conscientious perusal of the works of Dickens, and began with 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' but found it such poor stuff that he doubted whether they would go on, and the next day he started on 'Old Mortality' instead. Sometimes games were played, and he notes one evening in 1903 when all the family were at home but Edward, and they 'fancied themselves children again and played Schimmel together.'

His love for his home did not interfere with his keen enjoyment in travel. In 1906 there was a little trip to Holland.

To his son Edward. The Hague: 6 May, 1906.

I have enjoyed the pictures, and I hope under Violet's and E. V. Lucas's guidance have learnt the names of a few painters, which I shall remember for the next six months. But I have enjoyed the people and the bright clean towns, and the tulips, and the reflections of gables and pinnacles in still canals, and broad green landscapes dotted with waistcoat-wearing black and white cows,—all these things I have enjoyed more than the picture galleries, and I feel that I have to some extent, as Byron said, 'repeopled my mind with Nature.'

The language, too, attracts me. I see when one has got over certain eccentricities of spelling . . . how very close it is to German, and even more, I believe, to Anglo-Saxon. I have bought a hymn book, and have spelled my way through two or three of their lovely hymns: and when I get back to London I mean to buy a Dutch Bible, which I asked for in vain at a crack bookseller's in Amsterdam.

In 1907 he made a trip to Madeira with his wife and Violet and George.

To his daughter Nelly. Funchal, Madeira: 9 March, 1907.

Here we are after twelve days' sojourn in this beautiful island, still greatly enjoying it, and grieved to think how soon we must leave. . . . Through the day it seems to me that the chief occupation of most of us is to sit about on cane chairs in the beautiful garden. I don't think we talk much or flirt, and very few of us read. I really am not sure what the generality of us do, except simply exist

and enjoy the sunshine, the blue sea, the splendid flowers, the shadows on the beautiful guardian mountains. And perhaps after all we might do worse, and most of us came out here for the chance of doing this.

For myself my chief employments are reading Dante, a canto a day : and studying the letters of my dear uncle, of which I have brought some scores out hither, in the faint hope that I may see my way to write a sort of life of that noble little man. I feel that I shall never come up to Violet's level of appreciation of Dante. Of course, I see that he was a man with a superb imagination, but his vision of the unseen world seems to me too precise, too much marked out by rule and compass. I cannot but feel the last two books of ' Paradise Lost ' grander than anything I have yet read of Dante's Inferno, and I must say that Dante's personality repels me. It is in the bitterness of his soul that he sends so many of his old associates, even friends, into the fœtid slime and howling whirlwinds of Hell. . . . But this by the way, and pray do not denounce me as a heretic.

Hodgkin described the Madeira night as ' sometimes more glorious than the day. The stars did indeed there rule the night. Many a night I rose at three or four o'clock to behold that magnificent Scorpio dropping his diamond-studded tail towards the ship lights in the harbour.' He studied a little Portuguese—he could never be in a country without trying to make some acquaintance with its language—explored the island, and made friends with his fellow guests at the hotel, for he was always most friendly and sociable with all he came across. On the way home, after a stay that was all too short, the Hodgkins stopped at Lisbon, fired by a desire to visit Busaco, of which he writes :

I can hardly think of any other place in which the interests are so strangely blended as here : the humble little monastery and hermitage in the glorious forest, the gorgeous palace converted into a hotel, and all the memories of the terrible battle in which Massena let so many leaves fall from his crown.

He discovered in the monastery to his great delight a diary written by a member of the Order of Barefooted

Carmelites who was living at Busaco when Wellington stayed there before the battle. It was pleasant to read in the friar's story of the kindness shown by English soldiers to their wounded enemies. Finding thirty wounded French lying deserted on the mountain for whom the Portuguese peasants would do nothing, they first cared for them themselves and then persuaded the friar to take charge of them. Hodgkin wrote an account of Busaco and its varied interests with extracts from the friar's diary, which was read to many friends but not published.

After this journey his son George accepted a post in the Isle of Man, and Hodgkin grieved over this temporary separation from a son who had been much with him. But he paid some happy visits to the little Celto-Scandinavian Island, which he felt had a real charm when it was not overrun by trippers.

To his daughter Nelly. Douglas, Isle of Man: 17 April, 1908.

. . . I am getting very fond of this little island, and have been writing to Lily that I should like to be made Bishop of Sodor and Man, but of that I fear I have little chance. Besides, they have a very good Bishop as it is. . . . I have succeeded in making friends with the antiquary of the island, P. C. M. Kermode, whose fine book on the Crosses of Man you probably know. . . . His Antiquarian Society is about to begin a series of excavations, first, I think, of old Churches, and then of old tumuli. He says that it is still a moot question how many of them are really Scandinavian. The simple-hearted antiquaries of the 18th century, when they opened a tomb, said, 'Doubtless an old Norse warrior,' and destroyed the evidence which would have enabled later generations to say with some degree of certainty whether he was Norse or Celtic or even Pre-celtic.

Hodgkin investigated the history of the Quakers in the island and wrote a paper about their early burial ground and the persecutions they had suffered under Bishop Barrow, 'who succeeded in stamping Quakerism out of the island to its grievous loss and to his eternal disgrace.'

It must not be supposed that these years were without anxieties and troubles caused by sickness in the family or

by the death and misfortunes of friends and relations. But the prevailing impression is one of a sunny and peaceful old age. True, it was only old age if reckoned by length of days. There were no signs of age in mind or heart. Each day was filled with multifarious activities, new interests were constantly added to his already full life, and his affectionate heart could always make room for new friends.

CHAPTER XII

PUBLIC AND LITERARY WORK AND INTERESTS

THE South African War, which began in 1899, naturally caused Hodgkin much distress. He felt that all his pleasant pursuits, all joy in his new home, was for the time 'embittered, overshadowed, blasted by this dreadful, humiliating, spirit-chilling war.' But he differed from those who regarded it as a national sin, he was inclined to believe that it was inevitable.

To his brother Howard. Newcastle: 2 November, 1899.

No! I am not 'in favour of the war' in the Transvaal, nor if I see two great cumulus clouds approaching one another on a sultry summer afternoon am I 'in favour of thunder': though I may say that I think it is very likely that a thunderstorm will follow.

Of course, there are two sides to this question as there are to most questions, though our dear friends and critics on the Continent, the Russians, the Germans, the French (who have all been so conspicuously generous and magnanimous in their dealings with small and weak nations) say that there is only one.

. . . One thing which I must confess weighs strongly with me is that it is the all but unanimous verdict of all Englishmen who have been in South Africa that the present, or rather the recent, situation is intolerable: so great has been the contemptuous arrogance with which the Boers have treated our countrymen. Still, as I say, I am not 'in favour of the war,' and I heartily wish it could have been avoided; but I do not believe that the question of war or peace (eventually) was in our power to decide.

To his sister Elizabeth. Barmoor: 11 November, 1899.

About this grievous war which is being waged in South Africa I do not pretend to pronounce an opinion on the

righteousness of it (omitting the question whether any war can be righteous), my feeling being that that is a question which probably will not be solved for many years, not till, as Tennyson says, 'all the records leap to light.' . . . To me these Boer shepherd soldiers seem not unlike the old Romans in their virtues and their vices: hard, proud, arrogant, but brave: just the sort of people who, under favourable circumstances, might bring a whole continent into subjection. But could there ever be peace or safety for the English colonists (mostly town-dwellers) in South Africa, so long as this military republic was organised and by levying tribute on the gold mines, could raise the millions necessary for modern warlike operations. I doubt it, and this one thought, more than anything else, helps me to bear the grievous news which comes to us from these African battlefields: that probably only in that way can the misery of chronic war be averted from those regions and *Pax Britannica* be established.

To his brother Howard. Barmoor: 23 November, 1899.

. . . What a quantity of time we all of us spend, and cannot help spending, over the newspapers. I remember no time except the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny—and, perhaps, hardly even then—when the mind of the nation was so tightly strung as it is by these operations in South Africa. Of course, the predominant feeling is one of surprise that a big nation like ours should be so boldly stood up to by the little Republics of South Africa . . . though I can hardly doubt that we must conquer in the end, I feel that we must contemplate the possibility of a long and arduous struggle. If we should fail in such an undertaking and consequently lose our hold on Cape Colony, I fear it is the beginning of the end, and not a very distant end, of the British Empire. We shall have to say '*Fuimus Troes*,' and I am afraid we shall not very long be safe even in our own island home. For we have many and bitter enemies, our possessions over the seas excite their keenest cupidity, and when a maritime dominion like ours begins to crumble the process of disintegration goes on with fearful rapidity.

I do not abidingly fear all these disastrous results, but I think we all feel in a dim, half-conscious way that they are among the *possibilities* of the conflict, and this is what makes us watch every move of the terrible game with such breathless anxiety. . . . I must say that my doubts as to

England's justification for engaging in the war have been much lessened by the course of events in the past month. It is clear to me that the Boers have long been preparing for this war, and that peace and friendly relations with them were not to be had at any price.

The war was a constant misery to him. He said he would like to go to sleep for three months and wake up when the worst was over, and to see no newspapers till then.

He was intensely anxious as to the result, and wrote early in 1900 :

It cannot be that we are to see in our day the downfall of that splendid instrument of civilisation and good government, the British Empire ; and yet if we lose South Africa, and lose it to the Krugers and the Jouberts and their gang of ignorant barbarians, will not the keystone be struck out of the arch, will not the Empire fall in ruins ?

To Rufus M. Jones. 21 January, 1900.

. . . I am sure we shall have thy sympathy and that of many American Friends in this South African War, with all its blunders and bloodshed. Remembering your feelings at the time of the War of Secession and also in the Cuban campaign, you will know how impossible it is for us, while standing apart from all active participation in the war, not to desire that our country may be ultimately successful. As to the right or wrong of the dispute, I do not feel that we are as yet competent to judge. The voice of History (which generally I believe echoes the voice of God) will decide how far we were the wrong-doers and how far the wrong-receivers. The Transvaal War presents many points of similarity to your Secession War, and one is that it owes its ultimate origin to the question of Slavery. The emancipation of the Boers' slaves (carried out, it is true, in a most bungling and unjust way by our Home Government) was the chief cause of that great ' Trek ' of the Dutch colonists across the Orange River from which the whole subsequent trouble has arisen.

His views on the war naturally brought him into disagreement with the majority of Friends, including some who were very dear to him. He tried to clear his mind on the

whole question of war and peace by writing a paper, of which he said: 'It expresses my present carefully-formed conclusions on the duty of a Christian country in the matter of war,' but he did not think it well to publish it.

To his sister Mariabella. Barmoor Castle: 1 May, 1900.

Having now returned home and received my MS. on Peace, about which I told thee, returned by Harry Newbolt, I feel that I must send it to thee as the expression of some thoughts which I could not well explain during our conversation at Failand. I rather hope that thou mayest see after reading it that there is a sense in which I long to maintain the 'testimony against war,' though I cannot feel that it would be right to press for immediate and absolute disarmament.

(I will just say in passing that the first part of the paper in which I slightly discuss the rights and wrongs of the *present* war is the least important part of it, and you may leave it unread if you like without injury to the argument. I fully recognise the difficulty of apportioning the blame of the South African War. I think that Kruger has been, generally, Wolf, and Great Britain, Lamb. You think the opposite: and I think only the impartial voice of History, perhaps after many years, will decide between us.)

But to the main question, 'Is war under all circumstances forbidden to the Christian?' I earnestly long for light: and the writing of this paper must only be considered as a *groping*, which would fain be a groping after light.

My picture of what would happen if we in a moment disbanded all our armies and disarmed our fleet is of course only a guess, but I think most men acquainted with the actual conduct of affairs would not consider it a too darkly-coloured picture. Still, if Christ has absolutely commanded such a course we ought to take it, whatever it costs. Only one thing I am sure cannot be right, or 'of the Truth': to profess to wish our rulers to disarm, while in our inmost heart we are hoping that they will do nothing of the kind.

I feel I have for long put this question from me and that now I ought to face it. I think I could even do something for Peace in the direction pointed out by the last section of my paper if I were not conscious of 'a lie in my right hand.'

I also feel that if war is absolutely condemned under all

circumstances by the Sermon on the Mount, Business, as we understand it, is equally condemned. Please look at what I have said on pages 34 and 35 about 'lending, hoping for nothing again.' Except on some such principle of interpretation as I have suggested, I fear that my forty years of banking life are quite as clearly contrary to the commands of Christ as Lord Roberts' forty years' campaign in India.

Do not think that these are the utterances of one who is playing with a great subject and trying to put an opponent in the wrong. I do with all my heart and soul long to know what Christ would tell us to do if He were to appear in the world to-morrow. I think it is abundantly possible—I might almost say, probable—that He would, as you think, condemn *this* war in which we are now engaged; but I have my doubts whether He would say, 'No man who desires to partake of my salvation can, under any circumstances, wield the soldier's sword.'

To his sister Mariabella. Barmoor Castle: 17 May, 1900.

Thanks for returning my paper on the Peace question and for thy and Joan's comments thereon, which assuredly do not offend me. The question is far too large and too deep-reaching for any little personal feelings of offence if we fail to convince one another of our views.

Thou talkest, however, of my having 'changed my views.' I would rather say, 'cleared' them. Why, I remember a talk which Edward and I had with our dear father and Edith Dymond's father somewhere about 1850, in which Edward took up almost precisely the position of this paper, that Christ's words in the Sermon on the Mount were rather limits to be walked towards than hard-and-fast rules for present literal observance. I was more than half convinced by him then and I think my mind ever since has been always tending more decidedly to the same conclusion.

No; I do not say that those who have suffered for their faithful adherence to 'Peace Principles' were wrong: far from it, and I can truly say for myself that if the choice were offered me to-day, 'Slay, or be slain,' I would (if I know myself) unhesitatingly choose the latter. But the point which forces itself on my conscience (and which I have evidently failed to make clear in my paper) is that if 'War is, under all circumstances, unlawful for the Christian,' we

ought without a single day's delay to abandon all our defensive armaments, accepting all the disastrous consequences of such a step. There is, I know, a feeling somewhat widely entertained, that we Quakers are willing to take all the advantages which come to us from the armed strength of Britain without paying any of the price, leaving that to be paid by others. This is meanness, of which I do not think we have been consciously guilty, but I am afraid that unconsciously our actions have sometimes looked like it. If Friends had really believed all war to be a crime they surely ought to have forbidden their members to have anything to do with the great War Loan of the Napoleonic Era. True, they did not actually negotiate the loans themselves but they invested very freely in Consols, the result of the loans, and probably no small part of the wealth of the Society to-day is due to that sagacious investment.

What to do with my little paper I do not very clearly see. . . . I feel that there is a great deal in what thou sayest about the undue strength of the war feeling just now. I do not want to be 'Ever strongest on the stronger side,' and for that reason would rather wait till the nation's present hot fit is succeeded by a cold one. Perhaps I may not publish it at all but have the paper privately printed and send it to a few of my friends with whom I can discuss the matter quietly. I am amused by seeing how purely warlike you find its tone. I know that to people not brought up in a Quaker atmosphere it seems absurdly anti-war.

He expressed his final views on this war early in 1901.

I feel that the war was not a war of our seeking, and that the guilt of it does not now in God's sight, and will not in the final judgment of history, rest on our generation. But oh! it is a dreary, disheartening, and humiliating business.

Like many others, in later years he changed his views as to the inevitableness of the Boer War; and it will be interesting to give here a portion of a letter written during his tour in Holland in 1906.

To Lord Justice Fry. Amsterdam: 26 April, 1906.

I cannot remember whether you have ever been in Holland. Yes of course you were for a long time at the

Hague and no doubt improved the opportunity to see a good many interesting old Dutch towns besides. What another world it is, into which one gains entrance by this short night journey from Harwich to the Hook. I think in someways I feel the change more complete than from England to Italy: but no doubt that is partly because one does not know the language, and partly because one is so much off the beaten track of English tourists. The result of my few days' experience of the country and people is to make me a rather enthusiastic admirer. Everyone seems so happily busy: the towns are so bright and clean: the fields so green: the cows in their jackets look so comfortable: there seems to be such a complete absence of squalid poverty and of ostentatious wealth. I could fancy it a much happier and sounder social state than ours: but very likely this is because I know nothing about it. But surely there are many points in which we might take a lesson from them. The patient industry with which they have reclaimed such a lot of land from the sea: should we have been willing to put it forth? and all their triumphs of gardening and dairy-farming, were they utterly beyond our possibility of achievement, our soil and climate being so like theirs?

But most of all, I feel what a miserable pity it is that we should have made such a people as this our enemies: so nearly allied to us in blood, our fellow-Protestants, our comrades in the life and death struggle with Spain: and yet all the civility of the people cannot hide even from casual travellers that they do dislike and, I fear, distrust us. Those seventeenth century battles, the work of Cromwell and Charles II., seemed objectless and miserable enough: but this South African estrangement is worse still. You know that I was rather disposed to think the Boer War an inevitable one: but I am rather sliding away from that opinion and am more and more feeling what a terribly expensive luxury 'Joseph' has been to England. To think of such a friendship as this, lost, and our good name among the nations stained, for the sake of these dirty speculators on the Rand is indeed exasperating.

His treatment of the question at the actual time of the war is of great importance for the estimation of his opinions and character, since it shows most clearly his desire to think out fairly and candidly the whole question of the Quaker attitude to war, and of the meaning of Christ's precepts

in the Sermon on the Mount. He believed that 'Christ was not there dealing with the duties of His followers as an organised community,' that to go through this life as individual souls without acknowledging any obligations, political or social, is not possible to any man, and that as we have these obligations and are bound by indissoluble bonds to one another and to the State, surely Christian common-sense tells us that we not only may, but *must*, recognise their force even when we are considering the other obligations laid upon us by these momentous words of our Master, Christ. He thought in consequence that 'some men may, in the present age of the world and in the discharge of their duties to the State, rightly use the weapons of war. But it should be done only as a sad and solemn necessity. The "joys of the strife," which have been so vividly painted by poets, must, I fear, be pronounced to be in hopeless discord with the Sermon on the Mount.' He recognised that his conception of Christian soldiers dealing death as a matter of sad and stern necessity, would be considered as a 'mere fantastic dream.' The events of the years since 1914 have shown that many have felt themselves called upon to wage war in that spirit. He, like many who have lately felt it their duty to fight, was convinced of the inconsistency of those who are apparently satisfied to combine the profession of Christianity with the career of arms, without a thought of their ultimate discordance. He believed that 'the possibility of a mutual compact in favour of disarmament amongst Christian states must not be dismissed. It must be regarded as the ideal at which Christian rulers ought to aim: each statesman who called himself a Christian should feel it to be his obvious duty to take some conscious steps towards the realisation of that ideal.' It should be the practical aim of 'every true Christian patriot to make his State a Christ-state among the nations.' Such a State would be strong, brave, patient, courteous. In striking words, he urged the duty of Christian courtesy as one needing special emphasis.

The printing press and the electric telegraph have brought the nations of the world closer together than they ever were before. Closer together in one sense, but farther asunder

in another. Every rude word, every suspicious thought, every sarcastic comment on our neighbour's doings is at once echoed, as it were, in tones of thunder round the world. If private individuals in ordinary daily life behaved to one another as the nations of the world, as represented by their journalists now behave, social life would be intolerable. . . . Is it vain to hope for a time when nations shall feel that they can, without any reflection on their courage, be as courteous to one another as citizen is to citizen in the relations of social life. To be a Christ-State would be the highest and noblest ideal that a nation could aim at, but, failing this, even to be a nation which never fell below the standard of the behaviour of a well-born gentleman, would be worth aiming at, and if universally adopted, prevent many wars. . . . If our nation will but drink in deeply the spirit of Christ's teaching and will with strength, courage, patience, and courtesy strive to make His ideal real, it is truly possible that in the course of the coming century, she may have as great a part in the abolition of war as she has already had in the abolition of slavery.

To H. M. Wallis. Barmoor Castle: 26 June, 1907.

. . . To come to the real crux of the question. What are we to make of the words of Christ and how are we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, to reconcile them with any exercise of physical force for the restraint of evil-doers or for the defence of our country from armed invasion? For I feel with you that policemen and soldiers are separated by such thin and shadowy lines that it is not satisfactory to make a great eternal principle of our religion rest on that narrow distinction.

I have for some years held the following opinion as to the Sermon on the Mount. Christ is there speaking to the little company of His followers who were to go forth and conquer the world by suffering, laying down their lives as He was about to lay down His, for the salvation of His enemies. But neither in our Saviour's own mind, nor in the minds of those who listened to Him, was there the least element of thought as to what might be the duty of Christians when gathered into that kind of Community which we call a 'State,' in possession of the State's machinery and responsible for its working. . . . I am inclined, therefore, to think that if our Saviour now returned to earth, and if one of His disciples asked for His guidance on the question

whether he might use police force to protect property or military force to repel unjust attack by a foreign Power, He would not withhold the required permission. But surely any such use of force (exercised as it would probably have to be even to the taking away of life) would have to be made with no lightness of heart, but under a stern and solemn sense of absolute duty. . . . All this reviewing and prancing about, this display of beautiful uniforms, this mutual complimenting of kings and grand-dukes, 'I constitute you colonel of this regiment,' 'I make you admiral of that ship,' and so on, besides being often very silly and futile, is emphatically 'not of the Father, but is of the world.'

Thinking on these things and on the burden which military and naval budgets lay upon poor struggling populations, I feel that I do honestly detest the spirit of Militarism, and that when I say 'Thy Kingdom come' one element in my prayer is for the exorcism of this evil spirit.

You called me (as I have said quite rightly) an advocate of the *Via Media*. I thank you for these words which do help me to understand my own position. In the long pilgrimage of the Human Race, I seem to see on the right a high and most difficult path which some pilgrims have trodden with bleeding feet. . . . That is the path of absolute obedience to the great words of Christ, the path which individual martyrs have trodden, and which I can conceive it possible that a martyr-State, wholly imbued with the spirit of Christ, might have to tread. . . . Then, on the left, is a deep gulf, the gulf of universal hatred and suspicion. This is that which was travelled through by the miners of Nevada when every man went armed, and if you saw your neighbour putting his hand to his pocket, though it might be only to take out his handkerchief, it was your wisdom to pot him with your revolver, because he might be going to pot you.

This is the chasm in which they dwell who are for ever clamouring for larger expenditure on armaments. 'Two-power standard,' 'Three-power standard,' 'Universal military service,' 'You are in a fool's paradise,' 'Germany, Russia, the United States are longing to be at you,' and so on. . . . Between the two, lies the broad highway of Human Brotherhood, not absolutely unarmed, but with the very minimum of arms.

This is the state of society in which we live. There is, of course, in the background a possible appeal to physical

force, to prevent our all 'perishing in our innocency' at the hands of the murderer and the ravisher; but it is so much in the background that practically we go from the cradle to the grave without ever seeing it exercised. Why is this? Because, practically, Moral Force, the Spirit of the Community, is enough for our protection.

When I was at Falmouth a few years ago, I met Sir Edmund Henderson, who had been Chief Commissioner of Police in London at the time of the visit of the Shah of Persia. The Shah asked him how many men he had under his command, and when he was told 16,000 (or whatever the number may be) he said, 'But how can you with only 16,000 men keep all these millions of men in order?' '*Votre Majesté*,' said Sir Edmund, '*c'est la Force Morale*.' '*Qu'est-ce que la Force Morale?*' said the Shah, who had not apparently met with that strange creature in Persia. We in Christian Europe and America know something about it, and I hope we shall know more. I trust it is not a mere dream that some day, if not in our time, perhaps in the days of our grandsons, *la Force Morale* may be so strong that practically the appeal to physical force to settle the quarrels of nations may be as rare as it is now in our country to settle the disputes of individuals.

I think things are working towards this consummation. I think that even the growing power of the young democracies may bring it nearer. I must believe that the Father, who spoke to us through Jesus Christ, wills it. And notwithstanding all the theoretical difficulties about the limits of the permitted resort to Physical Force, I want to be on the side of those who are working with God towards that end.

In 1905, when the relations between England and Germany were very strained, he helped to draw up a message sent by the Society of Friends to the 'Lovers of peace in Germany,' in which regret was expressed at the attempts made by some to sow suspicion and jealousy between two peoples, both belonging to the Teutonic stock and 'allied to one another by a common faith and a long friendship.' He was one of an Anglo-German Friendship Committee that was formed in that year by many influential persons, and he was always eager to use any influence he possessed in the cause of peace. In 1910, moved by a most

provocative article in the *Nineteenth Century*, suggesting an ultimatum to Germany unless its warlike preparations were at once stopped, he wrote a reply which appeared in the next issue and which concluded with these words :

Let not England, which, whatever her detractors may say, has a conscience, do anything to loosen the hold of Moral Force upon the world. Our way is dark and difficult enough, but let us not lose heart, nor let go our hold on Right.

When compulsory service was introduced into Australia, he was much disturbed at the way in which some of those who objected to serve on conscientious grounds were treated. Writing to the *Daily News* on this subject, he said :

It must be admitted that there is enough in the New Testament to raise a doubt in some minds whether the War System as we know it is altogether in accordance with the mind of Christ, and if the effect of this Conscription Act, ruthlessly enforced, is to crush out all independence of thought on such a question, to make it impossible for a George Fox or a William Booth to arise in future generations, it will not have wrought well for the true defence of Australia. It is not the fact of the preparation of national defence for Australia to which we object. It is the compulsory nature of the service, and especially its enforcement on immature youths which seems to us so monstrous, and I must again say, so un-English. It reminds us of the old bad days of the press-gang.

The views here gathered together concerning the difficult question of the possible rightfulness of war are not only valuable because of their intrinsic worth, especially in these days, but because they show the way in which he always kept his mind open and struggled to see all sides of a question in order to arrive at a just view. It was characteristic of him that, not even in old age, did he get set in his views. He was ever ready to reconsider things when a diversity of opinion was possible. After the Boer War he inclined more and more to the pacifist position, and probably his final views on war are expressed in the Swarthmore lecture, delivered in 1911, words which come

home to us now with a poignancy which he could scarcely have imagined.

Can we really imagine men renewed in knowledge, after the image of Him that created them, devoting the best energies of their minds to the perfecting of machines for the destruction of their brethren, devising artillery which shall crush out of life an unseen foe some ten miles distant, a torpedo which shall pierce the hull of a stately vessel and sink a thousand men suddenly beneath the ocean, or an aeroplane from which a bomb may be dropped upon an unsuspecting enemy? Are these the works of the children of light or of the sons of darkness? I do not forget the many hearts full of love for Christ that have beaten beneath the soldier's jacket. . . . But though these men did not perceive the essential incongruity between Christ and war, we *do*, and I believe the present and the coming generations will perceive it yet more clearly. There is nothing in all these arguments against war for him who does not believe in God's revelation of Himself through Christ . . . it seems to some of us, pondering on the future of the world, that Christianity must destroy war: if not, war will destroy Christianity.

He pictures the vision of the Delectable Mountains.

But between us and them lies a craggy, cruel ravine of impenetrable darkness, from which at intervals arise the cries and groans of men, women, and children sacrificed to the Moloch of war. Till that ravine can be spanned, till the misery and the waste, the folly and the bestial ferocity of the war system can be put behind us, the Delectable Mountains cannot be reached . . . is it possible that this dream, which all men praise as a dream, can ever become reality? No! it is absolutely impossible if God is not, if there be no righteous Governor of the Universe, but if He is, and if it be as we assuredly believe, His will, He will bring it to pass.

With the nineteenth century Hodgkin's twenty-five years' labour on 'Italy and her Invaders' came to an end. As he notes the fact he writes: 'My friends congratulate and condole with me at the end of such a long and pleasant journey. I do not feel that I need the condolence. If I

want to write again I shall do so, but meanwhile it is pleasant to feel that I have kept faith with the public and that now as long as I please I may read history instead of writing it.' He could not be long without writing, and was soon busy with various papers and reviews. His mind and his reading began to turn most of all to the study of Border History, a subject brought prominently before him by residence at Barmoor. The Border papers which he now studied he found 'more interesting than any novel.'

To his son Robin. Barmoor: 28 May, 1901.

. . . I find the Border Papers [1] increasingly interesting and hope I may be able to make a little book (popular—not academic) out of them. The laws of the Marches, the meetings between the English and Scottish wardens, the stories of raids and border feuds are full of human nature; and being able to examine each *locus in quo* the events occurred adds greatly to the interest. In next week, June 6, I am to go over to Hawick to witness the ancient custom of 'Common riding.'

He was, however, diverted from a subject full of fascination for him, by an urgent request that he should write the first volume of a series on the Political History of England, to be published by Messrs. Longman. He yielded to pressure, but wondered whether he had been wise in so doing. 'I feel that I am leaving my own ground of Early Italian history for a field in which others have been long working and that I am in danger of displaying my ignorance before them.' Once started, his subject of course got hold of him. He even began to study the Welsh language, believing 'that the history of Britain ought not to be written from the purely Teutonic point of view.' Before long he began to see clearly the line of his book, and started on the actual writing, which went very easily. He said: 'The story of Cerdic and Cealwin seemed to write itself and I was always getting down to the bottom of the page.' His interest was specially aroused when he came to treat of Alfred. To help him to understand that great man he went through Boethius, that he might compare the original with Alfred's translation,

[1] This refers to a Government publication of official and other papers.

and wrote: 'It is very interesting to note Alfred's omissions as well as his additions. One seems to get very close to the great King's mind when one notes both what he omits and what he inserts in his exceedingly free translation.'

The more he knew of Alfred the more he loved and admired him, and he enjoyed visiting the chief places connected with his career.

To his sister Elizabeth. Falmouth: 10 April, 1904.

. . . We have had a delightful little tour through some of the loveliest parts of Wessex. . . . I think I have really got a little fresh light on Alfred's life by visiting Wedmore and seeing the site of Alfred's palace at Mudgeley (unromantic name!). Salisbury, and Stonehenge: how grand they are! how satisfying each is in its utterly different way to one's idea of what man should do in the way of temple-raising, if he does anything and is not rather overwhelmed by the thought, 'What house will ye build me and what is the place of my rest?'

He was still haunted at times by the thought that his knowledge of the period was not sufficiently profound, and said that he was afraid the history was going to be rather a shoddy performance, and that he should have had ten years to prepare for it. It was a relief when, in November, 1904, he could send off the last sheets of the book, and he wrote to his son that he was heartily glad to be rid of the burden. In all his previous long years of literary work he had never been troubled by editorial criticism, and it was a great worry to him now to have to adapt his views to meet what the editors considered to be the conditions of the series. He had to condense and to meet many criticisms, both on his style and his methods. At one time he was so perturbed that he even proposed to withdraw the book and wrote to Miss Alice Gardner, who had dedicated her book on Theodore of Studium to him, 'It came at a very opportune time, for I have been from various causes a good deal worried over my present work at the early history of England and began to fear that I had mistaken my vocation in venturing to assume the office of historian.' Finally, he wrote on December 14, 1905, 'I have done my best, the book will soon be out of the

press, read, reviewed, vilified and forgotten.' His prediction was not realised. The book was very favourably received and proved to be one of the most successful of the series. His own intimate knowledge of Northumberland and of the places made famous by the deeds of its kings and saints, when the Kingdom of Northumbria played the chief part in the history of our island, gave life and colour to the book. Miss Edith Sichel wrote to him: 'You know no such thing as dry bones, you make them live before they have time to get dry, and all these kings of the sixth and seventh centuries who till now have been to me merely a tangled skein of blood-stained royalties, live and move and have their being, and I find myself *loving* some of them.'

He brought out more clearly than other historians, such as J. R. Green and E. A. Freeman, who had dealt with that period, how non-Saxon elements had entered into the making of England, and took up a moderate position between their view, which seemed to him to go too far in one direction, and those who had ignored what they had insisted upon. As in his other historical writings, he made his story alive not only by his vivid presentation of the characters he dealt with, but by his frequent parallels with events in modern times. In this book, as in his other historical work, he liked to stick close to his authorities. He delighted in the political narrative of events and cared less for the constitutional problems.

He continued to write often for the Friends' *Quarterly Examiner*, sometimes an article on a book which had struck him, such as Fogazzaro's novel 'Il Santo,' or on some question of the day such as National Education, or the Ecclesiastical Difficulty in Scotland. Other papers dealt with the lives of outstanding members of the Society of Friends, the Gurneys, J. B. Braithwaite, and James Parnel. But his favourite subject of study from the day when he had finished with 'Italy and her Invaders' was always the history of the Border. This study fitted in well with his long devotion to the Roman Wall, the great monument which first brought the Border into history. His interest in that never weakened. Lecturing on Self-culture in 1901, he

described himself as fanatical about Roman remains, and urged each young man and woman to have a hobby : he knew well what joy had come to him through his hobbies.

His archæological interests remained as keen as ever, and nothing ever interfered with his early love for the Roman Wall. His studies in connexion with the German Pfahlgraben had brought him into touch with German archæologists and their publications and he learned much from their methods. He became increasingly convinced of the importance of excavation, and British archæology owes him a great debt for the work he helped to initiate in this direction, along the line of the Roman Wall. In this work he had the assistance of Professor Haverfield, of Oxford, of Mr. Cadwallader Bates, of his son-in-law, Mr. R. C. Bosanquet, and many others. The Duke of Northumberland was always ready to assist, and Mr. Clayton, near whose house at Chollerford lies the important camp of Chesters, was, as always, the enthusiastic supporter of all work connected with the Wall. Hodgkin was one of the secretaries of the Excavation Committee, and in an appeal for funds, issued in 1898, he said, ' our best chance of obtaining further information as to the condition of Britain during the four centuries of Roman occupation lies in the judicious use of the spade and the pickaxe.' The first camp excavated was Borcovicus. Hodgkin followed the work with deep interest and news was sent to him regularly of the various discoveries. In 1904 he signed another appeal for funds as Vice-President of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. In it he spoke of the work that had been done and of what might still be looked for in the way of inscriptions ' which would throw an invaluable light on the story of Roman domination or of relics of antiquity, like the beautiful *fibulæ* discovered in the ruins of Æsica.'

His general Border studies suggested the subject—the Wardens of the Marches—which he chose when asked to give at the London University the first Creighton lecture, an annual lecture founded in memory of his old friend, Dr. Creighton, himself a keen student of Border history. The Duke of Northumberland, in thanking him for the lecture, wrote : ' It is wonderful how much you have been

able to get together about a somewhat obscure subject.' And one of his audience, writing to him after the lecture, said: 'As far as I know there is nothing published which contains so compendiously the salient facts of Border history; you have set forth with great clearness all that is really necessary to be known regarding the Border laws and customs.' Dr. Hodgkin was not likely to sympathise with this last opinion. There was no limit to the knowledge he wished to acquire. He continued to the end of his life to be what he called 'very pleasantly engaged in Border history,' but the history that first Dr. Creighton and then he dreamt of writing still remains to be undertaken by a future student. Meanwhile, by his frequent lectures he made much of the knowledge he acquired profitable to others. During his Barmoor years he did much lecturing of a very varied kind, lecturing often twice and sometimes three times in the same week. He was equally happy with an audience of 800 in a large town, or with a handful of interested villagers in a remote Northumbrian village, knowing how to adapt his abundant material to each audience. He was very sensitive to the temper of his hearers. Once after lecturing on Ravenna at a university, he wrote, 'My lecture did not seem to me to go very well. I was a little put out by the uproarious applause of the students, but the audience seemed to think it was all right.' Another time, after lecturing to students on 'Some Impressions of Greece,' he notes, 'a bad failure, students made a noise, slides confused,' and two days later, 'students penitent, but I do not lecture there again.' Once, after giving three different lectures, he wrote:

The two extempore ones went off much better than the written one. This is in a way disappointing, because it means that the more pains one takes with a thing the worse one does it. But, on the other hand, when it is not all written down beforehand, one gets into closer touch with one's audience and gets part of one's inspiration from them, and I think they feel this.

Of the spirit in which he lectured some idea is given by the words of another teacher and student who wrote of a lecture given by Hodgkin to the Historical Association on 'The

Teaching of History in Schools,' 'If it were not so beautiful, it would be almost grotesque in a man of his learning and achievements to talk to us poor little students and school teachers as if *we* knew more about the subject than he did.' The subjects of his lectures were very varied; perhaps those most often chosen were the Border or the Roman Wall. Ravenna was another favourite subject, and, after his stay in Athens, 'St. Paul in Greece.' Amongst biblical and theological subjects, Amos, Hosea, and Sacerdotalism appear most often. At the age of seventy-seven he once lectured at Leeds to the University in the afternoon on the Roman Wall, and to the Literary and Philosophical Institute in the evening on the Border, and notes: 'Both the lectures went off well and I was not at all tired.'

His eminence as a student and historian had been recognised by different universities and learned societies. He was D.C.L. of Oxford and Durham and Litt.D. of Dublin, and had been made a member of several German and Italian learned societies, besides being elected *honoris causâ* to the Athenæum. In 1902 he was made a member of the new British Academy.

To Wilson King. 26 August, 1902.

I am sadly ignorant as to how much it amounts to or what it involves: but I think the attempt to get into a focus the at present very scattered rays of English historical scholarship is in itself praiseworthy. But please note that I use the word 'Scholarship' of those who feel that they are still at school and have need to be continually learning, not of those 'who have already apprehended' and need study no more. I am troubled at the thought that some, like Prothero and Percy Gardner, who have certainly better claims than I, yet are not included in the mystic 49.

After the first meeting he attended he wrote: 'We are an elderly lot and I must say that we seem rather dull dogs.'

To the Secretary of the British Academy.

December 7, 1903.

. . . My conception of the work of the Academy had been that of a body advising, co-ordinating and reporting on the work of other learned bodies rather than undertaking

itself original research work which would require the expenditure of considerable sums of money.

Ever since my visit to Rome last April, at the time of the Historical Congress, I have felt that our Academy might do a most useful work in bringing before all the Centres of Higher Education, but especially the two great Universities, the views which were there expressed as to Historical Teaching.

From France, from Germany, and even from Belgium, we had most interesting descriptions of the method adopted in order to train up the historians of the future.

'Historical Laboratories' was the term used in order to describe these institutions: the *Seminars* of Germany, the *École des Chartes* and *École des Hautes Études* of France, and the similar institutions of Belgium.

One could not but feel that while most of our University curriculum is adapted only to the purpose of enabling a certain number of young men to pass a stiff examination, the method adopted in these 'historical laboratories' was calculated to make real effective labourers in the field of historical research, and to do away with the reproach of 'Amateurishness' which is so often brought, and sometimes not altogether unjustly, against some of us English workers.

In listening to the admirable exposition of his method of teaching given by M. Gabriel Monod, I was vividly reminded of the admirable monograph on Gregory of Tours, and some of the other historians of Merovingian France, which M. Monod presented to the world as the fruit of six months' labour *in conjunction with his pupils*.

I suppose almost all the teachers of history in the older universities would admit the advantage to be derived from a post-graduate course of this kind, independent of examinations and devoted only to original research; but the difficulty is how to adjust it to our present system and especially how to provide adequate remuneration for the teachers. Here I venture to think that the friendly advice of the Academy, and possibly even the use of its influence with the Treasury in order to obtain the necessary pecuniary assistance for the new Historical Laboratories might be found very helpful.

There are one or two smaller matters in which I think the Academy might usefully lend a hand.

(1) Would it be possible to provide somewhere a yearly

review of the results obtained in the field of history and its cognate sciences, such as used to be generally supplied for Physical Science by the President of the British Association, before specialisation was carried so far as to render such a review impossible.

(2) There are many books in foreign languages which would be useful to a much wider range of historical students if translated into English, but which no publisher will venture to undertake. . . . Possibly here a very moderate pecuniary grant from the Government would at once make these books accessible to the English student. . . .

(3) If the Academy ever has a local habitation of its own, and can find room for a library, I think it might welcome gifts and bequests of books from its members and others on special historical subjects. I suppose that all of us who are not writing in the immediate neighbourhood of a great library of reference are obliged more or less to create a small reference library of our own. It seems a pity that these should be scattered to the winds when one's time for using them is over. . . . A library thus composed of the working tools of many students might be found very useful, even in the same city which contains the British Museum: but possibly it might not be located there. I sometimes think that even the notebooks of, say, such a man as the late Professor Gardiner, might be a precious possession for future historians.

In 1902 he rather reluctantly consented to write a sketch of the history of Western Europe from 500 to 1500, as an introduction to Harmsworth's History of Europe. This, which came to be called his 'Hustled History,' cost him much time and labour. He was asked to write the sketch in ten pages, but he wrote thirty, which the editor was glad to print, considering it a most able contribution to the book. He managed to make this rapid sketch both instructive and interesting, a stimulating introduction to the study of the period.

During these years he continued to take much interest in the development of the College at Newcastle, which, founded in 1871 as a College of Physical Science in connexion with the University of Durham, gradually enlarged its scope. Hodgkin was a diligent member of its Council, and when the proposal was made to erect new buildings for

the College in memory of Lord Armstrong, he took an active share in collecting the necessary money, besides being a generous benefactor himself.

The dispute between the United Free Church of Scotland and what became known as the Wee Free, in 1904, absorbed a good deal of his time and attention. The judgment pronounced by the House of Lords in the first instance, handing over all the property 'of the great, strenuous United Free Church of Scotland to a little band of noisy, fanatical obscurantists' he described as shocking 'all one's notions of equity and common-sense.' He wrote a letter to the *Spectator* on the subject which gave great satisfaction to his Scotch friends. In it he said: 'I am afraid that most of my countrymen are taking this matter too lightly. For my part, I feel the injustice and the cruelty of the decision of the House of Lords so keenly that it robs me of sleep.'

To his sister Elizabeth. Barmoor Castle: 18 September, 1904.

. . . As thou knowest, I have also taken a keen interest in this question between the two Free Kirks and have raised my feeble voice in protest against the frightful injustice of the decision of the House of Lords. Don't think that this is a Border slogan raised by me in a spirit of mischief. I never wrote a letter under a more solemn feeling of absolute duty, and though it has subjected me to a good deal of chaff and to some grave rebuke, I by no means repent of having written it. Of course, the easy criticism is, 'What business is it of yours?' but I think I have in me a little of dear 'Uncle Doctor's' spirit which is made miserable by hearing of injustice, even though it does not touch my own pocket, and long to remedy it.

To his son Robin. 3 December, 1904.

I have spoken twice on the Scottish Church question —once at Edinburgh and once at Newcastle. The more I look into the question, the more I am astonished at the lighthearted way in which the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues have plunged into questions of which they were and are as ignorant as I am of quaternions, and at the confusion and injustice which they have caused by their arrogant conceit.

He was aroused to take a more active share in politics than he had done for some years by what he described as 'the deluge of speeches and articles on "Fiscal Reform"' which came in 1903 from Joseph Chamberlain and his followers. Hodgkin was convinced that 'on the whole the economic creed adopted by our fathers sixty years ago was a sound one.' He wrote:

I admit the great difficulty and complexity of the subject and I do not think the Free Trader should scoff at the Fair Trader as an obviously fatuous person. But what I do regret and what fills me with alarm for the future, is the levity with which great masses of Englishmen seem to have changed their minds on this important question.

To his brother Howard. Barmoor Castle: 22 December, 1903.

I am exactly in your condition, decidedly strengthened in my Free Trade convictions by all the discussions of the last six months and *very* anxious as to the future of our country under the new, most unscrupulous demagogy which calls itself Imperialism, and 'Fiscal Reform.'

Who believes that all these dukes and earls and manufacturers and journalists who are tumbling over one another to get near to Chamberlain's feet and prostrate themselves before him, are actuated by a desire to find more work and better wages for the working man? Not I. (I confess that I am puzzled by Charles Booth's adherence to the movement.) Politics are just becoming a game of sordid pecuniary 'grab,' and at the present rate of decline will soon reach the low American level. I don't think, however, that we need yet despair. I think it is chiefly the half-educated, would-be genteel, lower middle class that Joe is carrying with him, but they are very numerous, and it will be a hard up-hill fight.

I think it ought to be more clearly brought out than it has been, that the Balfour and Chamberlain policies are not only different but *irreconcilable*. Balfour talks about 'regaining freedom in our fiscal policy,' and evidently means to put on and take off heavy Customs duties as a bit of clever fencing with other nations; but how can he do this when he is at the same time bound by 'preferential' compacts with a score of British Colonies? Unless indeed he is going to confine his retaliatory policy to duties

on finished manufactured goods: and I believe that would carry him very little way.

To his sister Mariabella. Barmoor Castle: 31 December, 1903.

Just come in from looking at the snowy slopes of Cheviot. I want to send a thought or two to thee, dear sister, before the Old Year has given up the ghost. . . . It has been, I think, a rather sad and a very perplexing year . . . as to public affairs: how perplexing, how painful they are! What pains me most, I think, is the way in which the politicians of the new school talk of our extraordinary blindness not to see that which is so manifest to all men of common sense. 'Was it manifest to you a year ago? Would not you have laughed then at any one seriously advocating a return to Protection? What has made all this vast difference between your then—Wisdom and our now—Foolishness?' Only the fact that the great Joseph has spoken. Joseph the Infallible, the Patriotic, the large-minded Statesman, and so on, and so on. Alas! 'I am half sick of shadows' and of the humbug of newspapers and statesmen. I should like to hibernate from all newspapers for five or six years (if I am to live so long) and then to emerge and say, 'Well, what have you done with poor old England now?'

His Free Trade convictions were so strong as to lead him to withdraw from the Liberal Unionist Association, though he protested against not being considered to belong to the Liberal Unionist party because he was a Free Trader. 'The position of the Unionist party on that subject has changed rather suddenly,' he wrote, and he felt that its members had to decide 'between their loyalty to party on the one hand and their own conviction of political truth on the other.' He considered it to be particularly annoying that

a good clear issue was not raised between the contending parties. There is no doubt something to be said for Protection or even for Prohibition of foreign manufactures, but one can hardly ever have the pleasure of hearing that something fairly and squarely stated.

Feelings of duty compelled him very reluctantly to take a foremost part in the struggle. He wrote:

It is rather hard on me that I, who was a very languid Free Trader three years ago, am being forced into the forefront of the battle as far as Northumberland is concerned. The Fiscal Reformers are busy and rather bitter ; the Free Traders, for the most part, seem to think that the question will settle itself without their aid, and I and a very few men who feel with me the immense importance of the question, have to make sacrifices of time and money to defend what, a short time ago, was considered by most people self-evident truth.

When, in June, 1904, he took the chair and spoke at the Cobden centenary dinner at the Newcastle Liberal Club, he received a rapturous welcome which, he thought, showed a little feeling of joy ' over the sinner that repenteth.'

He advocated Free Trade at many meetings in Newcastle and elsewhere, and in the election of 1906 he did not hesitate to work on the Liberal side though still opposed to Home Rule. He wrote (December 9, 1905) :

In the present state of affairs it will be time enough to resist a Home Rule Bill when it is brought in. The revolt of Ireland is not just now a live issue ; the introduction of Protection and the handing us over to the dominion of trusts is.

Politics were very engrossing at this time, and he wrote in his diary, ' Contemporary history is now a most dangerous rival to the sixteenth century.' Towards the end of 1905 he visited Fallodon, the home of Sir Edward Grey, and wrote :

It was interesting to be at Fallodon when it was still on the knees of the gods whether Sir E. Grey accepted or refused office. I am very glad he has accepted, but no doubt there will be trouble whatever the present Ministry do or do not do.

Since, in his opinion, the election of 1906 was fought on the Free Trade issue, he was able heartily to support Sir Edward Grey's candidature for the Berwick Division and spoke for him at several meetings. The temper of the people struck him as sound, and he wrote : ' I am glad that John Bull has shown that he does not like tactics and finesse.'

He was much interested in the Education Bill brought in by the new Government. Eager for the progress of education, he wished to help to find a way out of the religious difficulty, and wrote a pamphlet chiefly intended 'to induce the fierce Nonconformists to moderate their pretensions and acquiesce in the concessions to the Church party which Birrell would be bound to make.' He also wrote a letter to the *Spectator* on December 30, 1905, in which, after speaking as to the difficult problem which lay before the Liberal Party with regard to retaining or rescinding the Education Bill of 1902, he went on to say:

The essential defect of that measure was that, on a question which required the most careful consideration and regard for the conscientious convictions of a large body of English citizens, no such regard was shown. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Liberal Party, should they come into power, will not fall into the same error on the opposite side. It would be disastrous as well as unjust, merely to substitute the 'passively resisting' Churchman for the 'passively resisting' Nonconformist.

To Lord Justice Fry. Amsterdam: 26 April, 1906.

. . . About Birrell's Bill: I longed to have a talk with you about it. You may, perhaps, have seen what I wrote about it in the *Friend* for last week and have inferred that I thought it on the whole a fair compromise between the claims of Churchmen and Nonconformists. I am forced to reconsider the question by two things: (1) I find that moderate non-political men, such as H. and Bishop Jacob, are made so desperately sore and sad by the Bill. H. tells me that he can think of little else by day and night, and Bishop Jacob says that nothing that has happened in his time has so painfully 'hurt' the Church of England as Birrell's proposal. And then (2) I have heard to-day that a young M.P.—a very keen Nonconformist—came to Mrs. —— in such high glee after Birrell's speech, saying, 'It is a splendid Bill, a magnificent Bill,' and so on. I mislike his jubilation quite as much as poor H.'s depression. And yet, on the whole, when I come to think over the matter, the main scope and purport of the Bill does seem to me not only fair but necessary. Is it not the fact that there is something here at issue deeper than the wrangle between Churchmen and Dissenters of

which the newspapers are full? As I said in my answer to Bishop Jacob, 'If Dr. Clifford and all his friends joined the Church to-morrow, it would still be necessary that this Bill, or something like it, should be passed.' National Education, when we were boys, was in the hands of amateurs: it has now got, or is getting, into the hands of (comparative) experts. A great and strong 'teaching Profession' has grown up. Every year it has grown bigger and stronger; and it cannot be kept in that position of subordination to the parish clergyman which the majority of teachers were content to occupy in 1830 or 1840. The clergy of the Church of England can no more run the Elementary Schools of the nation than they can manage its railways. Have they clearly perceived this fact and all that it involves? I think this should moderate the excited talk about confiscation in which both Archbishops, most of the Bishops, and all sorts of Diocesan Synods, Easter vestry meetings, and the like, are so freely indulging.

It will be intensely interesting to see what course the debate in Parliament takes. What I most fear is that politicians generally may get so utterly sick of these wrangles between the Churches that they may say, 'A plague on both your houses.' 'There shall be no religious teaching of any kind, denominational or undenominational, in any State-supported school.' And so we shall be landed against our will in bare secular education; a system which is perhaps logically the most defensible of any, but which few really patriotic Englishmen desire.

Great was his indignation when, as he expressed it, 'that effete committee of the Tory party, the House of Lords, threw out the Bill.' Writing in his diary on the shortest day of the year, he said, 'The day was not so short as their sight. The continuance of the reign of chaos and old night in matters educational was the result of their action.'

In 1906 he found himself drawn by what he called 'an ever strengthening current, into the work of the Congo Reform Association.' It was a cause certain to appeal to his own generous nature as well as to his hereditary instincts. He joined heart and soul with Mr. E. D. Morel in what he described as an effort 'to pull down the gigantic edifice of cruelty, oppression, and fraud which that scoundrel, Leopold II., has reared in the vast region of the Congo Free State.'

It was indeed wrestling against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against ' Spiritual wickedness in high places." He could not doubt that the Association was on the Lord's side, and it was a perpetual comfort and inspiration to him to think how his dear ' Uncle Doctor ' would have approved of his share in the work. Writing to the Duke of Northumberland on the subject in October, 1907, he said :

As a student of history, I must express my deliberate conviction that nothing so wicked has been done by Europeans towards the native races since the days of Cortez and Pizarro, *if then*, and I fear the righteous judgment of God not only on the doers of these crimes, but also on any country which, having the power to prevent them, suffers them to be done.

A branch of the Association was formed in the North of England with him as President, and he was indefatigable in the assistance that he gave to its work by collecting funds and speaking at meetings. He corresponded constantly with Mr. E. D. Morel and brought all his influence and the wisdom of a mind enlightened by long experience, to aid in the efforts of the Association, to influence Government and public opinion. He recognised that it was not easy for the Government to undertake such energetic action as was desirable for the sake of the oppressed and tortured natives of the Congo, and believed that Sir Edward Grey was as determined as the Association itself to work for Reform, but this did not diminish his ardour in the cause, nor his efforts to get the public to realise what was happening. He was ready without a murmur to face discomfort and exertion which would have tried a much younger man, in order to speak at a series of meetings in the northern towns during a particularly biting winter, that he might plead the cause of the Congo natives, whose wrongs aroused both his passion for justice and his passion for his country's honour. A Newcastle Liberal when he saw that Hodgkin was going to speak either on this question or on the Macedonian Atrocities, said : ' I do like to hear Dr. Hodgkin's righteous wrath. It is so unlike other people's ; the more he feels things, the calmer and quieter he gets.'

To his daughter Lily (Mrs. Gresford Jones).

Newcastle: 18 December, 1906.

I have been very deep in Congo for the last few days or I would have answered your letter sooner. I think on the whole things look rather brighter than they did for the poor harried people of the Congo 'Free State' (the most absolutely *Slave* State I should think that there ever has been since the foundation of the world), but we are not yet at the top of the hill. If Belgium takes over the State from Leopold without an absolute change of policy towards the natives we are no further forward, and shall have to fight a nation instead of an individual.

I am much interested in E. D. Morel, who does seem a man raised up by God for the express purpose of fighting this giant iniquity. . . . It is also a great joy to me to feel that in what I am doing on behalf of the Congolese natives, little as it is, I am at least working on the lines which the dear man whose heir and namesake I am ('Uncle Doctor') would have most desired. His whole life was devoted to the cause of 'Aborigines' Protection,' and I can hardly bear to think of how his righteous soul would have been vexed by the reports of the atrocities which Leopold and his minions are perpetrating at the expense of these unhappy Africans.

All cases of injustice and persecution appealed to him, and work for the Congo did not prevent his taking a keen interest in the sufferings of the Macedonians. When his feelings were deeply stirred it was hard to be met by diplomatic obstacles to the action he thought desirable. He was one of a deputation in 1907 to the Foreign Secretary on the subject of Macedonia, and wrote sadly that Sir Edward Grey's speech was 'a stream of cold water on all our desires to help this unhappy people.'

In his political views there was often a great deal both of optimism and idealism; his ingenious mind liked to think out possible solutions of puzzling questions. In 1902, in the midst of the Education controversy, he wrote to the *Spectator* suggesting the formation of a Parliament of Education, composed of persons practically interested in education, and not in the question between the 'Outs' and 'Ins' of politics, which should formulate a scheme to meet the educational needs of the country. Again, in 1907, he writes

to the *Spectator* with reference to 'the vexed question of female suffrage,' suggesting the establishment of a Parliament of Women, to be elected by women, which should deal with many social questions, such as the training of children, the housing of the working classes, the checking of intemperance, and many similar subjects which he believed could be better handled by women than by men.

Fancies such as these show not only his fertile and ingenious mind, but a spirit full of love and the desire for peace, which was ever seeking a way out of difficulties and controversies. It is easy to smile at his proposals as impracticable and fantastic, it is impossible not to love the spirit which originated them.

Letters, 1900–8

To Rufus M. Jones. Barmoor Castle: 21 January, 1900.

At last I find a leisure time to sit down and thank thee for the great pleasure which thou hast given me by the perusal of thy book, 'Practical Christianity.'

It is not a book to be rushed through, but to be read slowly, a couple of pages at a time, that one may quietly meditate upon each separate article and assimilate the truth which one finds in each. With every one of the papers that I have thus read I find myself in entire agreement and feel them to be words in season for the whole Christian Church just at this stage of development. One of those which I read this morning was XLI., 'Is True Religion Emotional?' and here I entirely agree with the conclusion expressed that true religion must have its strong emotional element, yet must not be *all* emotion; a conclusion which is in striking harmony with the chapters of Henry Drummond's Life which I have just been reading. He took part in Moody's great Revival of twenty-six years ago, and in looking back upon it in after years was persuaded that the finger of God had been in that movement (as he said, he could understand the Acts of the Apostles better for his share in the Revival), and yet he felt that something else was wanted besides crowded Revival Meetings and thronged 'Enquiry Rooms' for the building up of Christian character.

By the way, I see that thou hast an allusion to Moody. . . . He was certainly a noble man, and I felt his marvellous power, especially the truth and depth of the pathetic parts of his discourses, and how the bad grammar and uncouth dialect were all swept out of sight by the torrent of his rugged eloquence. Even so, I suppose, the educated Jews of Jerusalem listened to Peter and John: mere Galileans and 'unlearned and ignorant men,' and yet able to utter words which 'cut the hearers of them to the heart.'

To the same. Barmoor Castle: 11 November, 1900.

. . . I have been rather busy lecturing lately, especially on 'English Poets in Connection with the Liberation of Italy.' I find that a new generation is growing up which finds it the most natural thing in the world that *Italia* should be *unita e libera*, and I try to make them understand something of the sharp alternations of hope and despair through which those who loved her best had to pass ere this goal was reached. Shelley, Byron, the two Brownings, Clough, Sydney Dobell, Mrs. Hamilton King, all ought to be mentioned and quoted from; but I have not found it possible to get them all into one lecture nor even into two.

To his Wife. Liverpool: 22 January, 1901.

Dear Lily went in with me to meeting on Sunday morning. We went by railway, so that we had not a long or tedious ride. We saw on our way the more alarming bulletins about the dear Queen's health, the arrival of the German Kaiser, and so on, and I felt that we were all thinking of the same thing and had our faces turned in the same direction. I put up a prayer for her recovery if it were consistent with God's will, and afterwards I spoke on the words, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy Kingdom.' I do believe that the Queen's sceptre has been, speaking after the manner of men, a sceptre of righteousness. An earnest desire to perform her duty to her subjects has been the guiding motive of her actions. Yet still, of course, her reign must come to an end, unlike His throne which is for ever and ever; and her righteousness, like that of every other human being, does not attain to the righteousness of Christ.

I enlarged a little on the difference between Righteousness (absolute truthfulness and fairness of dealing as between

man and man) and Holiness (the attitude of a soul in close constant communion with God), and I ventured to allude to some of the temptations to unrighteousness in a great speculative city like Liverpool.

To his daughter Violet. Barmoor: 23 July, 1901.

. . . One does feel as one comes into touch with one home after another, that we are each bearing our own burden, and that though this gives us a deep, underlying sympathy with the other burden-bearers, it does not always enable (us) to turn our thoughts away from the burden on our own shoulders.

To his brother Howard. 23 August, 1901.

. . . At Oxford I was the guest of Dr. Magrath, the Provost of Queen's. . . . The sky was of an Italian blueness, and to wake in the morning looking out on the spire of St. Mary's, the dome of the Radcliffe, and the pinnacles of All Souls was a joy. Certainly Oxford *is* glorious. . . . I went to meeting in the little back street instead of attending service in Christ Church Chapel. Being full of the beauty of Oxford, I spoke upon the text, ' Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces: for my brethren and companions' sake I will now say " Peace be within thee " ' : alluding to dear old Peter Bedford who quoted this verse to our father when they were gliding away in the train from London. I thought now, ' nobody, not even C. Edwin Gillett, who is sitting beside me, will know or care much about Peter Bedford, who has been dead this forty years.' But, after meeting, an elderly man came up to me and said, ' I remember Peter Bedford well. I was a little fatherless boy at Croydon School and he came up to me and put his kind hand on my head and told me not to be afraid, that God would be my Father and would take care of me through life.'

The Provost had a very interesting party to meet me on Saturday night, and on Sunday I dined in the Common Room. My chief talk was with Sayce, but I had also a little chat with Grenfell, one of the discoverers of the Logia: dark, olive-complexioned, Sphinx-like. . . . Monday was spent in the Bodleian . . . in the evening I gave my lecture on Charlemagne to the Extension students, an audience of about four hundred very good listeners.

To his niece Mrs. Barbour. Barmoor Castle: 6 October, 1901.

I have delayed for a few days thanking you for your very kind present of G. A. Smith's 'Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament,' because I wished to make myself to some extent acquainted with its contents before writing. This I have now done, and I find myself in very general agreement with the good Professor's conclusions. The subject is an intensely interesting and important one: the *most* important, I think, in the whole range of modern thought. As I said in a little article which I wrote in the *Friend* some months ago, all that is wanted is a new 'orientation,' a recognition of the fact that God's way of manifesting Himself to holy men of old was not exactly that which we in our ignorance might have devised for Him. But this adjustment *has* to be made, and is, as I said, the most pressing duty of our age; infinitely more important surely than incense burning and the reservation of the Sacrament, and the other questions which seem to be absorbing the whole attention of the Church of England. What I admire in the 'Kirk' is that it is giving its energies to these real difficulties and helping the poor doubting souls which have 'fallen among thieves,' while some, at any rate, of the other Churches, like the Priest and Levite, are 'passing by on the other side.'

To his niece Mrs. Howard Hodgkin.

Barmoor: 19 January, 1902.

Your letter to Lucy mentions Goethe's letter to Luke Howard (printed in his works). No, indeed, I have not that letter; I earnestly wish I had. I think Howard may have seen the draft of my good grandfather's reply, which I believe was for a short time in my keeping, lent to me by Eliot Howard, and perhaps your Uncle Howard may have seen it then. But the original of Goethe's own letter, though much sought for, has never been found, and I greatly fear that it may have perished in a holocaust of letters and papers which took place after my grandfather's death, when 'Aunt Maria' and her daughters went down to Ackworth Villa to clear out drawers and cupboards, and I am afraid performed their work 'not wisely, but too well.'

The whole question of the keeping or destruction of letters is a very difficult one. I have here some big boxes

filled with the accumulated letters of three generations—great-grandfather, great-aunt, grandfather, father and uncle, and my own. I have destroyed a good many which I was sure would never interest any mortal soul, but there are a good many left, of no particular interest in themselves, but which seem to have acquired a sort of value from the fact that they are more than a century old; and what to do with these I know not. I am very anxious not to leave any great burden of unsorted papers to be dealt with by my descendants. I think it does not much matter how many papers you leave behind you if only you clearly indicate on each packet, 'valueless,' 'may be burnt unopened,' 'worth preserving,' 'valuable autographs,' or 'interesting letters about so and so,' and so on.

To his niece Mrs. Barbour.

Barmoor Castle: 7 February, 1902.

I have carefully read the enclosed articles on Maurice and Kingsley.

I will begin with criticisms and suggestions.

1. In the Kingsley paper I think a good deal more space should be given to 'Westward Ho!' which at present is only mentioned parenthetically in connection with 'At Last.' I think that 'Westward Ho!' was, in some respects, Kingsley's most representative book, setting forth as it did his abhorrence of Jesuitism and the Inquisition, his admiration of the Elizabethan Age in our literature, *and* pre-eminently his love of North Devon. Millions, I suppose, of English-speaking people would not have known of the existence of Clovelly but for 'Westward Ho!'. I believe I have read it through five times aloud with successive batches of my children, and we have all, always, found it delightful.

I think that in fairness Kingsley's controversy with Newman ought to be mentioned, though he did not shine therein as a dialectician. But to have called forth Newman's 'Apologia' was in itself a memorable feat.

As to the paper on Maurice, I do not think I have any suggestions to make. I think I can say that I agree with every word of it. I only wish it were possible—which it is not—to reproduce the thrilling effect not only of his preaching, but even of such comparatively unimportant utterances as his repetition of the Grace at Lincoln's Inn dinner. The old-fashioned words derived such power and

such solemnity from his intensely reverent *believing* utterance of them that they still sound in my ears after the lapse of half a century.

To his Wife (on their engagement day).

Glebelands, S. Woodford: 23 May, 1902.

Oh, that happy day forty-three years ago, how far off it seems and yet how near! How beautiful was Glendurgan then, and how beautiful it still is. . . . But how many have gone out of our lives since that day, and how many, let us think of this, have come into it. Does it not seem strange now to think that we ever lived without Violet, without all the other five dear ones? We ought—at least, I ought—to think more of the gains and less of the sad, sad losses that the forty years have brought to us. And now that we must go down the hill of old age, let us pray that it may be a gentle, easy descent. It must not be labelled for us with the terrible notice: 'To Cyclists: this hill is dangerous.' No: be it gentle, gradual, sun-brightened, and, above all, may we tread it together.

To his son Robin. Barmoor: 19 June, 1902.

. . . I have been looking through and sorting into boxes the letters received from our six dear children. It is most curious and interesting to watch the development from the first childish scrawls to the letters of the full-grown, equal-speaking, men and women. . . . Looking them over, I did feel a fresh spring of gratitude in my heart to God for having given us six such children in whom we have had unclouded joy.

To his daughter Nelly (Mrs. Bosanquet).

Barmoor: 24 November, 1902.

. . . You have seen that my anxiety is for myself quite as much as for you: the question being 'Can it be right to lead this happy, self-absorbed life, while there is so much sorrow in the world that wants healing, and so much sin that wants pardoning. . . . I suppose we must wait: and may believe that our present work—secular and unspiritual as it may seem—is in God's ordering, and that we are in some humble way serving Him in this.

> Who sweeps a floor as by Thy laws
> Makes it and the action fine.

To his daughter Lily. 27 March, 1903.

. . . About Baptism and the Supper, I always feel that we are in a position which it is very hard for those who were not born 'Friends' to understand. We seem to be set by the Providence of God in defence of a lonely position, far from the drawn-up lines of the great Christian army, and always liable to the reproach that we are acting contrary to the written instructions of the great General, though we venture to think that it is not so, and that 'we have the mind of Christ' in bearing this hard testimony against the materialisation of spiritual truth which the Catholic Church's teaching on this subject involves. As to Confirmation, I have no such feeling. . . . I am glad to think that, especially to many young lads at school, it has been a real and happy crisis in their soul-life. . . . I wish that we, who do not practise Infant Baptism, could have something of the same kind, some act of Church-help definitely given to the young soul, when it has just come to the meeting, or, rather, to the parting, of the ways, and has to decide whom it will serve, Christ or the world.

To Sir Henry Howorth. Barmoor Castle: 16 January, 1904.

Thanks for your little letter and also for your very kind allusion to me in your letter to the *Times*. The epithet 'breezy' I particularly enjoyed, though I feel it is too high a compliment.

But to be quite frank with you, I thought the tone of your letters to the *Times* about the Duke of Devonshire much too rough. I think it is important, in the 'rough and tumble' of English political life, that men should not use about one another such epithets as would make it difficult for them to meet at a friend's dinner table; and did not some sentences in your letter go beyond this?

Without going into the merits of Free Trade (so-called, if you like) and Fair Trade, it will be admitted that the position of the Unionist party on that question has been rather suddenly, perhaps I ought to say abruptly, changed. And whenever such a change takes place, as it must do sometimes and as it did, for instance, in the Conservative party with reference to Catholic Emancipation and to Free Trade, surely great consideration should be shown to those who are not willing or able at short notice to 'right about face.' Their loyalty to the party on the one hand, and to

their own convictions of political truth on the other, come into conflict, and they are almost compelled to be inconsistent during the interval (which will be longer with some natures than with others) during which they are deciding to stay or to go.

I think if you read over your letters again with this consideration strongly present to your mind, you would see that some of your expressions are too harsh.

To his niece Anita Hodgkin. 26 June, 1904.

Your letter raises, as you no doubt know, one of the most difficult questions that have ever perplexed the Church of Christ, and one which battles have been fought over, and men have excommunicated one another for holding different opinions respecting it. Of course, I do not pretend to have the answer to the riddle, but I may perhaps be able to explain from what direction the light on this dark question is to be looked for.

It is, of course, the ninth chapter of Romans that has been puzzling you, the chapter which has been for centuries the Great Arsenal from which Augustine and Calvin, and all the great champions of the doctrine of Predestination, have drawn their weapons.

Calvin said (grounding his arguments on this chapter) : ' By Predestination we mean the eternal decree of God, by which He has determined with Himself what He chooses shall happen concerning each individual man. For all are not created in like condition, but to some Eternal life, to others Eternal damnation is pre-ordained.'

An American theologian, Jonathan Edwards, expressed the Calvinist doctrine still more harshly. I believe it was he who said, ' There are little babies only a span long who will burn for ever in Hell because such is the decree of the Almighty.'

All such utterances are awful libels on the character of the Just and Holy God. Nothing in the world should ever induce me to believe them. If a bright angel came down from Heaven to-morrow and said that this was God's message to the world, I hope I should have courage to say to him, ' Thou bearest false witness against God. Satan himself can turn himself into an angel of light.'

But what is the meaning of that certainly harsh and difficult chapter ? For forty years I have been able to rest satisfied with the general explanation of it given by

my dear friend and brother, Edward Fry, in his book, 'The Doctrine of Election.' I cannot, of course, in a short letter do justice to the long and powerful argument of that book, but I think I can give you an idea of its main thought.

In that chapter, and in some other passages of the Great Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul is not thinking about Heaven and Hell—Election and Damnation of individuals in the sense in which Calvin understood him to speak. It is not these subjects which are present to his mind or to the minds of his readers. He is thinking about *God's free choice of Abraham and his descendants to be the receivers of His revelation and the contracting parties to the covenant,* (which we call, not very wisely, the Old Testament).

St. Paul was writing to a Church composed partly of Jews and partly of Gentiles, of men born inside and men born outside the Old Covenant, and his thoughts are naturally filled—as he knew that theirs would be—with this great distinction and all that flowed from it.

Was it any merit in Barnabas to have been born a Jew? Was it any blame to the gaoler of Philippi to have been born a Gentile? No, to neither: and yet one was, as St. Paul said, 'An heir of the Covenant made with the Father,' and the other was born outside of that Covenant, though, as St. Paul was never tired of saying, by the Death of Christ the middle wall of partition was broken down, and all, both Jews and Gentiles, were now invited to enter in to God's beautiful garden and partake together of fullness of life.

Just read these chapters of Romans again with this thought in your mind, 'the apostle is not thinking about Heaven and Hell and the prospect held out to each individual of getting into one or the other, but he is thinking of the privileges which his Jewish forefathers have enjoyed for nineteen centuries and from which the Greeks with all their wisdom, and the Romans with all their valour, have been excluded,' and see if all is not comparatively clear and capable of being received by us without doing such violence to our conceptions of the Divine Nature as is done by the awful words of Calvin and Jonathan Edwards.

But you will say rightly, 'What, then, is the meaning of one vessel to honour and one to dishonour? Surely there is an appearance here of something like favouritism, of a want of even-handed justice between God's children. Yes, there is such an appearance (I assuredly believe only an appearance) of inequality in God's dealings with us, and

here we touch on the real mystery of Election, which is a wonderful thing, not to be fully apprehended at first, but quite unlike the awful God-libelling doctrine of Calvin.

Apparently God does not deal impartially with all men. It is useless to contend that all men are born into the world with the same chances of leading good and happy lives, because they are not. One little baby is born blind, another deaf, another is stricken from birth with some painful and incurable disease, while another has full possession of all his faculties and never knows what it is to be ill.

One man is born into the world with the potential intelligence of a Napoleon or a Shakespeare, and another is no better than an idiot. One child is born of two drunken parents and another is welcomed into a happy country home by a God-fearing father and mother, who will devote their lives to its happiness.

All these things, which are the mere commonplaces of human life, prevent our saying that ' God's ways are equal,' visibly equal, to all His children. But then Faith comes in and, ' believing where it cannot prove,' is persuaded that the Judge of all the earth must do right, and that He in the unseen world has plans of which we little dream for rectifying what seem to us inequalities and partialities of human life as we know it.

He have a *hint* of this rectification in the words of Christ, ' He that knew his Lord's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes, but he that knew it not, yet did things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes.'

This brings me to the concluding thought, '*Election confers privilege and involves responsibility.*' This is brought out in one of the parables of the Talents. . . . Throughout there is a proportion between the gifts bestowed and the return demanded, or, as I said, ' Election involves responsibility.'

The whole argument of the Epistle to the Romans implies that more was expected of the Jew than of the Gentile by reason of God's revelation of Himself to the former. I expect that the contemporaries of Socrates were, or will be, held more or less responsible for the knowledge of God and His righteousness which they might have obtained from intercourse with him. I am sure that the ordinary Englishman, American, German, will be tried by a much severer test, and expected to bring in far more ears of corn at the great harvest-home, than the Australian savage or poor cave-dwelling neolithic man.

Looked at in this light, the doctrine of Election is full of teaching, rich in helpful elevating solemnising thoughts, and I think one sees that this view of it is quite consistent with the main drift of St. Paul's teaching in the Epistle to the Romans, though he may here and there have used a figure in illustration of his argument which he would not have used if he could have foreseen the conclusions that would be drawn from them in distant ages of the world by the perverted ingenuity of theologians.

I hope I may have succeeded in making *some* of my meaning clear. If not forgive me.

To his sister Elizabeth (on her birthday). 15 July, 1904.

What can I say? All my heart's earnest desires and prayers are with thee and thine on this memorable day. Let us not think only of the shadows that have rested on our lives. When I call to mind how we four poor little ones were left motherless sixty-eight years ago, it is a thing to be thankful for, that we should all have reached the safe haven of the seventies, none of us having made absolute shipwreck on the way. So far I have found this eighth decade of life a very happy time; all the happier because one has passed into the Reserve, and is no longer expected to do things toilsome and difficult. Still I 'rejoice with trembling' both for myself and for all my nearest and dearest contemporaries. No; I think I will take back that word 'trembling.' We are in good hands, in safe hands, and I will not tremble either for Yattendon or for Barmoor.

To Howard Lloyd. St. Swithin's Day, 1904.

. . . Thanks for your little extract from *St. James's Gazette* speaking somewhat hopefully about the future of Quakerism. I think there is some truth in what it says: not that I expect or desire that the whole Christian world should ever become Quaker, but I do think that there is a certain type of Christian character developed by the Quaker institutions, literature and traditions which will find a place of its own in the one day to be reunited Church of the future. . . .

About the other great question at which you hint—the bearing of the 'Higher Criticism' on the Christian life, I feel very strongly the great practical difference there is between Critics and Critics. Some only bent apparently on showing their own cleverness by picking to pieces every

document of our faith and showing that no prophet or apostle wrote the books which for ages have passed under their names (the sort of men who, in a generation or two, would if it was worth while resolve both your existence and mine into myths): and the others who, firmly believing that God has 'in sundry ways and divers manners spoken in times past to the fathers,' are striving honestly to discover what He said and how much of it is applicable to us in these later ages of the world.

To his daughter Nelly. Keswick: 3 January, 1905.

. . . We have had a very comfortable and happy time here since the day before Christmas. . . . I have now just come back from a little parochial walk with Herbert up among the hills. He wished to have a domestic communion service with two dear old goodies, a farmer and his wife, Edminson by name, eighty and past, who cannot now come to Keswick to Church. I waited outside till the service was over and then went in and, after a rather long wait we all had tea together. The house is one which has been in Mr. Edminson's family for generations, and they have an old oak wardrobe and Chippendale chairs which make it necessary that one should remind oneself of the tenth commandment. There in the uplands, one comes upon the little well-kept garden with its smooth square lawn, its tall Scotch firs and yews cut into trim pyramids: all looking forth over Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, and across to cloudy Skiddaw. The whole thing (especially remembering the motive for Herbert's visit) seemed to me like a page or rather a book out of Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' And then at tea time to hear the old couple's remembrances of Wordsworth and Southey, slight as these were, and her much more vivid and grateful remembrances of the two clergymen, Myers and Battersby, especially the former, was most delightful, and seemed to open a window back into a beautiful Past.

To Eliot Howard. Barmoor Castle: 22 January, 1905.

Many thanks for your interesting paper on the religions of Japan. . . . One sometimes wonders whether 'He fashioneth their hearts alike' is true of the Eastern and Western natures. All these speculations belong to such an utterly different plane of thought from that in which our spirits move: and their desires and their faith struggles are so utterly different from ours. Though many amongst

us seem to be accepting the thought of annihilation as a sad necessity, surely no one *yearns* for it, as the true Buddhist professes to do. On the other hand, the thought of a Divine Incarnation, which is the great stumbling block of so many earnest seekers after truth here, is accepted only too lightly and easily by the Eastern mind, which seems to revel in the thought of many incarnations.

Are we, perhaps, drawing near to the end of this *αἰών*, and will the next dispensation be one which shall more conspicuously 'gather together in one the children of God which are scattered abroad,' the Oriental mystic with the matter-of-fact materialism-tempted Occidental.

To his sister Elizabeth. Christmas Day, 1905.

. . . Dear Edward almost saddened me the other day by the sight of one of the wonderful little bits of a star map in a book on Astronomy. Stars sprinkled on the dark background like grains of sand on a table, and every one probably a sun like our sun, and millions of light-years (the length of space that a ray of light would travel a year) away from us. How *can* the Maker of this stupendous universe care for me and my little life? Then the answer seemed to come when I was kneeling yesterday morning with wife and children around me: 'Trouble not about the stars. Thou knowest nothing about them: but I have given thee one thing which thou dost know and canst understand: Family Love. Hold fast to that, and think of Me not as the Lord of all these star-systems, but as giving thee *that*.' And this thought helped me, as I daresay it has helped many others.

To Miss Paula Schuster. Barmoor: end of 1905.

. . . We have, I expect, very much the same feelings in reference to the Old Year which is passing away from us, and the Great Unknown who is waiting at the door. I must confess to something like 'Men's hearts failing them for fear in looking for the things that are coming in the earth.' This outbreak in Russia is so unlike the stereotyped Revolutions of last century; so wild, so anarchic and involves so much of the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep that one cannot but feel that if it is successful, other things besides Russian Czardom may perish in the storm.

Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea,
But when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee.

And yet I think of the words, 'That those things which cannot be shaken may remain.'

I think that both in the things of the Kingdom, and with reference to the future of our country, one has a little more hope that all the shaking caused by the storm will leave some of the best things unshaken, and that it will be a freer and more living Church, and a more earnest and a happier world that our descendants will look upon at the end of this century. God grant that it may be so.

To his great-nephew, Freeland Barbour.

Barmoor: 21 July, 1906.

Thank you heartily for sending me the Dundee paper with your article on the native question in South Africa. . . . Evidently this question, How to treat the native races and to make them sharers of our civilisation without applying to them democratic theories for which they are not ready, and probably will not be ready for centuries to come, is one of the most important questions which we have to solve in the near future.

King Leopold's 'Free State' is, undoubtedly, at the very bottom of the class for true and just treatment of the native. I used to think that England was at the top, but we must look to our laurels.

To his brother, Howard Hodgkin. Newcastle: 30 July, 1906.

. . . A word: a stray thought about Politics. I hope you are not one of those who are dismayed by the reductions made or making in the Army and Navy. It does seem to me that now is the accepted time for England to do something in the cause of national disarmament. I think the current of democracy sets strongly in that direction, and that if we can associate ourselves with the movement, we shall win back something of that good name among the European peoples which we once had, but of late years have been in danger of losing. Even from an economic point of view, considering the relation of Europe to America, it is of the utmost importance for all European nations that they should unbuckle some of their fearfully heavy armour. If we let ourselves be guided by the Lord Roberts's and the Arnold Forsters, the right moment for reduction will never come. . . . Forgive my talking on at this rate. I know that you are a better Peace-man than I, and that I am 'preaching to the converted.'

To his sister Elizabeth. Barmoor, 11 May, 1907.

. . . I have been busily employed for three days shovelling away the cwt. of rubbish that has accumulated on my library table during ten weeks of absence. . . . I am rather saddened by the thought of the wasted effort which is represented by all these ever-filling waste-paper baskets. One may go away, as we did in February, to one of the Islands of the Blest, ordain that no letters be forwarded, dwell for days and weeks in a beautiful garden ablaze with bougainvillias and geraniums under bluest of skies by day, or look at night on a Sirius which seems as if he wished to pierce into your inmost soul, or on a gigantic Scorpio reflecting himself in a midnight sea. You may fancy that you are out of reach of your persecutors, but you are only postponing the evil day. All the time the tank is quietly filling at home: the snowball is rolling and rolling, getting larger every day, and when you get home, you will have to set to work, hard, to roll it out of the way. Truly the penny post is one of the things which Wordsworth would have rightly described as 'all that is at enmity with joy.'

To the same. Barmoor Castle: 29 July, 1907.

Many thanks for thy lovely letter and for pouring in 'Oil and Wine' [by G. Tyrrell] into the wounds (if there are any) made by seventy-six years of pilgrimage. Oh! it is strange to look back over such a length of road, and to be told that one has really traversed it oneself. . . . Life is stranger, more bewildering, more loveable, the more one knows of it. And the thought of what comes next—immense, unfathomable.

To his daughter Nelly. Barmoor Castle: 29 July, 1907.

. . . Yes, I can quite understand how thy joy of motherhood helps thee to enter into my dearest mother's feelings when I came into the world seventy-six years ago. Oh, that you could have known that lovely and most lovable woman. It might so easily have been, for she was some years younger than I am now, when thou wast born. . . . I find it sometimes hard to realise that I am the same person as the little 'tumbling Tommy' of those far off years (though indeed I have always had a singular capacity for meeting with accidents) and yet I feel myself in some things exceedingly the same. But there is rather a painful sense of want

of balance between the ages. As a child I had pretty often the feeling that I got less than justice from those who were set in authority over me, and now, as an old man richly equipped with

> Things that should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I get so far, far more than I deserve—I could almost say in the words of the Prayer-book, ' more than I desire or deserve.' Oh ! I do hope that all these dear little ones that are coming into the world may have a happy and ' comprehended ' childhood.

To Sir Edward Fry. Barmoor Castle : 22 October, 1907.

. . . I am delighted to think of you and Bella as freed at last from the heavy burden of your duties at the Hague. . . . I hope you saw the article in Saturday's *Westminster Gazette* on the Conference now ending. It so well expressed my views that I wished that I had written it. However disappointing in some ways the results of the Conference may be (most especially with regard to ' floating mines '), I feel a strong hope that its labours have not been in vain. The very fact that so many of the most eminent men of all the nations of the world have met together and discussed the means of preventing war, recognising it for the horrible thing that it is, must, I think, have a considerable influence on the deliberations of the States represented by them, when they return to their own countries.

But I am much grieved to see the bellicose attitude still maintained by Germany. Apparently every German statesman thinks that he must keep up the Bismarck tradition of ' Blood and Iron ' or else be denounced as a bad patriot. What incalculable harm that one man, Bismarck, has done, and by how many years or centuries he has retarded the progress of the human race.

To his daughter Nelly. Edinburgh : 27 October, 1907.

. . . I was very glad to hear a little bit of thy letter to Vi about the Faith-healers. I think we may surely learn something from them without taking up their whole system, some of the developments of which are surely absurd. But, oh ! how often we disquiet ourselves in vain about imagined and expected bodily evils, from which their attitude would deliver us. The Mind *has* immense influence over the

Body, and the Spirit over the Mind: and if we were nearer to the Source, we should perhaps realise this more. Eliot Howard quoted a saying of somebody's near the end of his life, 'My life has been shaded by a great number of calamities, *most of which have never happened*,' and the thought of this has helped me. I think when Christ, or was it Paul, said that he would have us *ἀμέριμνοι* he meant almost what we mean by 'unfussed,' without plaguing, worrying anxiety about afflictions which very likely may never befall us.'

To his daughter Violet. Barmoor: 11 June, 1908.

. . . Last evening, as you have perhaps heard, we had a Free-Trade open-air meeting at Lowick. I was in the chair, which was a motor car, and we had an audience of nearly 90, some of whom, just like Lowick young men, would insist on standing afar off rubbing their backs against a wall. However, the great majority came near, listened eagerly, and applauded. We certainly had the meeting with us. Neilson, the chief speaker, is a big, powerful man and a ready speaker. He is English born, but went over to America some years ago to seek his fortune; did not find it, and, owing to the tyranny of the Trusts, found work so hard (20 hours at a stretch) and life so unlivable, that the iron entered into his soul. He came to the conclusion that these were the natural fruits of a Protective policy, and came back to England determined to do all he could to prevent our putting our necks into the same collar of torture. He and Weddell, the Liberal Agent at Berwick, came up to supper, and we had a grand talk. He is a disciple of Henry George, and is persuaded that there is likely to be a revolution in America, one of the bloodiest the world has seen, owing to the intense hatred which now exists between the Trusts and the working men, and the impossibility of getting the grievances of the latter righted by any constitutional means, so great is the power of corruption in the States.

To his Wife. Falmouth: 13 July, 1908.

. . . The summer school is now over, and by the testimony of all who have taken part in it, has been an extremely happy and uniting time. . . . I know thou art wanting to hear about my visit to the Crag.[1] . . . Julia and I were alone for some twenty minutes. We talked freely about dear

[1] The home of the Miss Sterlings. Hester Sterling had lately died.

Hester. *Your* girl friendship, her persistent depreciation of herself. . . . I hardly know what we said, but her presence seemed to be with us as we talked.

Julia said one thing about her father which was to me very striking. When she was a little girl, one of her history books said that Alexander the Great's victory over Darius was the most memorable event in the history of the world. Another history book said the same thing about the battle of Waterloo, and in her perplexity the bright child went running to her father and begged him to tell her what was the greatest event that had ever happened. His face suddenly grew solemn, and in a hushed voice he said 'My child, I believe the greatest event that ever happened, was when Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem (or something to that effect). This sudden avowal from a man who was considered so heterodox as John Sterling is a wonderful thing to remember.

To his sister Elizabeth. Falmouth: 15 July, 1908.

As always, my heart's dearest love and best wishes go forth to thee on this 'day much to be remembered,' thy birthday. There is no need for many words. We old people know what we feel as another mile-stone flashes by: a strange mixture of joy and sadness, thankfulness that so much of the journey has been safely accomplished, and mournful remembrance of the many companions with whom we started, whose faces we see no more. . . . I came down here to take part in a Friends' Summer School. We have had a very happy and harmonious time, and I have felt that we were getting much nearer to the heart of things, than in the old dry meetings for discipline.

To Dr. Horton. Barmoor: 27 October, 1908.

Being a busy man myself, and knowing the worry of letters, I am loath to trouble you, a yet busier, with a suggestion which may be of no practical value; but if you think so, you have only to put my letter in the fire and make no reply.

I have long felt that we who do not believe in 'Apostolic Succession,' and regret the change in the current of religious thought which was set agoing by Newman, and is continued by Lord Halifax and the E.C.U., are too much allowing judgment to go by default against free, unsacerdotal Christianity.

Such a book as Bishop Gore's 'Christian Ministry,' in which, with a heavy heart, he unchurches all religious bodies that have not the 'Succession' and the 'Historic Episcopate,' is put forth, and owing to the undoubted goodness and earnestness of the writer, exercises a considerable influence on public opinion, and we of the un-priestly Churches make no sign. Meanwhile, we are continually hearing of secessions to the Church of Rome, and no wonder.

Minds which are constantly brooding on the 'Ark of safety' theory of the Catholic Church, will not as a rule remain satisfied with the rather leaky Ark in which the Church of England invites them to take shelter.

What I should like to see would be not so much a new book expressly combating the Gore position, as a reprint in a popular form of some of the best books on the other side of the question.

What I am thinking of is such books as Neander's 'Church History' (the section bearing on the organisation of the Early Church), Myer's 'Catholic Thoughts' (Part 3, The Church)—boiled down and rewritten in a simpler and less cumbrous style.

Whateley's 'Essays,' that one in which he combats the proposition that any one special form of Church organisation is essential to Christianity.

But, above all, Lightfoot's 'Essay on the Christian Ministry' appended to his Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians. This, though in form a plea for the preservation of the Threefold Ministry, is, I think, the most effectual antidote to sacerdotalism that we possess, and I often turn to it when half-stunned by the loud assertions of the patentees of Apostolic Christianity.

If I am not mistaken, the copyright of this book (1st Edition, 1868) expires in 1910. Considering that it is so nearly run out, might it not be possible to get the Lightfoot Trustees to consent to its publication in a cheap and popular form now, with some arrangement for sharing the profits? This, however, is only a detail. What I should like to see done is a publication of some of the grave and weighty works of the last century which have (in our judgment) demolished the arrogant claim of the 'Catholic' Churches to be the sole possessors of Spiritual gifts.

Pray forgive me if I have without justification intruded on your scanty leisure.

To his Wife. Barmoor: 2 December, 1908.

The gardeners have been busy all day sweeping up the leaves, and I decided to go and help in the work this afternoon instead of going a walk. I did enjoy it. . . . A dear little robin came and hopped about beside me, and seemed to say, 'All right, dear brother Man, thou art now in the harmony of the creation using thy muscles instead of

> With blinded eyesight poring
> Over miserable books';
> In the sweat of Thy brow, dear big Brother,
> Thou oughtest to eat Thy bread.

To his daughter Lily. 6 December, 1908.

. . . Dense darkness seems to me to typify the present condition of our poor England's fortunes. The Licensing Bill contemptuously rejected by the Lords: the Education compromise knocked on the head: Lord Roberts declaring that only a million soldiers can save us from ruin: these and other untoward events fill me with sadness. I think the *mist* is the most fitting symbol of our state, for I am sure that in some of these controversies some really good and right-meaning men are lumbering up against one another blindly and ignorantly just like two great liners in a fog. But we must hope, and we must pray 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness;' and I do believe that light will arise before long: but I am afraid we need chastening.

CHAPTER XIII

AUSTRALIA

For several years Hodgkin's thoughts had been turned with ever-growing interest and sympathy to the little scattered groups of Friends dwelling in Australia and New Zealand. His youngest son, George, had been on an expedition to New Zealand in 1902, and when this journey was first discussed Hodgkin wrote in his diary, 'What if we go too?' All that he heard of George's experiences stimulated his interest in these distant lands, and in 1905 it seemed possible that he might carry out his earnest desire to visit the Friends in Australia and New Zealand. There was nothing in the thought of such a journey to a part of the world without any history, which could offer any special attraction to his historical mind. It was his deep sympathy with the scattered handfuls of Friends, his longing to help them, that moved him. He felt that the English Friends had a unique responsibility to them.

To his brother Howard. 9 June, 1905.

. . . You will be surprised at what I am going to say next. At the Yearly Meeting at Leeds there was—as there has been at every meeting lately—an earnest appeal for help to the Friends in Australia, a feeble and scattered remnant, who do, however, greatly cling both to England and to English Friends. I have more than once of recent years been *all but* ready to offer for the work, but something has always come in the way: and it is quite impossible for me to go without Lucy and Violet. Now I have gone so far as to say to 'the Continental Committee' that it is *not impossible* that I may propose to undertake the journey, but nothing is decided.

To Lord Justice Fry. Barmoor Castle: 23 June, 1905.

Hearty thanks for your wise and brotherly letter about Australia. I do not want, in a burst of enthusiasm, to undertake a work for which I am unfitted and in which I shall break down. . . . As to my own physical strength, I think I am prepared to face this risk. So far God has wonderfully spared me the usual trials of old age, and I have sometimes a feeling that I ought to show my gratitude for this by more distinct work for Him and for my fellow men.

The lines of Tennyson are often with me:

> At least not rotting like a weed,
> But having sown some generous seed,
> Fruitful of further thought and deed.

I think my twelve years spent in practical isolation from 'Friends' have made me feel more strongly how much good there is in Quakerism, and how essential to the future of Christianity that its protest against sacerdotalism, sacramentalism, and all that the typical ecclesiastic loves and lives in, should be maintained. The future of England will be to a large extent in her colonies, and I should like to work, however humbly and obscurely, towards keeping spiritual Christianity alive in that big Australian world.

The plan was much discussed. But whilst some approved, others threw cold water on it. He could not contemplate going without his wife, and she found it hard to face the thought of eight months' separation from her children. For the moment the way did not seem clear and the idea was given up. He was placed on the Australasian Committee[1] of the Meeting for Sufferings[2] and hoped to be able to do something at least to help these far distant Friends by correspondence. Photographs and letters were exchanged, and by regular attendance at the Australasian Committee, he grew increasingly interested in the work that could be done by the Society at home for the Australian Friends. Three years later a sea voyage was recommended

[1] This Committee had been formed in 1903 for the special purpose of corresponding with the General Meeting in Australia. Three years later it also undertook to correspond with the Friends in New Zealand.

[2] The Standing Committee of the Society of Friends when the Yearly Meeting is not in Session.

for his daughter Violet's health, and, to quote his own words :

the question came to me in the night watches, 'What if this means for us that visit to Australia which we talked of and abandoned three years ago. I feel that this time it would mean the visit of a family. I could not go without Lucy, and she could not go without Violet, and George, with his practical knowledge of New Zealand ways, would make an excellent courier.'

To his sister Mariabella. Barmoor: 13 September, 1908.

I think the time has come for me to tell thee in confidence of a plan which, though it may come to nothing, has been for several weeks past ripening in our minds and which looks likely to come to pass.

This is nothing less than the once before talked of and then abandoned voyage to Australia. As I think thou knowest I have been for some years now greatly interested in the condition of the Friends out there, and much touched by the way in which they welcome every message and every visit from *Home*: but family reasons seemed to make it impossible to be myself one of their visitors.

Now, this is somewhat changed. It is pretty evident that a good long sea voyage would be the best thing for our darling Violet, and George, whose time at the Isle of Man is coming to a natural end, has nothing special to turn to, and would enjoy renewing his acquaintance with the Australasian world in our companionship. The dear wife is a better sailor than I am, and though I am afraid the prospect of that long absence from home, and from our other dear ones looks rather formidable to her (as it does sometimes to me), still she is brave, and with so many of her nearest to accompany her, she is willing to face it. . . . I hope we shall succeed in getting about four months among the Australasian Friends (including a visit to New Zealand). To start probably early in January and return some time in the autumn of 1909.

Thou wilt understand, however, that we are not going exactly for health or for pleasure, but with some little hope of being useful to others, and because the pointing of Our Father's hand seems to be in that direction. I dare not put it very high, but I think if that is the place designed for

us during the next year, we may hope to be guided and kept. And so let us thank God and take courage.

He unfolded what he called his 'prospect of service' to the Newcastle Monthly Meeting in October 1908; and Friends heard with surprise and warm approval of this proposed enterprise on the part of a man in his seventy-eighth year, who might well have been expected to seek repose instead of new labours. They gave their hearty assent, emphasising their desire that all four of the party 'should be considered as charged with the same message of love and sympathy to Australian friends.'

To his brother Howard. Barmoor Castle: 18 October, 1908.

. . . Both at the Monthly Meeting at Newcastle and at the Quarterly at Darlington, the response of Friends to my proposal about Australia was extremely hearty, and I am glad to say that the unusual feature of the 'prospect,' the companionship of dear Lucy, Violet, and George, was considered a decided recommendation: in fact, I feel that I am now going as companion to them, not as leader of the expedition. But I think Friends are quite right. In such a proposal as ours, where the *social* side of the work is most important, she will do more than I, and among the young minds, which we especially want to retain for the Society, Violet's and George's love for Quakerism will have more influence than any number of sermons from the gallery.

A little later the same approval was expressed by the London Meeting.

At the Meeting for Sufferings in London on November 6, Hodgkin, in speaking of his projected journey, said that when he remembered the great and arduous journeys to America and Australia of those who had gone before, he felt that almost too much was being made of his little mission. As he was to be accompanied by his family, he feared that he would be prevented from doing much visiting among isolated Friends: this important service might perhaps be left to the Yearly Meeting deputation to be sent later. Since he had been living at Barmoor, fifty miles away from the nearest Friends' meeting, he thought that he and his were stronger Friends than before. They

felt that the hope of the Society lay in holding fast to their old faith, and in spreading it abroad. In this spirit he would call upon the Friends so far removed, to value the common inheritance. It would be delightful to take a living message of love from the homeland, and if it might be, to help in some small measure to build up the Quaker faith in Australasia, where it seemed that a population was growing up to which amusements and the lighter side of life appealed most strongly.

His visit would have in it much of a social character, and intellectual, academic and educational interests would also enter into it. He hoped it might be open to him to give lectures on subjects other than religious. But at the bottom of all, there must be the great truth that Christianity is not merely a faith to die for, but to live by in the hard and difficult places of life.

About this meeting Hodgkin wrote :

I felt the endorsement of my proposal, pleasant as it was to one's natural *ego*, almost too emphatic. I much fear that Friends expect from this short visit results which there is little hope of our achieving. But one thing which greatly pleased me was the emphatic approval of the family character of our visit. ' This is a new departure ' said, in effect, many of the speakers, ' and it can do nothing but good. It is especially important that the young Friends should feel that they are being addressed by persons near their own age, who can understand their difficulties and perplexities.

To his daughter Lily. Lancaster : 7 November, 1908.

. . . We had a memorable time at the Meeting for Sufferings yesterday : an unusually large attendance, and such a hearty expression of ' Unity ' with our proposed journey as quite surprised me. I should think thirty Friends spoke, and all in the same tone of warm encouragement. I am a little dismayed, however, by the feeling of the great results that they hope for from the visit, far greater than I have any expectation of achieving.

One happy event made their long absence easier to contemplate. At the end of the year Hodgkin's second son, Robin, married a daughter of Mr. A. L. Smith (now

Master of Balliol), and they had no anxiety about his possible loneliness whilst the family home was left empty.

The end of the year was filled with preparations for the great journey. On the whole Hodgkin looked forward hopefully to it, though he wrote :

It would be easy to conjure up pictures of all sorts of sad things that may happen to us who go and to the dear ones who stay, but, if we are going, as I truly believe we are, in obedience to Our Father's voice, we may surely claim to put away from us such sad forebodings.

Packing for such an absence was a great business. He writes :

I contrast with some shame and humiliation the enormous quantity of clothes that (by good advice, I believe) I am taking with me, with the 'without staff and scrip of the 70' and with the terrible nakedness of the poor fugitives from Messina.

Many of the boxes they took were filled with books not only for their own use during the journey, but as presents either to the libraries at Meeting houses or to lonely Friends living in the bush.

On Sunday, January 10, there was a little farewell service at the Club House at Barmoor, when some thirty or forty of his servants and neighbours met together, and Hodgkin, after reading Psalm 107, explained to them the object of his journey. Then came the last Meeting in Newcastle on January 17, before he left the north, when he was much encouraged and felt that the whole was an atmosphere of love and farewell. He next paid brief farewell visits to his nearest relations. His daughter Lily remembers that in his last talk with her he said :

I don't feel a bit that I am going out on a great mission, or at great sacrifice, or with a very special message. I am travelling out with great luxury and comfort. But I think perhaps there are a few people whose faith I may be able to strengthen to stand a little more firmly.

He told her at this time of a dream he had had a few nights before. He was always a great dreamer.

I dreamt that we had crossed over to the other Home, and I was so delighted to find it was still a place of service. I said, 'Why, it's all living out what we have always been talking about, and we do love our neighbours as ourselves instead of only talking about it, and it's all beautiful service. It's just Love—Love—Love, and I found myself shouting this out.

The spirit in which he went out is further expressed in the following words :

We must not be too ready to throw cold water on any schemes which really recommend themselves to our Friends out there, and we must not be too vexed with ourselves when we find we have made mistakes. Above all things we must avoid pessimism.

The party, husband and wife with son and daughter and two servants, left London on January 22, seen off by many relations and friends. A parting for such a distant journey can never be without some sad thoughts, and in this case, considering the age of the leader of the party, many must have asked themselves whether they could hope to meet again. To Hodgkin it was a great cheer to be seen off by such 'a goodly company, so full of love.'

They went all the way by sea, and fortunately the dreaded Bay was kind and sunny. Little excursions on shore at the various places where the *Orontes* stopped were much enjoyed, and they looked eagerly as they passed through the Straits of Messina, for signs of the desolation wrought by the terrible earthquake a few months before. On the whole Hodgkin did not enjoy a long sea voyage.

To his son Edward. R.M.S. *Orontes* : 13 February, 1909.

. . . . There is something tedious and tiring in the enforced companionship of people with whom you have few thoughts and interests in common (or at least you only know of a few : very likely you would find more if the rules of good society allowed you to question your fellow passengers in Socratic fashion and get below the surface). But as it is, all the talk is on the outside of things, rather futile and inept : chatter and giggle and endless Bridge make up the lives of the majority of the passengers. It seems like one pro-

longed ' reception ' (a thing which I detest), and I shall be very glad when it is over.

There now, I have blown off a little steam and shall be relieved. I fully know that it is chiefly my own fault that I am so out of harmony with my surroundings. Some fine and noble natures would by this time have touched an answering chord in every one of their fellow passengers but unfortunately, I have not the gift.

And again he writes :

The great drawback of a long sea voyage is, of course, its monotony : the same fellow guests at table, the same apparently varied menu of dishes, the same people pacing the deck with whom you interchange the same insipid remarks. And the games : people perpetually pitching the same quoits or discussing their successes and failures at Bridge. . . . There was some variety imparted by the competitions, in which I am glad to say George took an active part.

His own time was largely spent in reading. Among the books read on this voyage were Tolstoi's ' War and Peace,' ' Boethius,' ' The Travels of Captain Cook,' and ' James Backhouse's Journal.' The heat of the tropics made it difficult for about twelve days to do anything but ' lie about in our deck chairs, eat fruit, drink iced drinks, and long for coolness.'

When night came and the decks were quiet, he would sit out under the stars and meditate on the work that lay before him amongst the unknown Friends, in the far distant lands to which the vessel was bearing him.

A day at Colombo was made pleasant by meeting his nephew, Orme Fox. At the hotel there he was much impressed by the deft natives with tortoiseshell combs in their hair, who waited upon him and gave him the uneasy thought, ' These men's ancestors were civilised while yours were barbarians.' After Colombo came another long run through equatorial seas.

Smooth and glassy seas for the most part, vertical sun, beautiful and sudden sunsets, still, clammy, demoralising heat, flying fishes (looking to me very like swallows), occa-

sional porpoises, and phosphorescent waves made up the record of what was a week of endurance rather than enjoyment.

Tasmania was their first destination, but the *Orontes* made a brief stay at Fremantle, where they were met with a welcome from Mr. and Mrs. B. Creeth, representatives of the little community of Friends in Western Australia. They had time to spend two hours in Perth, during which Hodgkin paid two visits. He learnt that there was no meeting of Friends at Perth, and thought it ' a deficiency which might be remedied.' He was much struck with the beauty of Perth, and believed that in future days it would be famous as one of the really beautiful cities of the world.

There was another brief stay at Adelaide, where a group of about fifteen Friends assembled to meet him.

After a little talk [he writes] we settled down into silence, and I, after a short prayer, gave a short address, which I think went to some of their hearts as it came from mine. I told them how much I felt that we should require their help and advice to prevent our making mistakes in this world so strangely different in many ways from ours. And then I had something to say about cultivating a courageous and trustful spirit, casting all our cares upon Him Who careth for us.

At Melbourne, where they finally left the *Orontes*, a little band of Friends again welcomed them. Here two days were spent in making arrangements for their future journeyings, and in getting lists of Australian Friends. To a gathering of thirty Friends at the Meeting House in the evening, Hodgkin explained the object of his visit and his conviction ' of the important position held by Australian Friends at this moment.' He and George alone went on first to Tasmania, going to Latrobe to visit some families of Friends. Then the whole party came together at Hobart, where over three weeks were spent. The thought of the time spent there brought to Hodgkin's mind ' A great mountain, a garden city, lakes and inlets of the sea without number, apple orchards and hop gardens, the bright faces

of happy school children, and the outstretched hands of welcoming friends.'

'We have had a very hearty welcome from the Friends at Hobart,' he wrote, 'and some evidence that our coming out was, to use the old-fashioned phrase, "in the right ordering."' There was a small Meeting House at Hobart, and here he spoke each Sunday of his stay. He also lectured in the Friends' School. This school had long been a great interest to the Society of Friends. Hodgkin called it the 'bright spot in Australian Quakerism.' It was hoped that it might be for Australia what Ackworth had been for England. Friends in England had helped it financially, and ever since Hodgkin had served on the Australasian Committee, it had been one of the great objects of his care. During his stay at Hobart he gave much thought to its conditions and its needs. Some had regretted that for financial reasons others but Friends' children had been admitted to the school, but writing about it in the following year, Hodgkin said :

I can truthfully say that though I went out believing in the school, I came back believing in it far more. And less than ever am I disposed to regret that some non-members' children get their education there, for I think one thing that we want to cultivate in Australia is that kind of general knowledge of 'the ways of Friends' and respect for their character as a religious body, which is generally diffused in this country, but which through their ignorance seems to be wanting in many parts of Australia.

He felt that his efforts to help the Hobart Friends, both spiritually and intellectually, were rated far too highly. Ever ready to appreciate the work of others, he rejoiced at the help his own son and daughter were able to give, both at meeting and with the school children. Meetings did not take up all his time, and he explored the neighbourhood with much interest, seeking information on the conditions of this new land from all whom he met. He spared himself no fatigue, and did wonders all day and every day without seeming to feel it too much. At the first meeting at which he spoke he was suffering from a bad cold, but he tried to make light of it by saying that he thought it showed a nice

spirit 'at unity with creation,' to catch a cold when the temperature drops forty degrees in as many hours.

But crowded days spent in visiting the homes of Friends, or in going distant excursions, followed by attending meetings or giving lectures at night seemed likely to prove too much for even his vitality. He was persuaded to agree to a compact in accordance with which he was to make no engagements himself,but to refer all who wanted anything from him to his son. In this way it was possible to arrange that he should always have some hours' rest before giving an important address. He felt this sometimes to be a hardship, as his eagerness to see and hear everything made it difficult for him to submit to any curb on his energy.

To his son Robin. Launceston, Tasmania: 8 March, 1909.

. . . By the way, we hear from almost every one with whom we come in contact (and we are not consorting with 'swells') regrets for the selfish and unenlightened policy pursued by the Labour Party—to some extent in Tasmania, but more in Australia. They are thought to be in the main honest and patriotic, but with very little education and no breadth of vision. It is thought that they do discourage immigration,though the Labour Premier, Fisher, with whom I had a short conversation on board the *Orontes*, assured me that this was a vile scandal, and that they are in some of their legislation too hard on capital.

Also, we have just heard to-day (from a Friend at Deloraine) that Female Franchise (which is universal) is working badly. The great mass of women voters rush to the poll to support the Labour Party and back them most eagerly in their wildest measures. I tell the tale as it was told to me. In a week or two I daresay I shall hear the opposite side.

To Eliot Howard. Hobart: 13 March, 1909.

. . . It is curious to feel that one is in a country in which no building, civil or ecclesiastical, is ever worth visiting on the ground of its antiquity. But, on the other hand, there are the stories of the now extinct Tasmanian aborigines (as to whom James Backhouse, Quaker missionary, is now one of the best authorities). It seems to be pretty generally agreed now that they were palæolithic men, while most or all of the Australian are neolithic. Some enquirer is tracing

out the links which connect them, or rather, I should say, the evidence which assigns them, to a similar anthropological stratum with the palæolithic men of Perigord. I hear that he is likely to make out a very good case, and in that event to throw back the existence of man in these regions to 250,000 years B.C. These vast silent spaces in the history of mankind are almost as overwhelming in their way as the infinite distances in the starry universe. One says to oneself, ' What ever was the mind and spirit of man about during that trance of so many millenniums ? ' On the other hand I think the contemplation of such a tremendous period of waiting (for the manifestation of Men and of *the* Man) makes more tolerable the fact that now in 1909 A.D. ' we see not yet all things put under Him,' and the old saying—is it not St. Augustine's ?—that *Deus est patiens quia aeternus* helps me.

To his son Robin. Hobart: 22 March, 1909.

. . . The chief industry (not here, of course, but in the plains near Hobart) is connected with apple-orchards and hop gardens. We have visited two such places, and truly wonderful it was to see the trees with immense clusters of rosy-cheeked or yellow apples upon them. Then to see the packing : first, the making of wooden boxes, all done apparently by a few smart strokes of the hammer : and then the fitting of the apples into the boxes : all piece work and very rapid, but well paid. . . . The apples are all meant to feed England's ravenous maw. . . . The hop-picking under a broiling sun was pretty to watch, being a sort of many familied picnic, mothers bringing their babies, and boys and girls riding to it on their bicycles (not of course the squalid aggregation of children of the slums which Kent hop-picking sometimes becomes). . . . I am getting some interesting lights from various quarters on Australian politics, especially in connexion with the Labour Party's action. At present, all other debates here, as at home, are being submerged in the all-important question of National Defence. What does Germany mean ? If she could only fathom the depth of enmity and enduring distrust which she is storing up in the hearts of millions of people—not all mere weaklings—I think even she would pause in her wicked career.

Of the meeting at Hobart he wrote :

What an interesting little meeting it is ! I feel that there

is life, young life, in it, and if it only has room enough given to it, and will have courage to believe in its mission, it may yet be a power for good in dear Tasmania.

He felt that they had made some real heart friends in the sunny little city, and was sad as they steamed out of the harbour to think that he would never see them nor the many caped and islanded shores of the Derwent again. From Hobart he wrote to the Friends' Yearly Meeting in London :

29 March, 1909.

Nothing could exceed the warmth and cordiality of our reception, or the width of the open door which was everywhere set before us. I hope that even the short time which we have as yet spent in ' the Colonies ' has given us a little insight into the very different conditions of life which prevail here from those at home. Some of them render life easier and simpler : some, especially the comparative scarcity of railways, render intercourse between the little scattered communities of Friends and the maintenance of a Church organisation much more difficult.

But even this short period of personal observation has greatly strengthened my conviction that Australia needs the Society of Friends and that the Society of Friends needs Australia. A strong protest on behalf of the spirituality of the true religion of Christ, and against mere frivolity and worldliness, will have to be made here by the coming generation of Australians, if Australia by the middle of the twentieth century is not to be all either Romanist or Agnostic.

One great hope for Quakerism in this land seems to me to be the Friends' School at Hobart, which is doing even better and more efficient work than I had dared to hope for at its hands. It is good to look at the bright and happy faces of the pupils, and to hear both the past and present generations of the scholars speak of their love for the old school and gratitude for what it has done for them.

Our dear friend J. F. Mather, who is about to visit England with his wife, will, I hope, tell the Yearly Meeting something about the present condition of the school . . . ; but what I know that he will not tell is the unfailing loyalty and untiring patience with which he has for many years laboured for its welfare.

To Frederick Andrews. Hobart: 29 March, 1909.

I have been glad to do what I could in the service of the meeting, and have besides given two lectures. . . . I am delighted to feel that the really important part of our work, the semi-social religious work, and that which is most likely to be remembered in after days, is that which has been done by my three dear companions. . . . I think my friends at home may be glad to hear that so far this novel experiment of a 'Family Visit' has been even more successful than they expected. And I think that dear old text, 'He that watereth others shall himself be watered,' which used to be such a favourite with Friends, has been found to be true by us.

They had a stormy voyage over the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. Hodgkin wrote: 'One could almost hear the white dogs all round us barking for our lives.'

Dunedin, the first city at which they stopped, amused him by its 'constant, perhaps unconscious, comparison of itself with the mother city, Edinburgh. Its foundation was a result of the disruption of the Scottish Kirk in 1842.' Here they met one of the few Friends in New Zealand who at that time possessed a motor, and he drove them about the glorious country in his car. There was no Meeting House at Dunedin. The few Friends, about a dozen in all, met in the drawing-room of one of them on Sunday mornings. There was a pleasant family feeling about the meeting, but a meeting held under such circumstances gave little opportunity for growth: outsiders could hardly venture to attend it. Here Hodgkin realised strongly the help that came to the life of the Society of Friends from the existence of good elders, for in this meeting, as in others in Australasia, the idea of eldership had either died out or was dying out. Its revival seemed to be one of the great needs of the Friends in the new world.

From Dunedin an excursion was made to the beautiful Lake Wakatipu, where they spent some days.

To Miss Paula Schuster. 18 April, 1909.

. . . This lake is, I think, as beautiful as Lucerne, except that at the lower end of it there is not as much eternal snow as in that landscape, but the mountain shapes are

very noble, the sky of an Italian blue, and the air delightfully fresh and pure. It is also a great joy to be free from the mob of tourists who make Switzerland in the season unbearable. We have had a very warm welcome from Friends in New Zealand and Tasmania, and we all feel it is a great privilege to have been allowed to come and minister a little to their needs, both religious and intellectual.

Hodgkin had hurt his leg by stumbling as he got into a tram, and neglect at first made the subsequent healing a long and troublesome business. He wrote: 'I am ashamed to think that I should have lived so many years in the world and learned so little of the rudiments of the stewardship of the body.' He rejoiced that the first days of his enforced rest were spent at such a beautiful spot as Queenstown, the 'homeish, pleasant little place at the head of the Lucerne of New Zealand.'

To his son Robin. Grand Hotel, Dunedin: 24 April, 1909.

. . . We have now returned from our sojourn by beautiful Wakatipu. . . . We enjoyed our stay there immensely, and Violet got some glorious sketches. I think from what little I have seen of them that these lakes, mountains, and glaciers of the South Island of New Zealand need not fear comparison with Switzerland. . . . We are of course in the way of hearing some interesting political discussions here, in the papers and elsewhere. One feels that in many ways we are seeing a political planet further on in the making than our own. There are practically no millionaires, no great feudal aristocracy (though still some big squatters up country), no destitute persons, and I should say no slum quarters in the towns, but a great many people struggling, and only *just* succeeding in the struggle, to make both ends meet. The Labour Party both here and in Australia is very strong: pure, I hope, but selfish and short-sighted. At least that is the opinion of three out of four people that one talks to. The fourth says that they are on the whole fairly public-spirited, and that they are not driving capital out of the country. It is curious to feel how close the parallel is in many ways with the Roman Republic. The land question is at the root of all politics, and the squatter (or his equivalent) is just like the old Roman patrician,

whom it is proposed to restrain by law from holding more than a certain number of jugera. I am afraid that the Labour Party are everywhere hostile to further immigration, but probably the fairest minded among them would say, 'No, we are not hostile to immigration in itself. We would welcome fresh immigrants (they must, of course, not be the scum: that we shall all agree), *but* we must first have the big, many thousand acre blocks broken up, so that the new settlers may get the land, and not go to swell the proletariat in the towns where they are really not wanted.'

At Christchurch, their next stopping-place, he had to submit, as almost invariably happened when arriving at a new place, to a newspaper interview, followed by a succession of other visits. His next business was to hunt up all the Friends in the place. To his great regret he found that the meeting had been discontinued for two years. He hoped that as a result of his visit it might be resumed at least once a month. A crowded and very attentive audience assembled in the great hall of the College at Christchurch to hear him give a lecture on Rome, illustrated by lantern slides.

At Wellington twelve busy days were spent. The chief interest of this visit was the Conference of Friends from all parts of New Zealand, gathered together by the efforts of the two zealous ladies who managed the Friends' Hostel. This Hostel had been started in order to provide a 'Friendly' home for the children of Friends who might come to Wellington for their education. As there had not proved to be enough of these to enable the Hostel to pay its way, it had come to be used as a Friends' boarding-house, and did most useful work as a sort of club or travelling centre for Friends visiting the capital. Its existence much facilitated the holding of the Conference.

The Hodgkins felt this Conference to be a wonderful time, and it sent them on with new courage to the work that lay before them. It demonstrated to them very clearly what a flexible instrument the organisation of the Society of Friends was. There they were—

a large company of very ordinary men and women, taken suddenly from all sorts and conditions of life and dumped

down to transact business together. Most of them were absolute strangers to one another, and there were plenty of strong individualities with widely different views. Yet the one thing they had in common, the Quaker methods and tradition, was enough to transform them into an organised body in less than five minutes. A clerk was chosen, and a twopenny minute-book bought; the 'sense of the meeting' did the rest, and was amply sufficient to deal with the most varied and knotty problems as they arose.

The attendance averaged sixty or seventy persons, more than they had dared to hope for, and it was 'delightful to see how friends and acquaintances, sundered for years, enjoyed meeting one another once more.' Hodgkin naturally took an active part in the Conference, much too active he thought but for the fact that he had come 13,000 miles to attend it. For himself he felt that the most helpful sitting was one at which a man, whom he designated as 'strong, struggling, and brave,' described 'the helps and hindrances to the spiritual life afforded by a farmer's career; and said that for himself at least half-an-hour in each day of quiet communion with the Lord was essential to the health of his soul.'

Hodgkin told the Conference of his dream of a Friends' school in New Zealand, speaking of the great influence for good exercised by the school at Hobart. This led to the discussion of a still more ambitious dream; at the most exciting sitting of the Conference the proposal was made that a Quaker colony should be founded. If only this could be started the Friends' school would come of itself. The proposal was strongly favoured, there was not one adverse voice, and a great many showed themselves whole-hearted champions of the scheme. A committee was appointed to go further into it. Hodgkin held that everything would depend upon the land chosen for the colony. He thought that the scheme sounded very attractive, though he felt constrained to utter a warning note, pointing out the risks of a failure which might be disastrous to New Zealand Quakerism. But he believed that 'some settlement of the kind which would furnish a point of attraction and a rallying

place for earnest, industrious young Friends wishing to get away from our over-crowded country, yet not to lose their connexion with the Society which has formed their spiritual life, and unfitted them for hearty co-operation with any other Church, would be a great benefit to their whole communion.' He was convinced that it must be emphatically stated from the first that the colony was not to be a Refuge for the Destitute, that the fact that a man had failed in England did not show that he was likely ' to succeed in the long battle with nature in New Zealand.'

At another sitting Hodgkin read the minutes from the English meetings giving the visitors their commission. This was followed by a wonderful outpouring of love and gratitude for their visit. One Friend knelt and thanked God for having put it into their hearts to visit Friends in New Zealand. Another said that the reading of the minutes seemed to him like a love-letter from home, and added: ' No one has enjoyed a love-letter more than I have done, but even such is this word from the homeland.' Another spoke with much feeling of the ' sweet and gentle sympathy of Thomas Hodgkin's wife and daughter and the fresh, bright manliness of his son, so helpful to other young men.' Hodgkin was quite overcome by the warmth of these and other expressions of kindliness and welcome. Speaking of the Conference as a whole, he thought that the important fact was that it had been a great success, and that there was a determination to repeat it in future years. When it did meet again a year after, a letter was written to the Australasian Committee at home in which these words occur:

As we meet in conference, a fresh sweet savour, that has lingered in all memories from the visit of our Friends the Hodgkin family, seems to greet us. They are to us one, unique, and inseparable, various in expression, one in faith and love and service.

The Conference was followed by four visits to Friends living in the country. Several days were spent at Swarthmore, the beautiful home of Mr. J. Holdsworth. The enjoyment of this visit was deepened by participation in the

Silent Meeting in the church at Havelock, which Hodgkin describes as follows :

There every Saturday afternoon the Holdsworths meet with the vicar (Alan Gardiner) and a few friends and relatives like-minded with themselves : all entering fully into the spirit of Silent Worship, as affording the human soul an opportunity of communion with the Almighty Maker. We met once in the nave of the church, once in the chancel. There were one or two prayers and a few short addresses, but the greater part of the time was spent in silence, and I believe we all felt them to be times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Eighteen months later when Mr. Cyril Hepher visited Havelock, he found that those who had met there with Thomas Hodgkin in silent worship, still spoke of his visit, and believed that his presence had brought a special power to their hour of worship.

To his son Robin. Orua Wharo, Takapau : 25 May, 1909.

. . . We are now staying at a fine country house in the station of Mr. Johnston, who owns 10,000 acres, which he sheep farms, and who would, I suppose, be called by the New Zealand democrats ' a social pest.' I think there is no doubt that some of the large blocks of land, thirty or forty thousand acres at a time, which were bought from the Maoris or even from the Government in the middle of last century, will have to be divided up among smaller settlers as pasture gives place to arable and as immigration increases, but whether the present rulers are doing this wisely or justly, I think there is great doubt. In all things one sees the dominant influence of the Labour Party, which is sometimes beneficial, but sometimes the reverse. I am heartily with them in their attempts to secure a living wage for every honest and industrious worker : in their determination to repress and extinguish sweating : and not to allow the up-growth of the dismal slum-quarters of the old country. But I think they need to remember, oftener than they do, that ' hard cases make bad law.' The kind of legislation which I have spoken of (and which I am afraid is necessary because of the hardness of men's hearts) should, I think, be considered as exceptional, and the legislator should not allow himself to be seduced into the attempt to fix all wages, and to regulate

what he never will be able to regulate—all the relations between capital and labour.

. . . Our waiter at the hotel told me that though he had come out a year ago, he meant to return to England as soon as he could, because, though the wages were high, everything was so dear that he was not as well off as at home. And I believe this will prove more and more to be the general experience, and that Protection and Wages-Legislation will have to be abandoned sooner or later, but it will be a hard struggle.

To his brother Howard. Swarthmore: 30 May, 1909.

. . . We are staying now at the dear Holdsworths' country house (built about six years ago) and greatly enjoying our—I hope not unlawful—holiday. The house stands on the lower terrace of a green hilly range, and looks over a wide expanse of fruitful land to the vast sweep of Hawkes Bay, on the edge of which we see the lights of Napier twinkling at nightfall. My host has just called me forth to look at the snowy peak of Ruapehu (once a volcano, but now retired from business in that line), ninety miles distant, generally unseen in the summer, but now made visible by last night's frost.

To feel that this resplendent day, so glorious notwithstanding, or rather partly because of, the slight autumnal crispness in the air, corresponds to our 30th November, does, I confess, make me rather envious. And then all the beauties of the landscape in both islands, though we have not been able to see a hundredth part of them, the long mountain chains, the lakes, the glaciers, the tree ferns, these too make me somewhat envious. Or rather I think they make me wish I had come out here in early middle life (perhaps I should have done if I had been more faithful), so that 'I might have had opportunity to have returned.' Now I feel as I look upon one beautiful scene after another, and as I make acquaintance with one kind and loving group of friends after another, 'When I leave this place or these people I shall never see them again.' Well, I must not complain, but rather be full of gratitude to the Father Who has given me this delightful little piece of work to do for Him, under such sunny skies, and with so many external helps to happiness, now near the end of my days. To me: oh, most unworthy!

To his sister Elizabeth. 30 May, 1909.

. . . Thy letter speaks of the different conditions of life out here. Yes, they are different. I will just give thee a sketch of the home of a Friend whom George and I have visited.

Eight miles from the nearest railway station: in a country which was bush thirty years ago: now excellent sheep farming land. Our friend's sheep farm consists of 360 acres, bringing him in about the same number of pounds yearly, but from this has to be deducted mortgage and wages. The wages go to an old friend and brother farmer —a man of good birth (nephew of the first Governor of New South Wales), who has lost everything in farming, and is thankful to come and work here as a labourer. He and his wife take their meals of course with the family. It is a nice large sociable party, and when dinner is over, mother and children, and Mr. and Mrs. M. (the hired helps) all take part in clearing away and washing up. Many hands make light work, and it all is soon tidy again in the dining-room. Of course there is no other servant, and with the endless round of cleaning and cooking, serving up the food, washing up and putting the little ones to bed, the poor house-mistress has not much time for literary pursuits: yet she is well read, and her husband is intellectually, politically, and religiously one of the most congenial spirits that I have met for a long time, and my talks with him (we spent two nights in his house) will be among the most cherished recollections of this journey. He is a convinced Friend, son of a dissenting minister.

After these visits they took ship again and went to Auckland, from which they visited the famous volcanic region of Rotorua. The interest of this journey in New Zealand was much increased by Hodgkin's diligent study of Maori history and customs. He was not content till a country was made living to him by its history. Even the wonders of nature had their historical lessons for him. Writing about the famous pink and white terraces of Rotomohana, now buried under the waters of Lake Tarawera, he said:

All which things, as it seems to me, are an allegory, and typify the great French Revolution. Very elegant and pretty, a wonder of the world, like the pink and white

terraces were the red-heeled marquises and viscounts who bowed and smirked to one another in the halls of Versailles, no thought in their minds of the precariousness of their life : no fear that yonder grim mountain of Democracy which had so long slumbered would ever burst into flame. Yet it came : that awful eruption of 1792. A fierce lava torrent of hatred and rage poured over beautiful France. When the blue sky appeared again, it was found that a flood of filthy democratic mud overspread all the landscape, mud under which the dainty noblesse of old days was buried past hope of disinterment. And since that day, though the volcano now for many years hath slumbered, Europe has been kept in perpetual hot water.

Hodgkin and his son made a long expedition into what is known as the roadless north, to visit one of the most earnest and devoted of the New Zealand Friends. Their journey had to be accomplished partly by sea and partly driving in lurching stage waggons, 'pitching and rolling like a ship at sea,' for in that district the roads were 'a quagmire of mud and clay, making walking round the house all but impossible.' But they had 'a most happy and rewarding time,' though it was some time before clothes and wraps 'recovered from their contact with the all-pervading mud.' Their friends arranged for them a little meeting at a neighbouring school-house, where about a dozen people came together. Seeing on the blackboard of the schoolroom that the master had been giving a lesson on the 'Grace Darling of New Zealand,' Hodgkin could not help talking to them about the original Grace Darling of Bamborough.

This was the most adventurous expedition of the whole journey ; indeed the home committee had recommended that it should not be undertaken, considering Dr. Hodgkin's age. It is said that its memory will never fade from the minds of the Friends in this far-away corner.

Returning from these excursions they settled in Auckland for a pleasant and satisfactory business week. He found the meeting at Auckland in a flourishing and happy state, with a Meeting House—a unique possession in New Zealand —an active Adult School, and a Two-Months' Meeting, so

that the machinery of the Society was kept going. There were no divisions, no sleepiness, the meeting was hard at work for others, at peace within itself, full of strength and life and joy. The meeting expressed its deep gratitude for the visit of the Hodgkins, saying :

The Christian sympathy and encouragement we have received from the labours of our friends amongst us have been most inspiring, and they have renewed our desire to be faithful to the truth as professed by our Society.

On one of the days there was a Peace Meeting, and on the next a meeting about the possibilities of a Quaker colony, and on the Sunday the Two Months' Meeting was held a month earlier than the proper day so as to enable the visitors to attend it. Just before leaving New Zealand Thomas Hodgkin wrote : ' I think that if I had my life to live over again, with my present knowledge, I would manage somehow to have slipped into its younger years a journey to these wonderful Southern lands.' When they left this hospitable land nearly all the members of the meeting gathered to see them off.

To the Friends in New Zealand Hodgkin wrote a letter of loving and grateful farewell. In the course of it he said :

This visit to New Zealand has explained to me the meaning of much in the organisation of our Society which I had before understood very imperfectly. I see that if a Christian Democracy such as ours is, is to endure at all, without a paid ministry, without an elaborate hierarchy, and without large endowments or state-paid salaries, it must have an organisation of some kind, and that organisation cannot be upheld without some sacrifice of time, convenience, and money on the part of the members. The ' Query ' which I have heard again and again for more than seventy years, and often in my younger days with weariness, ' Are meetings for worship and discipline kept up ? ' assumes a new meaning in my ears, for I see that, that without much patient labour on the part of many obscure individuals, in order to return an affirmative answer to that query, the Society of Friends could not have existed for 250 years, and much good work which it has been enabled to do for

humanity would have been lost for the world. With organisation Quakerism has been able to make its voice powerfully heard on behalf of truth and righteousness; without organisation it would long ago have been what chemists call 'a deliquescing salt,' losing all the appearance of a solid body.

If you, dear Friends, see this matter in the same light that I do, I think I may safely leave the application of the principle to yourselves.

For more than half a century Friends have existed in these islands, practically without an organisation, except the brave little two-months' meeting at Auckland. They have existed, and that is about all that can be said, and they have lost members at every pore. There is great excuse for them in the vast distances . . . and the insufficiency of means of communication. . . . A complete network of monthly and quarterly meetings such as prevails all over England is probably quite unattainable.

He went on to suggest what might be done under the circumstances and concluded:

My chief concern is to beg you to look courageously and trustfully forward to the future. . . . Small as are your numbers, there are in you, I feel assured, all the elements of a living Church, and there are, doubtless, outside our borders many minds in New Zealand, as elsewhere, to which in this day of doubt and perplexity the voice of Quakerism, speaking of a possible spiritual communion with the living God and possible guidance by Him, will come with peculiar acceptance.

Some thoughts suggested by other conditions in New Zealand are expressed in the following letter:

To Howard Lloyd. Glenalvon, Auckland: 4 June, 1909.

. . . The general effect produced on one's mind is delight in the glory of the scene—I almost venture to say in the glory of the Creator of the scene, the vivid blue of the sky, the radiancy of the sun, the sharp outlines of the distant mountain ranges (we have lately been looking at the snow-covered peak of Ruapehu, distinctly visible ninety miles off), all is beautiful, all is joyous, and it only wants a history and a wise government.

A *history*, because all these peaks and lakes and rivers

speak to me only of themselves, and are dumb as to the great deeds of men who might have lived among them.

And a wise government because, from all that one hears, there is reason to fear that Demos is riding his poor horse Plutus too hard. Though it is not, I believe, an official Labour Government which is in power, everything has been done for years past to win the votes and capture the affections of the labouring class. A maximum day of eight hours (the waiters at the hotels have to vanish every now and then, whether they want a holiday or not, lest they should exceed their maximum), a minimum wage of eight shillings a day (and one is told that several men are walking the streets because employers may not pay them five shillings or six shillings, and they are not worth more); ridiculous tariffs for cabs and the like in the supposed interest of the drivers (at Wellington nothing less than five shillings after 7 P.M., however short the distance), the consequence of which, according to one's observation, is that the few cabs that there are remain on the rank nearly all day long: all this seems to show Law spoiling her pets the working men, and ruining their digestion by the sweetmeats which she is for ever offering them. The general feeling among the people whom we meet is that there must come a reaction, that Labour in its own interest must demand a reversal of some of this unwise legislation: but I do not know. I am afraid that *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* when one has begun to pander to the many.

Sydney was the travellers' next destination. 'New Zealand,' wrote Hodgkin, 'now lies like a long white cloud on our horizon, and Australia the mighty, the great aspiring, rather uncouth, land claims to dominate all our thoughts.' At Sydney they found a good meeting-house generally well attended by about forty members, an adult school, and an evening meeting kept up at no small sacrifice of time and comfort by Friends who lived many miles off.

At the morning meeting there was 'a good deal of varied ministry,' and at the evening meeting Hodgkin writes that he had 'the happiness of almost complete silence.' Sydney struck him as the strongest meeting he had yet visited, with the possible exception of Hobart. To his great regret it was not possible to stay at Sydney long enough for him to visit all the different Friends in their own homes. He

was interested in meeting again one of them, W. Cooper, who had once visited him at Barmoor, and who may be said to have been largely responsible for his present visit. Talking over Australian concerns with Cooper, Hodgkin had asked him which of the English Friends would in his opinion be most welcome and useful as a visitor in Australia. Cooper had replied that this was a difficult question to answer, as the Friend to whom he was talking was the one they would most delight to welcome.

Hodgkin was warmly welcomed by the University people at Sydney and found the University a heart-cheering place, where he enjoyed lecturing on Ravenna and the Fall of the Roman Empire. During this tour he was said always to have a lecture up his sleeve.

To his son Robin. Sydney: 26 July, 1909.

. . . We are going very happily on our way, much welcomed by these good people at Sydney (who, like all the little colonies of Friends, are far *too* appreciative of our services). . . . The University people here have been very civil, and have made more of me than most of the New Zealanders, though they also quite gave me a welcome. . . . I have lectured for them on Ravenna, the Fall of the Roman Empire, and the Roman Wall. The last, which was an extempore affair (with lantern slides), and which I myself felt to be an absolute failure, was decidedly the most popular. You see the little Clayton jokes and other bits of casual information which are utter chesnuts to any Northumbrian audience are new and fresh here, and I suppose that accounted for the success of the lecture.

From Sydney they went to Queensland, a journey which the home people had rather deprecated for them on account of the climate; but the weather proved delightful, and they felt ready to pronounce the winter climate of Queensland one of the most delightful in the world. The object of the journey was to visit the two meetings of Brisbane and Rockhampton. At Brisbane there was a most attractive meeting house, 'surrounded by a pleasant garden with visions of mimosa trees through the opened windows,' but the meeting itself was not in very good heart, as the younger Friends showed a decided tendency to drift away.

Here and at Rockhampton, where there was also a small meeting, Thomas Hodgkin tried by his friendly words and wise counsel to hearten the members. He was interested in meeting one earnest Friend, a furnaceman, who seemed to him to possess a prophetic gift, and who was thinking of offering himself for a sort of missionary journey round the various meetings and settlements of Friends in Australia, a proposal which Hodgkin hoped would be accepted. In both these towns he found time to give historical lectures as well as religious addresses. He was a constant advocate of increased immigration to these wide, empty lands.

To Frederick Andrews. 6 August, 1909.

I have been of course subjected several times to the operation of 'interviewing,' and I have generally tried to put in a strong plea for a well thought out and carefully administered system of emigration. It is notorious that our population is redundant, and that of Australia is deficient. (There can be no doubt that this mighty country could easily support a population of at least five times its present amount—four millions.) Why cannot our best statesmen at each end of the wire contrive a system of regulated emigration, by which our surplus workers shall come and help in opening up the vast territory, without adding to the already too large numbers of unemployed and half-employed loafers in the cities? This is the thesis on which I love to insist to my newspaper friends, and they generally express agreement with me. I think that, small as our numbers are, Friends at home or in the colonies might lend much useful counsel in the carrying through of this great work. I believe it would be a truly peace-promoting enterprise, for it is the thinness of population in these Australasian lands which may tempt some of the rival nationalities, and which keeps alive the spirit of panic.

Hodgkin visited gold-mines and other places of interest and made an expedition to Toowoomba, a little town lying high in the mountains in a very fertile district. Here there lived a few Friends, very isolated from one another. Some of them had never even met. To bring these together Hodgkin felt to be one of the little errands which he and his family had come twelve thousand miles to perform. They

had a little social gathering at the house of one of the Friends, at which Hodgkin was thanked for having introduced them to one another, and where he asked them whether they could not start at least an occasional meeting. It seemed at the time as if he pleaded in vain, but four years later, after his death, came a letter, which told of the result of his visit, from the clerk of the meeting which had now been formed. This letter said that before his visit the Friends at Toowoomba had been for many years separated from Friends' usages. The meeting he held had given them a fresh taste of the blessings of communion. But their faith was weak, and for a little while nothing was done till a small meeting began to be held on Saturday evenings. The sense of fellowship that followed led to a regular meeting for worship on Sundays. Finally, Hodgkin's letters had given them courage to institute a six months' meeting for Queensland. So his presence with them had been richly blessed.

At Toowoomba there was the usual interviewer to be faced, who recorded how Dr. Hodgkin spoke of his intense pleasure in coming among a people where there is no crying destitution as in old lands. But he also emphasised 'the fact that with all their advantages, Australians should be a little more earnest in their own lives and the interests of the common weal.' 'Beautiful, interesting Queensland' was left with regret. He wrote that he was extremely glad that they had undertaken this visit. 'There is no part of Australia which more needs the help of Friends from a distance than Queensland, and no part which will better repay it.'

Melbourne was reached on August 23. He was impressed by the air of magnificence about Melbourne, and wrote:

> What makes the populous magnificence of Melbourne to me more surprising is the thought that it has all sprung up in my lifetime. When I celebrated with many tears my birthday O there was not even a hut to be seen, where there are now so many miles of stately streets.

The three weeks spent at Melbourne were almost the busiest time of the whole journey. There were people of all sorts to be seen, both at Government House and the Univer-

sity, as well as the circle of Friends, and the days were crowded with varied engagements for all the party. Hodgkin was interested at being present at a meeting of the Federal Senate, and a little amused at the pomp and ceremony, the full-bottomed wig of the President, the liveries and deep bows of the attendants. It was a delight to find a real student in the Parliamentary librarian, and to spend some hours amongst the fine collection of books he had got together, of which the most interesting was his unique collection of publications bearing on the history of Australia.

One day Hodgkin gave an address on 'Present Day Social and Religious Conditions,' in the course of which he said :

Contrasting the conditions in England with those out here, one feels that the Australian who sets foot in London for the first time must be most struck by the severance between the classes at home. It seems as if there were a great chasm between the rich and the poor, a separation less marked, almost non-existen there ; . . . but I must turn to what I feel is the unhopeful feature of your life, as it may be, perhaps, of ours at home too. I mean the lack of spiritual earnestness ; there may be less narrowness than there was fifty years ago, but less depth too. The press has undergone a change for the worse . . . it in no way regards itself as the national conscience, it has lost all sense of its responsibilities. . . . I tremble for your light-heartedness. Even this sunshine and beautiful world may make it all too easy for you to forget the serious issues of life. You have no wars, mercifully, to look back upon in your history, and we trust you may have none ; but still I repeat, I tremble for your light-heartedness. . . . I can only speak that which I do know, but I know I am in a temple of freedom, and even those who differ from me will let me say the things I know for myself to be true.

The greater part of their time was, of course, given to intercourse with the Friends in Melbourne. This included a visit to an aged Friend of ninety-four on his death-bed. He wished to see Thomas Hodgkin because he had known his father, who had visited him before he left England in 1849. Friends at a distance in Riverdale and Ballarat were also visited.

Adelaide was the next stopping place, and its beauty led Hodgkin to a comparison of the different Australian cities.

It is hard to find words to express the different qualities of these young Australian cities, but I think that while Melbourne has clearly the most metropolitan character, and Sydney, with its wonderful harbour, is the most unique, the most unlike any other city in the world (except perhaps Constantinople), Adelaide, with its numerous parks, not surrounding but inter-penetrating the city, with its amphitheatre of hills, almost mountains, round it, must be pronounced the most beautiful of Australian cities. . . . I shall never forget the sight which Adelaide presented to me on our second Sunday in the city. . . . As I walked down towards North Adelaide I saw the green lanes sloping towards the river, dotted with happy-looking groups. . . . All looked so bright, so peacefully and wisely happy, that it seemed unusually hard to stand up in the Mission Hall that evening and talk about ' other worldliness ' and the need for ' seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.'

Another time, when on a motor drive he had seen the beautiful city of Adelaide spread out on the plain between the hills and the sea, he wrote : ' I am amused with the thought how unlike this stately city is to the homely little woman after whom it was named : a tiny old lady whose pictures were in all the shops when I was a child. If the city had been built one year later, it would certainly have been called not Adelaide but Victoria.'

One of the pleasures of the stay in Adelaide was making acquaintance with Sir Samuel Way, who was generally considered ' the most distinguished citizen of South Australia.' Amongst other kind attentions, Sir Samuel supplied his new friend with various books of interest for the history of Australia, and many and varied subjects were discussed between them. Writing to him shortly before leaving Australia, Hodgkin said :

Thank you for your very kind words about myself and the little religious Society to which I belong. When I return to England, one of my first duties will be to choose a few books which best illustrate the present thoughts and

feelings of 'the Society,' and forward them to you. If the different denominations of Christians understood one another better, there would be a better chance of a return to the golden time when they who were without said, 'See how these Christians love one another.'

Sir Samuel Way was then Chancellor of the University at Adelaide, and through him Hodgkin got into close touch with the University and gave two lectures there. Neither did he neglect the business side of Adelaide life. After visiting the vast warehouses in which the wool is stacked, he was present at the great periodical wool sale attended by men from all parts of the world.

But the chief interest at Adelaide, and what he had always looked forward to as the end and crown of their missionary journey, was the General Meeting of Friends. This had only been instituted for a few years. To Thomas Hodgkin it seemed that, considering the vast distances from which Friends had to come, it was greatly to their credit that this meeting was so well attended. It was a great joy to him and his family to meet again on this occasion, so many of those whom they had learned to love and respect during their recent wanderings. For this General Meeting the Hodgkin party had been joined by two young Friends from England, sent out by the English Yearly Meeting, whose 'companionship was a great cheer and help' to them. These two Friends, W. Littleboy and E. Thorp, were quite young men, and Hodgkin believed that the help of those of their age was what young Australia most needed. On the first day, there was a happy gathering in a beautiful garden which gave a good opportunity for making and renewing acquaintances. The next day, Sunday, came the first meeting in the little wooden Meeting House, which with difficulty found room for the 148 Friends who had come together, by placing chairs in the passages. Hodgkin spoke to them on 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and dwelt on 'the mutuality of the relations of the members of a living church.' He showed how misunderstandings may arise between persons who are sincerely desirous to meet one another, but who in the mist may be actually drifting away from the very person whom they are most anxious to meet.

The week that followed was filled with meetings, some concerned with the business of the Society, some occupied with its spiritual work. At one meeting the attitude to be taken on the Defence Bill was considered. A Friend from New Zealand said that he could not accept the proposition that defensive war in all circumstances is absolutely unlawful for a Christian. Hodgkin did not join in the discussion, thinking that it was a matter which concerned the Australians themselves. Later he showed much sympathy in the difficulties in which they were involved owing to this Bill. One day, in the midst of a good deal of routine business, he was able to get in a word of advice as to the best way of keeping Meeting House libraries. His interest was always especially called out by those who, under very adverse circumstances, were trying to keep their intellectual interests alive. He thought that the Meeting House libraries might do more if better managed, and that for a very small annual expenditure a good and attractive library might be maintained. He laid stress on the way that books should be stored and arranged, so that the 'incurably dull ones might not infect their more interesting brethren with the contagion of their dulness,' and gave useful advice as to the selection of books.

What such a gathering did for some of these isolated Friends was illustrated by one who got up and said :

I can't tell you what it has meant to me to be with you here. I never get the chance of anything like this at home ; none of my neighbours care. When you are having these happy times of fellowship together in your big towns and away in England, you might think sometimes of us who never get the chance of anything of the kind.

This little speech was finished in a voice broken with tears. The presence of the English visitors was warmly appreciated, and the pretty speeches were almost too many for their comfort. The feelings of the meeting were expressed as follows in the minutes :

Our hearts have been gladdened and our spirits refreshed by the presence of our Friends. We feel that we are indebted to them far more deeply than we are able to

express. The brightness of their presence, the cheer of their voices, the messages of Christian hope and love and duty they have given, will remain with us not merely a memory, but a stimulus and an inspiration through all the days to come. . . . We look forward to a brighter future for our Society in these lands as a result of their visit.

Thomas Hodgkin's general impression of the meetings he had attended, and of the Friends with whom he had associated, made him hopeful for the future. He wrote:

There is, I am persuaded, 'a seed of Life,' as George Fox would have called it, in many of these meetings, and I believe it will grow from man to man, without the adventitious aid of a 'pastoral system,' such as they have in the Western States of America.

Perhaps the most refreshing times of the Adelaide meeting were the morning readings at the hotel where most of the Friends lodged. These were very simple affairs. Each day a different Friend read a chapter, then came a time of silence followed by fervent and uniting prayer.

After the General Meeting was over, the Hodgkins spent nearly three weeks more at Adelaide. Several lectures were given, families of Friends were visited, and Hodgkin attended the Two Months' Meeting at Blackwood, a place in the hills where a little group of Friends had settled. Here he and his wife visited a sick Friend, a widow, on her death-bed, whose one wish was to see 'The Friends from England.' Hodgkin felt that it was worth while to have come all the way from England to visit that dying saint.

Adelaide was finally left on October 21. There was a valedictory reception, at which Hodgkin contrived to say some words to the young people, bidding them work to keep up the meetings, and to the old people, exhorting them to leave the young alone. On his voyage from what he called 'beautiful, flattering, besetting Adelaide' he wrote to his eldest son: 'I know you will rejoice with your father in the thought of the abounding love which our visit has called forth, and the evident *rightness* of our visit.'

There still remained Western Australia to visit. On reaching Perth, he was saddened by hearing of the death of his old friend Miles MacInnes, and wrote: 'Soon there will be none left with whom I can talk of the old times. These letters make me long to get home before there are any more gaps made in our circle.'

To his daughter Lily. Perth: 7 November, 1909.

. . . I must send my little word of thanks for your letter of sympathy with me in dear Miles MacInnes's death. Yes, indeed, I do feel it a heavy blow and a great bereavement. He was such a very old friend. Fifty-five years ago we were together at Rickerby. Since that time, partly by visits, partly by letters, we had kept up our friendship so successfully: sharing banking interests, religious interests, and political interests (except for that disagreeable interval when we were parted by Irish Home Rule. . . .). I think our friendship for the last eight or ten years has been closer and warmer than ever before. And now all those delightful walks and talks together are ended for this world, and there is one more gone from that sadly small band to whom I can use those magic words, 'Don't you remember?' when we talk of the long ago times.

To Grace MacInnes. Perth: 14 November, 1909.

Thank you, thank you heartily for your loving letter to me written just a month ago. I am very glad that you are able to express something of the piercing sorrow which, as I at once felt when the news reached me, must have been yours when you perceived that he, that dear companion of your way, was suddenly taken from your side. My dear wife and I have long known, but saw I think even more clearly on our last happy visit to Rickerby, how much you and your dearest father were to one another. I think your relation to one another was a little like that which exists between Violet and me . . . so I do most deeply feel for you, and go down as it were into the water with you, to share your baptism of sorrow. I have tried a little to express in my letter to your dear mother my own personal share in this terrible bereavement. I was unconsciously looking forward to many happy and helpful talks with him after our return: talks about our new Australian interests, about politics (so puzzling, and about

which I should have so enjoyed hearing his opinion), about the future of the Christian Church : and then, most delightful of all and most irreplaceable, about our joint experiences of Banking and of Rickerby in those dear old days of the Fifties before the Indian Mutiny, when the Queen was still comparatively young upon her throne. Oh, those golden days (and yet they were days to me of many sorrows), how freshly could they come back to us both when we wandered through Rickerby Park, and now never more shall we have them. Shall we meet—I have some little hope that we may—by the banks of the River of Life and together trace with something of the old interest the various steps by which the Lord our God has led us through—what shall I say ? The wilderness ? No, I think not : through the green pastures of our earthly life.

The four weeks in Western Australia were intended primarily to be a little rest after the exacting time through which they had passed, and to enable them to see something of the beauty of an Australian spring and the glory of its flowers ; but they also desired to see whether they could induce the few Friends in and around Perth to form themselves into a meeting. In this attempt they failed. The Friends were too few to have the courage needed to organise themselves, though they much appreciated the meetings and Bible classes held with the Hodgkins during their stay. Part of this resting time was spent at Nedlands on the Swan River, where they delighted in ' the sunrises and sunsets over the water, in the wild flowers and the encompassing bush, in the pelicans and swans on the river.'

The moment to say good-bye to Australia came at last.

To Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice of S. Australia.

Perth : 20 November, 1909.

We are now expecting in about forty-eight hours to take our leave of this wonderful Australia. For me and my wife a *final* leave, and that is the sadness of it. It is always sad to feel that you have looked your last on any earthly scene, and for us to know that we shall not again behold the Southern Cross and the forests of Eucalyptus, and the bright skies and blue seas of Australia, is a sad thought, and

one that causes that *surgit amari aliquid* in the midst of the joy of returning home.

I hope I need not include in this list of 'lasts' the sight of your kindly face. You are, I trust, going to take your seat again before long in the Privy Council Chamber at Whitehall, and if you do, I think I may rely on your giving me an opportunity of making, under the shadow of the Cheviots, some slight return for the abounding hospitalities of Montefiore.

Again Hodgkin wrote: 'We have learned to love the land and the people dearly, though we are not blind to the faults of the latter and could wish that the former were not so huge.' To his daughter he said, as they walked at sunset on the last evening, down the pier at Fremantle to the ship that was to take them home, 'This journey has been an immense thing in my life.' Yet with all his delight and interest in Australia he was constantly longing for home. Even under the brilliant skies of Western Australia he said, 'I would gladly exchange all this for one of the dreariest, foggiest days in dear Northumberland'; and on the eve of his homeward journey he wrote, 'I have been for some time past counting the days as a schoolboy does looking towards the holidays. The others laugh at me for my home-sickness, and indeed I believe I am the most anxious to be at home again.'

Surely it says much for the bigness of his nature that he could at his age take as it were a whole new continent into his heart. There was no side of the life of this new world in which he did not take a sympathetic interest. Everywhere he went he sought information as to political and social conditions and problems. As might be expected, he gave special attention to educational matters, and in the many interviews with him that appeared in the Australasian press, great stress was laid upon his interest in education. His energy never seemed to flag, he was ready to meet all demands made upon him during days filled with meetings, sight-seeing, visits, and interviews of one kind or another. It was perhaps the variety of the demands made upon him, as well as his intense enjoyment of the natural beauties of the land, that helped him to get through the arduous days without breaking down. Of course his chief thought was

always given to the concerns of the Society of Friends. He was ready to enter into the life and difficulties of the humblest of its members, to smooth over differences, to cheer the downhearted. His own ministrations have naturally occupied the foremost place in this story of his travels, but it would be incomplete and most opposed to what he himself would wish, to pass over the work of his companions. Wife, daughter, and son, each in their different ways, powerfully seconded his efforts. His son and daughter were able to be of special use through their intercourse with the younger Friends. They went to their summer camp, attended their meetings and classes, and formed lasting ties of friendship with many. In their work lay great possibilities of future development, and it gave hope that what had been so well begun would bear rich fruit in the future. Hodgkin wrote after his return: 'I came back more than ever believing in the Divine institution of the family. If I had gone out alone, I believe I should have died of home-sickness and should have done next to nothing. All the real good that was done by our visit was done by my three companions.'

Perhaps the hardest thing they all had to bear in connexion with their journey was the thought of the places and people that had to be left unvisited. To know that there were some who had said, 'When will the Friends come and start a meeting among us?' and that they had not been able to go to them. What had to be left undone caused a pang which no thought of what had been done could allay.

On their way home a fortnight was spent at Ceylon to visit the Friends' Mission to the Tamils at Matale, and to see something of Mrs. Hodgkin's nephew, Orme Fox, working there in the Civil Service.

To Sir Samuel Way. Colombo: 14 December, 1909.

. . . Certainly I have no regrets that my home was not fixed in Ceylon. The heat is, of course, the chief objection. . . . But far more than that do I dislike the obsequious, almost servile demeanour of the multitude of dark-faced men by whom one is surrounded. With one's ignorance of the language one cannot put oneself *en rapport*

with them, and I feel that it would be only too easy to acquire that ungracious, domineering attitude towards the natives which one so often hears of as injuring the popularity of the English in India.

I certainly prefer even the 'I'm as good as you' demeanour of the most independent waiter in an Australian hotel.

There had been a suggestion that they should stop in Egypt, but Hodgkin wrote, 'This wonderful Australia has given me (and all of us) about as much to think about as our minds can hold, and I do not feel just now in a mood for studying the cartouches of Thothmes and Amenhotep.' It was decided, therefore, to stop somewhere on the Mediterranean instead, in order to break the transition from the tropics to the cold and damp of England.

The voyage from Ceylon was the least happy part of the whole journey. George had left them to spend some time in India, and they 'missed him dreadfully'; but worse than this, Mrs. Hodgkin fell ill, and her recovery was slow and tedious. It was an intense joy to be met by their son Robin at Naples, on the last day of the year, and with him they went to Costebelle, meeting their eldest son, Edward, and his wife at Marseilles on their way. In the bright fresh air of Costebelle they were able to acclimatise themselves to Europe after the heat of the Tropics, and Mrs. Hodgkin completed her recovery. Hodgkin also had the opportunity of acclimatising himself to the English political atmosphere. The general election of January 1910, with its somewhat indefinite results, was just over, and to him

it was unsatisfactory to feel that the opinion of the English visitors at the hotel was overwhelmingly, almost insultingly on the Conservative side. I do not like to feel that everybody above a certain social line is thinking exactly the same about politics, reading the same papers, and uttering the same platitudes.

To his brother Howard. Hyères: 5 January, 1910.

. . . I am—as far as I have been able to study the question—entirely with you on the subject of the Lords'

rejection of the Budget ; I feel rather sorrowfully how little real Conservatism or healthy Constitutional feeling there is in our existing aristocracy. It is enough that your income is above £5000 and that you are therefore hit by the present financial proposals, and at once all the safeguards prepared through centuries of vigilance for keeping the finances of the nation under the control of the nation's representatives are broken as by dynamite. It is of no use to say the case is exceptional, and that the Lords will not often do this kind of thing. If the nation (led away by Tariff Reform and Beer) is foolish enough to give them their innings, they will stay at the wickets for ever, or till some more fatal revolution sweeps Lords and Commons and, I fear, Monarchy also, into the gulf. I am sick of the cant about ' this Socialistic Budget.' Of course, there is a certain element of Socialism in it as there has been in all our legislation, at any rate since the Poor Law of Elizabeth : but I do not think that it is fairly liable to the imputation of Socialism. The one great and sad fact is that partly owing to the Kaiser and partly to the unwise words and deeds of our own statesmen (of both parties) and our ' yellow press ' we are committed to a frightful and wasteful expenditure for which somebody must pay. I suppose I belong to the menaced class : I don't like it, but I would rather pay than see the burden laid more heavily on the poor and struggling classes, and I am afraid it must be one or the other so long as the madness of the peoples continues.

To his son Robin. Hyères : 7 January, 1910.

. . . I am distressed about the course which English politics are taking. The ' Unionist ' party seem to me to be the real Radicals, their effusive admiration of Blatchford and Balfour's denunciation of Germany are both utterly unworthy of true Conservatives, and I am sorely afraid that if Asquith is unseated we shall in six months be at war with Germany.

And after that anything may happen.

I can only pray to God, ' Scatter Thou the people that delight in war.'

The following letters illustrate further his thoughts during his long journey :

To his son Edward. Hobart: 14 March, 1909.

I must write a few lines to you on this eventful anniversary—the fiftieth birthday of Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, and Spence. It somewhat consoles me for my absence from England to discover that the fourteenth of March falls—here and I suppose in England also—on a Sunday, and therefore we could in no case have had the Jubilee function on the very day. That being so, perhaps the delay of a few months till we return is of the less importance.

Oh, what a lot of events have happened in our family world, in Europe, and in the world of thought, since that day when we opened our doors at the square building (now Franklin's shop) in St. Nicholas Square, received R. S. Watson's deposit (he was determined to be our first customer), and opened our six little skinny accounts, a slender foundation for so big a building as rose above them.

I think the changes in the world of thought astonish me most. The liberation and the unification of Italy, the downfall of Napoleon III, the heaven-darkening dominion of Germany, big things as they are seem not so big as the promulgation of the Darwinian theory. In 1859 we, the man and woman in the street, all looked upon Species as immutable things and the doctrine of development as a foolish dream, and now I suppose we all believe in it up to a certain point, and almost are persuaded that we never believed otherwise.

Then for inventions. Electric light, the Telephone, Wireless Telegraphy, the X-rays, Bicycles, Motors (ach), Aeroplanes, and all the other unwelcome visitors with which our poor Twentieth Century is threatened, had no existence and were not even threatening to come into being, when the four partners with their four clerks (Freeman, Robinson, Carrick, and Dunford) began their modest little venture in St. Nicholas Square. (How Dunford used to sit upon his high stool and swing his thick legs in the long intervals when there was nothing for even the office-boy to do: and how Barnett and Pease used to write to old friends and schoolfellows till they declared that there was not another creature left that they could write to!). And this all happened half a century ago, and all my partners and all these four clerks save Dunford have gone into the silent world, and I who am still left a little longer am—where I never expected to be—at the Antipodes. It is

a strange world, but not on the whole an unhappy world. Thanks to God for having placed us in it. Thanks pre-eminently for the unutterably dear wife and children whom He has given me.

To his son Robin. Perth: 8 November, 1909.

In a fortnight from this time we hope to take a final leave of dear Australia. . . . I say dear Australia, and I do truly love the land and the people, though I cannot help seeing their faults. They are far too fond of talking about the bigness of their country as if that were any merit of theirs. They did not make the land whose very bigness in proportion to the population which they have put upon it is in a certain sense a reproach to them as well as politically an obvious danger. The population is still after a century only a paltry four million, whereas it ought to be at least twenty or twenty-five million, if they are to be reasonably safe from attack.

To his son Edward. Perth: 15 November, 1909.

I sympathise with you considerably about the present state of politics at home. I am sorry to say that Australian politics are not in a much more satisfactory state. The Labour Party are, I am afraid, injuring and checking the healthy development of the Colonies; and yet one sometimes hears it admitted that they have prevented jobs, and are in a sense the most honest of all the politicians. It is this abominable selfishness of men whether Capitalists or Labourites which seems to wreck all forms of government, Democracy as well as Aristocracy and Autocracy. If Christianity had free course and really ruled in the hearts of even the majority of men, all would come right and almost any system of government would be workable.

At present it seems to me that 'the smart set' in England and the trusts and millionaires in America are the great preachers of Socialism.

To his cousin, Mrs. Wilson King. Costebelle: 8 January, 1910.

. . . I do not think you can imagine what a resource and refreshment the letters of you dear home-people have been to us in this year of—exile, I was going to say, but I will not call it that, because the loving welcome we have received from the Friends out yonder has prevented our ever feeling that we were banished. But I have had always unutterable

yearnings for the dear homeland, more than I think either Violet or George could quite understand. But they have not, as I have had, seventy-eight hungry wolves (called years) on my track, and always a little secret fear that they might catch me up and pull me down before I had one more look upon England.

They are dear people, those Friends of New Zealand and Australia : none of them rich, some of them, I am afraid, having a hard struggle to make both ends meet : but all, or nearly all of them, with a certain quiet good breeding, which (as we think) generally goes with generations of Quaker descent, and, though not fervent evangelists, distinctly keeping the Christian standard unfurled in a world which is, I am afraid, practically even more godless than our English one. I mean that the general tone of Australian society seems to me not anti-religious but *non*-religious to a degree which we in England have not yet reached, and I hope never shall. And among them, our Friends, though not wielding any great power nor much heard of outside, do, I think, as far as their influence extends, stand for ' the simple life ' and the Christian life.

From Perth he had addressed a farewell letter to the Australian Friends. In this he spoke of the pain felt by him and his, in parting from many dear friends who had given them so generously of their love and confidence, and said that the chief lesson impressed upon their minds by the General Meeting at Adelaide had been the reality of the Common Life to which all are called in Christ Jesus. He said that he believed that our religion ought to make us, in the highest sense of the word, patriots, and went on :

Most of all it seems to me that you can serve your country by continuing to live the calm, serious, simple life which the world, not without reason, has for many generations connected with the thought of the Society of Friends. In this bright and beautiful Adelaide—as I think we all perceive—there is a light-heartedness which dwells too much on the surface of human life, and does not go down deep enough to find the springs of true joy. . . . I am brought most unwillingly to the conclusion that under the surface of the river of Australian life, which seems to flow so smoothly and joyously, there are some dark and foul things hidden, which, if they are not successfully combated, will poison the very

life of the nation. With these admitted evils, good men in other Churches are manfully striving. You are standing, we trust, at their side and joining your efforts to theirs. It is all important that true patriots should thus work together . . . but I believe you will fight all the more effectively, and that your co-operation will be none the less valued by your fellow soldiers, if you keep your own organisation and stand loyally by your own banner as Friends. Thus acting you will, after going forth into the wide and difficult world of social work, return at stated times into the restful quiet of your meetings for worship, and waiting there in reverence on the Lord will draw from Him refreshment and the renewal of your spiritual life.

The Hodgkins reached England at the end of January and, enterprising traveller though he was, Hodgkin wrote on his first night at the Great Western Hotel, 'Oh, the delight of being in this comfortable English hotel!' Thence they went to Falmouth, where they were joined by the Bosanquets and their children, and Hodgkin could say, 'Every wish of my heart seems gratified now that I have come back with my darling wife to her home, which I feel to be also mine.' With children and grandchildren around him, he felt that they were 'folded round with the love of their dear ones.'

Two months were spent in the South of England, chiefly at Falmouth, with visits to his sisters at Failand and Yattendon, and days in London to attend some meetings. At the Meeting for Sufferings and at the Australian Committee and to little groups of friends at Falmouth and elsewhere, accounts of their Australian experiences were given. The real report of the deputation was made at Yearly Meeting on May 23, to a hall crowded from floor to ceiling. The Friends listened with warm and growing interest to the story told by all six travellers; their sympathies were deeply stirred as they were made to realise some of the special problems which the Friends in Australia had to face. Of this meeting Hodgkin writes:

This was Australia's day at Yearly Meeting. The whole morning sitting was 'us,' and we sat all together near the clerk's table. George opened admirably, developing the

situation from his map, which was so drawn as to illustrate the vast distances which separate the Australian meetings from each other. Violet followed most impressively ; this has been often referred to since as the crowning incident of the whole Yearly Meeting. I said how one was helped to understand both the Old Testament and New Testament life by the lives of Australian Friends. Abraham was interpreted for me by W. B. Matheson and Martha by the cares of a Monthly Meeting hostess in the Bush. Invited by the clerk, dear Lucy added a few words on the great need for Meeting Houses, especially in New Zealand. The whole meeting was with us, subscription lists were at once opened for Hobart School and New Zealand Meeting Houses. (More than £1500 was promised before lunch.)

From that meeting an epistle was sent to Friends in Australasia in which, speaking of the work of the deputation, it was said :

We do indeed give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the blessings bestowed upon their labours, and we recognise that they have come back richer than they went forth, by reason of the service which has been wrought through them. . . . It is not easy to express the depth and strength of the love which has been called forth in the Yearly Meeting as a result of their mission ; and it is because their visit has made us keenly aware of the unity which binds us all together that we wish at this time to send you a special greeting.

On many similar occasions did the travellers tell their Australian story all over the country, ever eager to draw out interest and sympathy for those on the other side of the world whom they had taken into their hearts. There was much correspondence, too, with Australian Friends which left Hodgkin hardly any time for literary work. The needs of these distant Friends were never forgotten, and books and reviews likely to interest them were repeatedly sent. Hodgkin was also diligent in doing everything he could to promote emigration to Australia. He wrote :

If I were only thirty years younger, I think I should take this up as my life work and go about beating the Emigration drum. For wherever I have lectured on the

subject I seem to have got at people's hearts. They will listen when they will not read.

He felt that the one thing necessary was to send out men who would settle up country; in that case he could not imagine that the Australian labour party would oppose emigration. The danger was lest men should 'stick amongst the street lamps of Sydney or Melbourne,' where they were not wanted, and he published a pamphlet on this subject called 'Southward Ho!'

So to the many interests that already occupied his mind, he added all the questions which concerned the life and prosperity of Australia. Still more he added the concerns and needs of the many new friends he had made. He did not murmur at the new burdens, though he wrote on March 14, 1910, 'The real labour of our Australian service is beginning now. Everybody wants to know our opinion about everything in those regions, and invitations to speak or to lecture are coming in almost daily.'

He believed that the journey to Australia made 1909 perhaps the most memorable year in the lives of all the four travellers. It was a beautiful crown to all his loving work for the Society of Friends; a striking illustration of the perpetual youth of his mind and heart.

CHAPTER XIV

THOMAS HODGKIN AS A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

As has been already told, Thomas Hodgkin's earliest memories of the Society of Friends were of a time when it was torn by strong differences of opinion. The prosperous years of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had quenched much of the enthusiasm which had inspired George Fox and his immediate followers. Then came the evangelical revival, and stirred the Society deeply, so that many of its members were led to separate themselves from it in search of a fuller life elsewhere.

Hodgkin writes :

> In the Fifties and Sixties there was certainly among us a good deal of discouragement . . . an inclination to apologise for and minimise most of those 'peculiar principles' which made the Quakers of the first generation outcasts from all the other Churches.[1]

This discouragement led to many questionings as to the special contribution which the Society had to make to religious life and thought.

Thomas Hodgkin had his moments of discouragement and inclination to break off from the Church of his fathers, but as years went on his attachment to the Society of Friends, his belief in its special message to the world, deepened with his growing experience. He was full of sympathy with all genuine expression of religious thought and devotion in whatever denomination it might be found ; he ever wished to understand not to condemn, to join himself to others rather than to separate himself from them. But liturgical

[1] Introduction to *The Vision of Faith*, by Caroline Stephen.

worship, ritual and ceremonial had no attraction for him. A service conducted by unlettered fishermen in a bare chapel spoke to his soul and affected him by its simple genuineness, whilst the most magnificent service in a splendid cathedral might leave him cold and perhaps critical.

As a young man he had found it difficult to get the full spiritual advantage from the Friends' silent meetings. He wrote in 1857 that he felt that he needed something to put his mind into the right key :

before going into our little silent meetings where my too weak-willed nature if struck to other and secular matters is apt to go on vibrating to them the whole silence through. And this is what makes me quarrel with our silent service and wish we had something, at least on entering, to help us to turn our thoughts away from worldly men and worldly cares.

But not many years after he wrote :

If there be such a gift as ' discernment of spirits,' there is something in the Quakers' mode of worship peculiarly favourable to its exercise. Not being solicitous to spend the whole time of Divine service in telling the Almighty in ever so harmonious words what they think about Him, they leave room in the long (often too long) intervals of silence for Him to say what He thinks about them. ' I will *hear* what God the Lord will speak,' this is the keynote of their worship (if a metaphor drawn from sound may be tolerated for silence). Even as the promise of Christ, ' Where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them,' takes the place of His supposed presence under the form of bread and wine on the altar.

In this silence which reason often kicks at ; which to a quick and lively temperament is a cross almost too heavy to be borne, which for children and for immature Christians must often be as mere a form as any liturgy, there is nevertheless a noble opportunity for secret communion between the soul that wants to know God and her Maker, and, as was before said, if there be such a gift as that of ' the discerning of spirits,' it is under these circumstances that one would expect it to be exercised. The more eminent preachers of the generation which is now passing away, laid themselves out more than their successors have done, for

this work of receiving and delivering a special message to some individual member of the congregation. In the religious dialect of the sect this is called 'speaking to states,' because first one and then another state of mind is pointedly addressed by the speaker, and though I have heard many rambling discourses of this kind, which showed rather the desire to be helpful than any real power of helping any of the 'states' thus addressed, I am, on the other hand, fully persuaded that, in many cases, a knowledge of the needs of the congregation or of some individual member of it, which was not in the intellect of the preacher, has been by some spiritual process which I do not pretend to explain, but which I believe to be God-guided, conveyed into his mind during the preparatory time of silent waiting upon God. Such an intimation from the Almighty as to the message which is to be delivered to one of His creatures is, to my mind, Prophecy.

In 1907, in an address at Manchester,[1] he spoke as follows of silent worship :

This silent worship, which has often perplexed and sometimes amused those who judge us from outside, we feel to be a most precious possession. Something, I believe, of the same feeling which animates devout recipients of the Eucharist, is often felt by us when we thus gather together, 'with one accord in one place,' for the worship of our Almighty Father. We constantly feel that the Saviour Himself thus fulfils His promise 'where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them.' But the silence is not only precious in itself, it also makes possible that many-sided, many-voiced congregational worship and ministry of which I have spoken. No doubt 'one good custom' here, as elsewhere, may degenerate into something useless or even harmful. There may be a form of silence as dead as the prayer wheels of Thibet. Nor can it, in my opinion, ever be right that the worship of a Christian congregation should be habitually and entirely a silent one. When that is the practice, there must be something wrong in the spiritual state of the members. In my conception of the matter, Silent Worship is a beautiful, still lake. It is studded with lovely islands —the vocal utterances of members of the congregation. In

[1] Now published in *The Trial of Our Faith.*

these islands grow the harvests of spiritual food, in them the forests of praise are waving, from them the fountains of prayer rise on high, but all are surrounded by the fair still water, and that water reflects in its surface the pure blue of the Eternal Heavens above.

The spirit in which he himself would break the silence by the utterance of his message, is expressed in these words in the Yearly Epistle of 1892, which exhorts the ministers of the Word as to the thoughts that should guide their service.

Put far from you as a suggestion of the tempter the thought that the love of God is confined to your own bosoms, and that estrangement from Him exists necessarily among your hearers. In those precious intervals of silence which we trust will never cease out of our meetings, seek to be baptised into deep sympathy with all who spiritually slumber. Then arise, and deliver, in few it may be, but in weighty words, the message which the Father of spirits has given you for the congregation worshipping round you.

After his visit to New Zealand, where he had found with delight the existence of a meeting for silent worship in the little Anglican church at Havelock, he made friends with Mr. Cyril Hepher, who had visited Havelock later as one of the Mission of Help, and who was then vicar of a Newcastle church. Hodgkin was much interested by his institution of meetings for silent worship in his own church and in his attempt to interest other clergy in this direction.

To his sister Elizabeth. 12 January, 1913.

. . . I was kept rather busy last week writing a paper on ' Friends' Experiences of Silent Worship,' for the ' Clerical Society ' at Gateshead. Many of the clergy in the north of England, chiefly, I suppose, of the Broad-High School, want to hear more about this, and are, I think, disposed to introduce *some* period of silence into the worship of the Church of England, but not, of course, as with us, so as to open the door for ' the Liberty of Prophesying.' It was rather formidable to find myself in the presence of twenty-five or thirty young and middle-aged clergymen and expected to address them on the manner of conducting Divine Worship ; but they were friendly and thanked me heartily

for my address. I believe something will come of this movement, though emphatically it will not be Quakerism.

The paper mentioned in this letter was published after death, in Mr. Hepher's book, ' The Fellowship of Silence.'

Thomas Hodgkin believed that to Friends was committed a testimony to some aspects of Christian truth which are still imperfectly recognised in other Churches. Whatever success Quakerism had had, he thought was due to the following of the Divine Light. ' To depend on ceremonial worship and the use of such things as candles and incense was to mock God when He is seeking to speak to us heart to heart.' As he puts it in his Swarthmore lecture :

There was and still is in the soul of every man who has not by long continued sin succeeded in stifling it, that which our early Friends called the ' Light within ' or the ' Divine Seed,' that which we in our generation, by a mode of expression which comes more naturally to us, call the Voice of the Lord speaking to the soul of man.

Not only did the beauty of silent worship appeal to him, but the simplicity of the Friends' Meeting Houses had a special charm in his eyes. He felt these little quiet Meeting Houses to be very sacred. Of one of them at Jordans, near Beaconsfield, he wrote in 1910 :

That old-fashioned little Meeting House and quiet graveyard, with its noble trees and stones, bearing the simple names of Penn, Pennington, and Elwood are, I think, to me more inspiring than Westminster Abbey itself.

As he believed that the Spirit spoke during the silence of the Friends' Meeting to each individual soul that was waiting to hear, so he was convinced the same Spirit was to be found working throughout the whole organisation of the Society, guiding and directing its members in their various meetings for counsel or business.

He wrote after the Yearly Meeting of 1892 :

This always seems to me one of the greatest practical triumphs of our form of Christianity, that it enables us to assemble several hundreds of persons together, to allow all those who choose to express their opinions and then, without

voting, to elicit from this apparent chaos of little speeches, a clear and definite conclusion on each subject which has come before us. And that this should be done without a hint of unfairness or partiality in the presiding officer of the meeting, is a result not only of the wisdom with which that officer is generally chosen, but also of the noble traditions of the clerkship of the Yearly Meeting, the moral habit which has been formed by generations of honest endeavour after fairness, and which does in a certain sense make it natural for him to decide impartially. I hope that in speaking thus I am not taking too low a view of the matter. It may be thought that I should rather have said that the harmony and brotherly love with which the deliberations of the Yearly Meeting are conducted, are due to the fact that its sittings are held under a constant feeling of the unseen presidency of Christ. That also I entirely believe to be true, and what has been said above is but the tracing out of the workings of this spiritual power through the visible organisation of our Church.

The dignity and judicial calmness of the Yearly Meeting he believed to be owing in large measure to the absence of audible demonstrations of applause or of dissent. The practice of applauding had been introduced into subsidiary meetings, and he was anxious that it should not creep in to Yearly Meeting itself. Even in the subsidiary meetings he considered it to be quite irrational. He wrote :

We sit all day in the well-known room discussing important questions, with perfect silence and gravity on the part of the audience. Then, in the evening, we come together into the same room to hear about missionaries in Madagascar or the closing of public-houses on Sunday, and at once we begin to beat our hands together or knock our umbrellas on the floor. Why should the fact that so many of the inhabitants of Antananarivo have embraced Christianity cause me to wear away some of the woody fibre on a deal plank in Bishopsgate ? On a sultry day in May, when I have no need to warm my hands, why should I beat them together because there is a little better chance of prohibiting the cultivation of the poppy in India ?

He always rejoiced in the large liberty of the Quaker position and dreaded any interference with it. It was

this that led him to oppose the proposal made by some American Friends to issue a declaration as to a Friends' Creed. He wrote as follows on this subject to Joseph Rowntree, who had written a memorandum opposing the proposal :

To Joseph Rowntree. Falmouth : 17 May, 1888.

Thanks for sending me a copy of your Memorandum. . . . I so entirely agree with it that my only reason for doubt as to my taking part in the approaching discussion is that I do not see what I can say that has not already been better said in this paper.

What I specially feel is the point hinted at in the second page, that the new Creed or Confession of Faith or whatever it may be called, helps us not at all in the *real* struggle of to-day. These mouldy scraps of old Epistles are offered to our young people, when the real question is that urged in such books as ' Robert Elsmere,' ' Has the Almighty Maker spoken to His creature man in any way except by the orderly workings of His visible universe ? ' I assuredly believe that He has, and that Jesus Christ the Word of God speaks to us with an even more powerful and heart-satisfying voice than He has done to many past generations. But it is not this goody-goody, determined-to-be-orthodox, rapid and diffuse Confession of Faith which in any way helps me so to believe.

When the proposal came up for discussion at the Yearly Meeting, Hodgkin opposed it, and in the end it was dropped.

Questions concerning Darwinism and the Higher Criticism, which sometimes agitated the Society, he met fearlessly, but never as a partisan. Strife and heated discussion caused him only pain. Always on the side of wide and liberal views, he was never a revolutionary, but he was ever anxious to meet the doubts and difficulties of the younger Friends.

Thomas Hodgkin held firm to the belief that one of the strong points of Quakerism was that it had no clerical caste, that the men who spoke were themselves immersed in the struggle of life, not standing safely on the shore

watching it. For this reason he opposed anything which might possibly lead to the appointing of a paid ministry, such as had been instituted in some places in America. In 1892 the appointment of the Home Mission Committee was discussed at Yearly Meeting with such an amount of interest as to show, as he put it, 'that there was still some life left in Quakerism.' In this discussion he thought the dividing line came between work amongst the heathen at home, in East London for instance, such as all approved of, and pastoral work in other Friends' Meetings and in country places. There was some fear lest extension of work in the latter direction through the committee should lead to the establishment of Quaker clergy. Behind the paid Home Missionary 'loomed in the sight of many, the unwelcome vision of the Ohio "Pastor," and behind him again a chain of hierarchs, each more arrogantly claiming lordship over God's heritage, till at length we are invited to prostrate ourselves in the presence of Leo XIII.'

Speaking of the Quaker ministers he said that 'like St. Paul, they have generally laboured, if not with their own hands, with their own heads, for their needful maintenance, and then on the First day of the week have willingly brought such intellectual and spiritual powers as they possessed to the service of the sanctuary, looking for no reward that can be stated in the cash columns of a ledger.'

As time went on he came to appreciate more and more the kind and loving work of the Home Mission Committee, and in the last year of his life said that he felt he must give it increased support.

In one sense a 'Quaker of the olden time,' he kept abreast of modern thought and enterprise, yet he was an evangelical in the truest sense, and never shrank from any necessary restatement of truth in the light of its progressive revelation.

One of the earliest papers that he wrote was on the Inspiration of the Scriptures, which was published in 1865, and which shows his desire to put the search for truth before tradition and to remove possible stumbling-blocks from the way of others. Very characteristic of the

temper of his mind all through life is this sentence in that paper :

Our business is to accept the great facts of this world in which God has placed us, as we find them, and to conform ourselves to His laws as far as He has explained them to us, though we may feel that we understand them very imperfectly.

He was ready to admit the presence of a human, as well as of a divine, element in the Bible, and when dealing with the scientific difficulties involved in the interpretation of the Bible, he asserted as follows that it was impossible that there should be hostility between science and revelation.

Whenever this idea is present to the mind, we are really thinking not of Science but of some of the scientific men of one particular generation ; not of Revelation, but of some of the advocates of Revelation at one special time. . . . To say that I believe that Science and Revelation can never be at variance is but to say, ' I believe in one God, Maker of Heaven and Earth,' who has revealed Himself to mankind, for successful Science is but the observation of the working of His hands and true Revelation but the echo of His voice.

To those who were genuinely puzzled by these difficulties, he insisted that the true question was a practical one. ' Shall we accept and confess now Jesus Christ of Nazareth, declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead ? '

This pamphlet was the work of a young man of thirty-five. Many years afterwards he wrote as follows on the same subject :

To Richard Westlake. Barmoor : 31 July, 1912.

. . . Surely now if ever it is a time when they who fear the Lord may speak often one to another and confess their doubts and difficulties and fears. But I think thy difficulties are not things to be grieved over : but rather occasions of thankfulness to God who has given us in these matters a somewhat clearer vision than was shared by our *recent* predecessors.

Not by the earliest Friends. It was surely a Heaven-sent instinct which restrained them from calling the Bible 'the word of God.' It always gives me a shudder when I hear a Presbyterian minister solemnly announce from the pulpit, 'Let us read in the Word of God chapter so and so of the book of Judges or the first book of Samuel,' and then (perhaps) proceed to read the story of the death of Sisera, or Samuel's hewing Agag in pieces 'before the Lord,' neither of which is, or ever can be, 'the Word of God' to me.

I am glad to note thy reference to Coleridge's 'Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit,' too little read, I am afraid, in our day, but which was 'epoch making' to many in our generation. It was this manly confession that there are things in the Bible (especially, but perhaps not exclusively, in the Old Testament) which we cannot now accept as in any sense a message of God to our souls: this, far more than the minute dissection of J. and E. and P. by the 'Higher Critics' (useful as this may be in its way), which has practically determined my attitude towards the Bible for the last half century.

And this has long made me doubt, as I see thou art doubting, how far it is wise or right to fling the whole mass of these ancient records with all their crude morality, obsolete legislation, sterile genealogy, erroneous science, down before the new converts made by our missionaries. You know the ordinary style of the regulation Bible Society speech, 'Millions upon millions of the sacred Word of God distributed among the Papuans, the Malays, the Zulus,' and so forth. I would rather hear more about the quality and less about the quantity of this widely-scattered literature: I would rather hear that they were handing to these untrained theologians the parts of the Bible which we find to be helpful and nourishing to our souls, and riddling out the husks and some of the old barbarous maxims which may be to them absolutely poisonous. There is an excellent precedent for this course in the case of the good Gothic bishop Ulfilas who, in making his great translation of the Bible, left out the books of Samuel and Kings, 'because they were so largely concerned with the record of wars, and in this matter the Goths needed the curb rather than the spur.'

I think that to me the greatest help in dealing with these difficulties, has come from the doctrine of Evolution, so much dreaded by most of us fifty years ago. Now that I see that the Almighty has been patiently evolving our

material world through infinite ages out of Chaos, I can the better understand that in the spiritual and ethical world also, He has been gradually evolving His creature Man. I see now that our Lord and Master knew this and intended to convey this or something like it by such words as 'He suffered it because of the hardness of their hearts,' an idea which His servant Paul expressed by the words, 'the times of this ignorance God winked at.'

So that I can truly say, 'Thank God for Charles Darwin,' little as he himself may have known of the wide spiritual import of his discoveries.

Now, farewell. I am glad that we two octogenarians can thus meet in spirit, and like two young men at College, exchange ideas as to the eternally interesting questions connected with God's Revelation of His will by Jesus Christ.

All his life Thomas Hodgkin was deeply interested in the wonders of science, and profoundly impressed by the mysterious majesty of the universe. In that universe Jesus Christ was for him a living personal presence, and it was ever his desire to show to others how he had been able to reconcile for himself what seemed to many the opposition between science and revelation. He felt that the anxious inquirer, the honest doubter, must always be met with sympathy and not with mere authority or with the tradition of the elders. So when, in the last years of his life, he gave the Swarthmore lecture, he brought out how the belief in Creation by Evolution, instead of lessening our reverence for the Creator, had rather immeasurably increased 'our conviction that He has been for ever working through the ages, elaborating His great and wonderful designs.' He used this teaching about the slow development of the material world to illustrate the working of God's Spirit in man, thus connecting the most modern scientific view with the Quaker teaching as to the Inward Light.

As a young man Thomas Hodgkin had struggled himself against what he called 'the dense conservatism' of older Friends in many places. Some meetings seemed to him to be in a dwindling condition, dying away under the 'too great quietism and repressive influences of eighteenth century Quakerism.' He suffered sometimes from what he called 'the *borné* character of the modern Quaker mind'; at

the same time he felt 'the equally great or greater narrowness of Church people.' The memory of what he had experienced in his own youth made him eager to enter into the feelings of young people. A Friend writes:

He had the confidence of the younger men who were trying to broaden the outlook of the Society, and they knew that anything he said on such subjects as honest doubt and creeds would be filled with understanding and sympathy.

But though opposed to conservatism and narrowness, he was never a rash innovator. We find him in 1878 objecting to a preacher at meeting because 'he gave great prominence to "the birthday of Christ," an expression which I don't think *we* ought to use. If we accept the very late ecclesiastical tradition to this effect, we must accept a good many things with it.'

At the same time he was glad when a Friends' Meeting happened to fall on December 25. In 1886 he opposed the suggestion to hold mission meetings with hymn singing, saying that the Friends had no need to copy Salvation Army methods, and that if there was to be singing it must be very good. When consulted as to the discussion of religious difficulties in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, he said:

I thought, while we wanted to have it broad, and not to be always in a nervous tremble about our orthodoxy, we did not want to have *everything* brought into question, and to be plunged into an infinite sea of controversy.

Where truth compelled, he was never afraid to speak out. In 1890 he expressed himself boldly in the *Examiner* on Old Testament criticism, and of this article it was said by H. M. Wallis, 'It is about as weighty a declaration as has come from a leading Friend in my time. At last we have a man who dares to speak *out* what we have long said in the closet.'

His faith was strong enough to exclude fear as to where the new ways might lead. Speaking at the Newcastle Meeting in 1900 on a favourite subject, 'The Way, Christianity as a Journey,' he ended with an allusion to

the discomfort then being endured in Newcastle from the taking up of all the roadways in order to lay down tram lines, saying that it seemed to him not unlike what we have to endure in our religious beliefs. The old ways have to be taken up through the work of Higher Criticism and the like, and the process is very discomforting to many minds, but it will be found when the work is finished that after all the direction of the roads is the same, towards God and His Eternity.

He valued very highly the ministry of preaching and was always interested in sermons. A meeting which was predominantly silent was to him cold and dead, and he was very seldom at meeting without himself speaking or praying. He felt that his own gift as a minister was that of exposition and teaching, and he did not consider that he had any special power as a mission preacher. He said of himself in 1876 that he was ' unfit for anything like popular preaching.' When he spoke at meeting, he spoke out of the richness of his own personal experience, from the wealth of his own knowledge, knowledge weighed, thought over, brought into contact with the events of current life. His voice was strong and mellow, his appearance dignified and sympathetic.

A visitor to the Newcastle Meeting might find himself listening to a quite unexpected kind of discourse, suavely eloquent, unobtrusively scholarly, informed by a broad and liberal piety, delivered in a sweet, expressively modulated, kindly voice by a preacher whose features, tone, style and manner would mark him out in any assembly as a distinguished man.[1]

Though it would probably be true to say that each year he lived Hodgkin became a more and more ' convinced ' Friend, he was never one of those who took a leading part in the routine business and administration of the Society. He did not serve diligently on its committees, though he was a regular attender at the Yearly Meeting in London and the Quarterly Meeting in his own district. He gave the impression of being somewhat detached from the details

[1] *The Westminster Gazette.*

of the Society's work. The journey to Australasia was the most important bit of definite service he rendered to the Society. Already, before this journey, he had been a member of the Australasian Committee, and his interest in its work was naturally quickened by what he learned of the needs of Australian Friends. With special care he watched over the school at Hobart and the hostel at Wellington, and he did all in his power both to urge Friends to visit Australia and to advocate increased emigration to that vast continent. He wrote himself often to Friends in Australasia, but as his large correspondence was an ever-increasing burden in his advancing years, he was thankful that the son and daughter, who had been his travelling companions, were able to keep in close touch with young Friends in the Southern Hemisphere, and so to carry on the work which the family visit had begun.

He gained from his visit to Australasia a greater belief than he had had before in the value of organisation. By nature he was very impatient of it, but in Australasia he saw how the influence of Friends was weakened by their lack of organisation, and how the various units grew feeble through want of contact with one another. This point is brought out in his farewell letter to the New Zealand Friends, quoted in an earlier chapter.

Though it would not appear that Hodgkin took a leading part in the actual organisation of the Society of Friends, his position in it was one of outstanding importance. In Quaker meetings he unconsciously made himself felt; he possessed weight. As was natural, Friends were proud of him and of his distinction in the world of letters. His fame cast lustre on the Society. But he never posed as one who had any special contribution to make, and was far from desiring to dominate or lead. All the resources of his learning were ever at the disposal of the Society, and by his constant contributions to *The Friend* and *The Quarterly Examiner* he made the rich treasures of his mind, and the results of his wide and varied reading, available for all. It was as if he wished to share with the whole Society what had interested and delighted him.

At Yearly and Quarterly Meetings he was not one of

those who always rose to speak on nearly every subject, but he was ready to take part when there was some real occasion for speaking. When he rose to speak, there was always an air of expectancy in the meeting ; no ordinary contribution was anticipated from him. It was known that he would lift the subject under discussion into clear and serene air. He could give a wise lead without the suggestion of authority or dictation. A Friend says :

My recollection of him at the Yearly Meeting is that of a man somewhat detached from the details of the Society's work. But this gave his occasional interventions great freshness both in their point of view and in their phrasing. Especially was he a helpful influence through his real possession of a catholic spirit, which contrasted favourably with the narrow introspective point of view that used sometimes to be taken at Yearly Meeting.

Another Friend says :

In the business meetings of our Society, the weight of his judgment gave him, with his graceful and persuasive manner, a unique place as guide and counsellor. Often without appearing in any degree to interfere or dictate, by a few wise words he could turn the course of discussion to the manifest benefit of the meeting.

His influence made for large views. He was always on the side of toleration, his longing was to get men to understand one another, and the French saying *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, was a favourite of his. Where a difference of view showed itself, he was anxious to find a way of reconciliation. He would take infinite pains to reach a settlement. On one occasion, the way in which he treated a subject of acute controversy so powerfully influenced the feelings of those on both sides as to prevent what might have been a serious division in the Society. He certainly was ever a peacemaker, never a stirrer up of strife.

In 1893 the preparation of the Yearly Meeting Epistle, in which the Society expresses its views on the subjects of paramount importance in the current year, was entrusted to him. He did not consider that he had the special gift

or special training enabling him to write the Epistle 'in the tone that Friends would approve.' Probably others did not hold this opinion. It is impossible to know how far the Epistle of 1893 may have been revised by the committee. It contains, amongst other things, some remarks on amusements, very characteristic of his thought. No one can have held intercourse with him without becoming aware that with all his enjoyment of life, and his readiness to enter into the joys of others, there was a certain austerity in his attitude to many ordinary social amusements and methods of expenditure. The following words in the Yearly Meeting Epistle well express his views :

Fifty years ago, conformity to the spirit of the world showed itself among us chiefly in a too earnest devotion to the pursuits of business. While this is still a danger to many, there is a danger from an opposite quarter to which we feel it our duty to direct the attention of our members. We allude to the risk which they run of the dissipation of spiritual energy by an undue absorption in recreations and amusements. That neither the mind nor the soul shall be kept always on the stretch is one of the great laws of spiritual health ; and we believe that we are doing our Father's will when we partake, at the right time and in the right way, of the enjoyments which He has placed within our reach. But we must all in our inmost hearts acknowledge that while there are recreations which are pure and elevating, which leave the soul fresh and strong, and ready for renewed communion with its Maker, there are others which either bring us perilously near to the edge of sin, or fail of the true purpose of recreation by leaving us jaded and weary, and which, in a way that it is difficult to explain to others, strike at the divine life in our souls. The discipline of our Society, which at one time dealt much with the question of amusements, has now practically withdrawn from detailed criticism of this part of our conduct. . . . The responsibility which the Church has thus practically abandoned the individual must not fear to assume. He must faithfully ask himself the question, 'Is this or that amusement, which the world calls harmless, really harmless to my own inner life ? Does it, or does it not, hinder my communion with God, and leave me with any disrelish for prayer, or disinclination for the service of Christ ? '

Thomas Hodgkin was, on the whole, very free from the sectarian spirit. He enjoyed close friendship with men of many varying creeds. Yet his experience of the ways of other religious bodies seemed to strengthen his attachment to the Society of Friends. He was no mere traditional Quaker, and it would be true to say that as life went on, the experience of life and the direction of his own thought made him ever a stronger and stronger Quaker. We have seen how, as a young man, he was inclined to criticise Quaker ways and even wondered whether he might not end by joining the Anglican Church. But this was a very temporary phase. He thought that in the Church of England there was 'the largest amount of Christian common-sense and a fair amount of Christian earnestness and devotion,' but he considered that her position was altogether illogical and founded on a compromise: that she attempted to reconcile within her borders two elements which are antagonistic. He was often *bored* by her liturgy, and loved increasingly the freedom and simplicity of the Friends' Meeting. He writes of a Presbyterian service as being quite as formal and as little quickening as any Anglican service, and felt that there was more life, with all its eccentricity, in the Methodist chapel at Bamborough. But he could join heartily in any worship that was genuine, and expressed a decided opinion, in a sermon preached in 1898, that people should not leave the religious body in which they were brought up. He said:

There is winter sometimes in the Church, but even that is better than the hothouse atmosphere of the religious forcing-house. Do not, if you feel the season to be winter, hurry away from the spiritual home of your fathers, but remain there and pray for the coming spring.

To one who was thinking of severing his connexion with the Society, he wrote (1902):

I think that in these days of doubt and spiritual distress, when so many are drifting from their old moorings and do not know whither they are bound, our connexion with a body of believers who have held the Christian Faith

without superstitious accretions, as Friends have done, is, so to speak, a valuable asset and should not be lightly parted with.

Any forward movement in the Society found him ready with sympathy, and especially any movement associated with the younger Friends. The idea of the Summer Schools attracted him at once. He attended the first, which was held at Scarborough in 1897, with delight, and not only lectured himself but might be seen attending other lectures and taking notes as eagerly as the youngest student. At such a gathering he was open to all who sought his counsel, and by his learning and his sunny joyousness he enlightened the meetings. Several times in subsequent years he attended other Summer Schools, always with the same keen enjoyment. At Bakewell, in 1906, he records that he was conscious of a great deal of young earnestness in the Society. This was what he always most longed to see.

To his Wife.

At the Summer School, Glasgow:
21 September, 1908.

. . . I shot my last bolt yesterday (lecture on Early Christian Worship) and there is nothing more that I *have* to do; but I enjoy taking in from others, especially Edward Grubb's lectures on the Fourth Gospel, which have even increased, I think, my value for that glorious book, great as it was before. Yesterday morning the Adult School, under W. C. Braithwaite's presidency, was a very lively time. We were all like schoolboys, cross-questioned by our master, praised when we answered right, and let down easily when he considered that we answered wrong. A lively and interesting time, and one I think that will long be remembered by the scholars.

On Saturday afternoon we had a very pleasant excursion, partly by rail and partly by steamer, to Rothesay in the Isle of Bute. Our good Glasgow friends apologised for the weather, but I thought the slight mists and clouds added to the pictorial effects. Some of the seascapes were almost like good Turners.

His interest in the young was naturally connected with his interest in the future of the Society. He believed that it had a real part to play in the religious life

THOMAS HODGKIN (AGED 75)

From a photograph by G. C. Beresford

of Christendom. He was ever afraid of hereditary Friends growing cold and slipping away. In a report for Quarterly Meeting in 1890 he drew attention to the need that more pastoral care should be bestowed on them.

Amongst Friends and elsewhere much is done for the outcast and degraded of society, but too little is done to meet the real spiritual needs of the comfortable classes, who are too often longing for help and guidance. They should neither be scolded nor left severely and frigidly alone, but helped, sympathised with, and, as far as they are willing, guided.

He was not in favour of 'hothouse treatment' for young Friends, and he was not afraid of change. At a Friends' Meeting in Wensleydale in June, 1906, he said, 'In the history of a Church you must expect to see continual changes. You cannot reckon upon spiritual descent. We have no right to think that our children will see things as we do.'

The following letter further illustrates his views on this subject:

To Anne W. Richardson (about her address at the Young Friends' Conference at Swanwick on the Spiritual Application of the Quaker Message.) Falmouth: 8 January, 1912.

. . . I greatly hope that you will have it [her address] reprinted in a separate pamphlet form, for there are some of my deliquescent rich young Friends to whom I should like to give it. I should especially like to call the attention of some of them to your saying, 'Quakerism when it loses its root and lives at second hand on its moralised heredity, can become the cheapest, easiest, least exacting of all the distortions of Christianity.'

But for us who are at all engaged in guiding the affairs of the Society, I think the most important and the most fruitful part of your paper is the paragraph about the necessity of keeping touch with the old-fashioned Evangelicals. In years now long past, we have had to contend for breadth and freedom, to argue against the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration, and to prevent the dear Evangelicals putting a yoke upon our necks, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear. Now some duty of an opposite

kind seems laid upon us, to see that our Christianity does not become practically Christless, and while keeping clear of subtle theological refinements, still to ' contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints.'

On the whole, he was not much troubled about the divisions within the Christian Church, nor occupied with thoughts or schemes for reunion. In 1857 he wrote :

Depend upon it, a time will come when we shall see that these little differences of sect between those who were really and truly, and with all their hearts, loving the Lord Jesus, were but as less than nothing and vanity in comparison with their great common agreement in Him.

In 1896, writing to Mrs. Waterhouse, he said :

I wonder what thou hast been thinking about the recent Papal allocution. I am not surprised at it. I do not see how Rome can abate anything of her claim to absolute dominion over the conscience and the soul of man, and for that reason I think reunion is neither possible nor desirable. I cling to the text, ' Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'

The following year, speaking at the opening of a Methodist chapel, he said that he did not believe that all the Christian Church was ever meant to speak exactly in the same way. He thought there was a good deal of diversity of language in it. He liked to hear the Methodist speak in his own tongue, and his brethren in the Society of Friends, in their much quieter tones, bearing the same witness. He could not believe that the Christian Church was ever meant to be brought down to a dead level of uniformity.

In an address given at the Westminster Friends' Meeting House in London in 1901, he said :

Is not the desire to have a visible Head of the Church part of the same craving after the visible which is at the root of all idolatry ? . . . In all ages there has been organisation of some kind or another. Still, I think one may say, the less of organisation, the less of strict rule, the better . . . the Church has suffered far more from over-government than under-government . . . there is a danger of anarchy,

but there is a still greater danger of hierarchy—the danger to human freedom. . . . We can best get government by trying to find out what is the mind of Christ. . . . If we come with open minds and reverently ask Him to guide us, we shall find that He is willing to lead us. We (Quakers) venture to think that we have practically found that the Lord Jesus Christ is still acting as the living Head of His Church . . . a Church which keeps this spiritual headship of Christ steadily in view realises more than others the grand truth that 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'

Only on one subject—sacerdotalism—did anything like a controversial tone creep into his religious utterances. He repeatedly protested against the idea that any human mediator is needed between God and man, and saw in the maintenance by Anglicans of high sacramental ideas a constant insistence on this idea. He seemed to be perpetually arguing within himself against the Roman Catholic and High Anglican point of view, and unable to get away from the task of proving that it was untrue both according to reason and to history. 'If people knew all that I have had to know about the lives and dealings of Popes and Councils,' he would say, 'they could not hold these things.' He thought that the Oxford Movement was the greatest spiritual misfortune of our country in the nineteenth century—it was essentially a turning back into the darkness of the Middle Ages, it gave fresh vigour to the claims of the priesthood, and fixed attention on the 'childish things of Christianity.'

In the claims of the High Church party in the Church of England, he found what he called 'the reappearance of the dread figure of the priest,' and all sacramental teaching seemed to him an insistence on the view that a mediator between God and man was needed. Friends, he believed, had been constrained to lay aside a principle which had been over-valued; the Lord's Supper had become impregnated with idolatry, but they claimed to have kept the thing symbolised, they had a baptising ministry, a communion in worship, and the outward symbol would have disturbed, rather than deepened, that Communion with God in the Spirit which they experienced. He, perhaps,

never fully understood the sacramental views of the thinking Anglican, and the exaggerated claims put forward by some extreme men, and the controversies about ritual matters aroused his indignation.

He had no expectation of any great increase in the membership of the Society of Friends, and would have been the last to claim that they had any exclusive possession of the truth, but he did believe that they had a real contribution to make. In 1888 he wrote a paper on Quakerism as a Rule, the object of which was to show that George Fox did not reform the Church nor preach a doctrine which *could* be of world-wide acceptance, but what he did (unconsciously) was to found a new Protestant and spiritual, quasi-monastic community which has been on the whole of great benefit to the Church and to the world. Ten years later, in a paper on the Society of Friends, he spoke of the difficulty and loneliness of the Quaker position, and said:

But we believe that we have in the providence of God had a fortress given us to hold, which we dare not abandon, even though it be upon a somewhat lonely spot in the Christian fatherland. Whatever others may do, and rightly do, with the associations which in their minds have grown up round certain rites and ceremonies, we must yet maintain, calmly but firmly, our 'testimony' to the non-ceremonial, non-ritual character of Christianity. If the reunion of Christendom is to be accomplished, as seems not impossible, on the basis of a sacrificing priesthood and an elaborate liturgy, we shall have to be excluded, for, as long as life is left us, we shall protest that to us Christ is the only possible Priest, and that in His words, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

But he could also dream that the future might see a reconstituted Church in which the Society of Friends would find a place. The Society would have some gifts, not valueless, to bring with it into the common treasury of Christendom, of which not the least would be its testimony to the perceptible guidance of the Holy Spirit and the Real Presence of Christ in the congregation of His waiting worshippers.

Appreciation by Sir George Newman, M.D., F.R.S.

In considering the life of Thomas Hodgkin in relation to the Society of Friends, it must be borne in mind that he was a birthright member. In other words, his parents were Friends and, therefore, in accordance with Quaker tradition, he was 'born a Friend.' This implies not merely membership of the Society from his earliest days, but a particular and peculiar upbringing which left an indelible and characteristic mark upon him. The old home at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, was a centre of Quaker thought, habit, and practice, and near at hand was the Friends' school at Grove House, the Friends' Essay Society, and a Friends' Meeting. Around this centre gathered many who, in after years, retained their mutual friendship to one another's edification and enjoyment. Such an environment made up in some measure for his exclusion, as a Quaker, from the university, and furnished some of the necessary elements of a liberal education in a Quaker setting. Thus beginning as one of a prominent Friend's family, he became as years went on something of what used to be called a 'publick Friend,' and his reputation as a historian and man of letters enhanced this position. The contribution of public Friends was usually two-fold. They laboured for the maintenance and extension of the institutions of Quakerism, and they delivered what they believed to be the message of its Faith. Now the service of Thomas Hodgkin differed in certain ways from that usually rendered by prominent Friends. He did not devote himself wholly or mainly to this religious service; he did not 'travel in the ministry' to any great extent; he was not sectarian in his purposes or ideals; and he took, relatively speaking, but little part in the business and administration of the Society. In some ways, indeed, he proclaimed his message to those outside the Society quite as much, if not more, than to those within its borders. His banking, his historical work, and his home life became a direct means and channel of the expression of his spiritual experience to be seen and read of all men. Looking back, however, over his long life it becomes evident that his contribution to the Society itself was remarkable, both in degree and quality. Speaking generally, though its oneness is not easily analysed, his service was pastoral, literary, and personal.

From early manhood to the end of his life, Thomas Hodgkin was accustomed to express himself with facility and fluency both in writing and speaking. He was a good correspondent, and so kept in touch with his friends; he kept detailed records of his doings in connexion with the Society and was an attractive speaker at its gatherings—simple, dignified, and catholic in temper. Like his father, he was highly esteemed as a minister, with clear and emphatic enunciation, sonorous and musical voice, reverent and comprehensive understanding, well-proportioned in arrangement of thought and literary expression. He had also the advantage of a pleasing presence and a genial countenance. All this made him a most welcome speaker, and when he rose in a meeting for divine worship, his hearers knew that heart and mind would accord. Thus he became a pastor and teacher in the Society, particularly in the last thirty years of his life, and his influence and position became very great among Friends. He was the gifted exponent of four somewhat separate Quaker issues. First, he had a profound sense of the truth of the Inward Light, which from his youth upwards was one of the corner-stones of his faith. Man is unique in the universe, he would say; so, unique among the sons of men is Jesus Christ; and the spirit of the risen Christ dwells in the hearts of men and is the light to guide them into all truth. 'It is a living and abiding Spiritual Presence in the world to which we bear witness.' This seems a simple creed, he would add, but it is comprehensive. It may not suffice for many men's orthodoxy but it is sufficient for life. Secondly, he was a vigorous non-sacerdotalist. Perhaps, indeed, his upbringing and subsequent experience led him to overlook the advantages which many devout people attribute to the priesthood and an observance of rites and ceremonies which did not appeal to him, or which he deemed unessential or sometimes even misleading. He was fond of quoting George Fox's admonition: 'Let nothing come between your souls and God but Christ,' and he laid much stress upon the freedom from external authority and the independence of the individual soul. All men he believed were called to the priesthood, but the priestly office was to be the service of humanity in the common life and the daily duty. Thirdly, he was a lifelong advocate of a peaceable spirit among men and nations. In all his manners and methods he commended sweet reasonableness and peace and the peaceable spirit.

Lastly, his pastoral influence in the Society was unsectarian. He was ever the prophet of truth and sincerity, never the advocate of sect and faction. He cultivated the universal spirit. 'A religious reformer,' he wrote, 'at any rate, one who desires to work in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, cannot have sectarian aims. He cannot be satisfied with conquering one little province of the Christian world and labelling it with his own name. He must believe that he is the bearer of a world-wide message, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, and that for the whole Christian Church the only hope of health and cleansing lies in the acceptance of that message. Such was most emphatically the belief of George Fox.' I always think those words were characteristic of Thomas Hodgkin. It is not surprising that this large apprehension of spiritual things gave him ample scope in the Society. As one dwells on this long life of devotion, helpfulness, and encouragement to all seeking the light, it does not seem irreverent or extravagant to apply to Thomas Hodgkin those ancient and comely words, 'a good steward of God's manifold grace,' the faithful shepherd of a scattered flock throughout the world.

Next to his pastoral contribution to the Society of Friends I should place his literary labours in its behalf. More than any other man of his generation he was the representative historian of Quakerism, for though he made no comprehensive record of its growth and institutions, he was the frequent exponent of its rise and progress, and still more the interpreter of its purposes. He contributed frequently to the *Friend*, and from the commencement of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* in 1867 down to his death in 1913, Dr. Hodgkin published in its pages no less than seventy-two papers, dealing with religious subjects, biography, history, biblical criticism, science, literature, and travel. More than once he had a hand in the drafting of the Yearly Meeting Epistle, the authorised letter of the Society on Quaker doctrine, discipline, and duty. As President of the Friends' Historical Society, he took keen interest in their publications and in all matters connected with the history of the Society, and as President of the Friends' Guild of Teachers he exhorted and encouraged those engaged in the work of teaching, and worked for the enlargement and understanding of their sphere. He was for many years deeply concerned in the whole question of national education and wrote various articles on it from the Quaker

standpoint. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Hodgkin, as historian, was 'Quaker all the time,' and some of his historical essays were rightly and properly coloured by his deepest religious convictions. And this, too, went to swell the main account of his literary labours on behalf of his Faith.

But, after all, Dr. Hodgkin's chief contribution to the Society of Friends was himself. 'He was,' wrote an Oxford friend of his own, 'a living proof of what one man can do to make life happier and better for others. He was one of those men who make one feel that *personality* is more real and more immortal than anything else in the world.' His comfortable social position, his liberal sympathy and wide and deep humanity, his mellowness, geniality, and urbanity all combined to make him an exceptionally attractive and lovable English gentleman. And to moral strength and integrity he added intellectual gifts, scholarship, and capacity, even something more which may perhaps be described as intellectual character. Thus he seemed to us to move in a large orbit and rather above or beyond common and sordid things. He measured the world around him with a long-distance gauge, and gave an impression of catholicity, amplitude and liberalism which was wholly valuable to a small body of people inclined to view the world from their own somewhat restricted standpoint. His simplicity, integrity, independence, and manliness of carriage and conduct, combined with his sound judgment and warm affectionate heart, gave him a unique and never to be forgotten place in the Society of Friends, a place of power rather than effort. As the long years passed, he became in this way one whose personal life, even more than the things which he did, was of direct importance to the Society of Friends and even to the Commonwealth.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST YEARS

THE year after the Australian journey Hodgkin describes as

A year of recovery and rest after our journeyings, of snuggling back into the bosom of dear Mother England and telling her as much as we could of the wonders of England beyond the seas ; a year of much letter-writing, of spiritual inactivity (as far as I was concerned), of growing old and, as must always be our experience now, of the loss of old friends.

There were no more long journeys after this, and Hodgkin never revisited his beloved Italy. But this did not mean that he lived a quiet or retired life. Indeed of the year 1911 he writes :

I think, on reviewing our movements during the past year, that we have been rather too constantly ' on the go,' and that there have not been enough long calm spaces of settled home life. It is true that much of our travelling has not been for our own pleasure but for the service of the religious Society to which we belong, and I hope it has not from this point of view been altogether in vain. Especially useful, I hope, have been our frequent attendances at the Australian Committee.

There were journeys to give lectures, to visit friends and relations, to attend meetings of all kinds. But more and more he regretted being taken away from his much-loved home. Getting back to it after a short absence, he writes, ' A most beautiful day for our beautiful home. Our late ancestor would, I think, hardly have regretted Paradise if he could have visited us here.'

There was ever increasing joy in the visits of children and grandchildren ; he speaks of a family picnic on Cheviot where ' all was glorious, young, and delightful.' His little

granddaughter, Diana Bosanquet, was a very special delight. He describes her as ' a fountain of joy,' and writing to her mother when she had left after a long stay, he said :

We are feeling sadly ' wisht ' to-day without the little pet who has wound herself strangely close round our hearts. Did I love you as much, I wonder, when you were her age ? I believe and hope that I did, but I think not more.

Correspondence and public talks about Australia occupied so much of his time and thought during 1910 that he had hardly any leisure for literary work. But he put together that year some of the lectures and addresses on religious and ecclesiastical subjects, which he had delivered during the last twenty or thirty years, and brought them out in a volume called after the first paper, ' The Trial of our Faith.' This volume gives a good idea of his thought on many important subjects. One or two new articles were also written and some new lectures prepared. In his own estimation his literary output might be small, but he was never idle nor without some new literary scheme. He began now to work on the papers left behind by his father and his uncle, hoping that it might be possible for him to write a biography of his father some day. As he read these old letters he records that he felt ' at every turn what an utterly different world we have lived into, from that in which these dear progenitors of ours lived and moved and had their being.'

To his son Edward. Barmoor : 19 September, 1911.

. . . I have been working a good deal lately at the correspondence of my father and his little family circle nearly a hundred years ago. It has made me feel what a different world they lived in : seven hours each journey from London to Brighton : letters written on big sheets of paper crossed and recrossed . . . and, more still, the different style of speaking to and about relations : ' thy valued mother ' (my grandfather about his wife), ' be assured of my continued affection,' and so on. But I feel that under all these surface differences there was much true-hearted family love and deep religious feeling, though it was rather shy of expressing itself. I hope when you come to look

through our much scrappier and less elegantly expressed letters, you will feel that there is under all something untransitory and eternal, a spiritual bond which will still unite us who shall have gone on before to you who remain. I have often lately thought of the words, 'Because I am the Lord *I change not*, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.'

This work occupied him at intervals during the remaining years of his life, but the biography was never written.

His other main subject of study was his old favourite, the history of the Border. He wrote in October, 1911, 'I am very pleasantly engaged in Border history which I was working at three years ago till my outlook on everything was changed by our memorable journey to Australia.' In 1912 he noted that he had brought his sketch of Border history and Border raids down to the Treaty of Northampton, and added, 'I don't think it will ever get any further.' The Border history and his work with the family letters went on side by side; but in June, 1912, after working at the letters, he wrote, 'After all, the preservation of the grains of gold which lie hid in these masses of quartz is perhaps more my own special work than diving into the archives for interesting facts in Border history.'

His interest in the battlefield of Flodden had led him to help in the labours of a committee, started to provide for the erection of a monument on the battlefield, and it was with much satisfaction that he was present on September 27, 1910, at the dedication of the Memorial Cross which he describes as majestic.

One of his last literary labours was the preparation of the Swarthmore lecture of which mention has already been made. This lecture had been instituted by the Extension Committee of Woodbrooke, the Quaker Settlement for Educational and Social Training. The object was to provide 'an annual lecture on some subject relating to the message and work of the Society of Friends.' The name Swarthmore was chosen in memory of the home of Margaret Fox. The first lecture had been given in 1908 by the distinguished American Friend, Dr. Rufus M. Jones. Whilst he was in Australia, Hodgkin received the request

from the committee through his niece, Joan Fry, that he would give the lecture in 1910, but he answered:

I am afraid I must not undertake the next Swarthmore lecture, much as I should have enjoyed doing so. There will be so many things to 'set in order' in connection with Australasia itself, that I do not think I should have any chance of that quiet brooding meditation upon some great subject out of which alone a lecture could be developed, at all worthy to follow those which have been already given. Possibly, if you would renew your offer in 1911, I might be able to accept it, but as I shall be octogenarian in that year, it seems presumptuous to talk about doing anything that requires brain work and study then.

The offer was renewed, and the lecture was delivered in Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, on May 23, 1911. He writes that an absolutely packed house and very hot room made him feel very faint-hearted, but all went well and his voice held out to the end. He had been a little nervous about this lecture, fearing that it would be sharply criticised by some dear to him.

To R. Westlake. 10 June, 1911.

The severest labour was the delivering it to that almost overwhelming audience in Devonshire House. I am afraid that very large audiences, packed halls, passage ways filled with people sitting on hassocks and so on, daunt rather than inspire a temperament like mine. I am very glad to find thyself and others of my most esteemed contemporaries approving rather than condemning my acceptance, such as it is, of the doctrine of Evolution.

He himself thus described the subject of his lecture:

My leading thought was, 'Man taken hold of by his Maker and renewed generation after generation after the image of Him that created him. Man thus guided by the Inner Light of the Divine Spirit, and the progress of the human race depending on obedience thereto. I have had some fears whether there was not something presumptuous in thus attempting to enquire into the counsels of the Most High. The lecture ended with an earnest longing for Peace between the nations.

To Sidney Long (in Ceylon). 6 July, 1911.

. . . As I am sending you out a copy of my Swarthmore lecture delivered some six weeks ago at Devonshire House, you will, I hope, see from it in what sense I accept 'the Doctrine of Evolution' and how I find it not hurtful but helpful to Faith. . . . An *Evolving* God: a Divine Maker who chooses this gradual process of always upward-tending creation, instead of springing dramatic surprises on His world; this thought seems to me helpful, not harmful, to my faith, and I am surprised to find so many passages in the Bible which seem almost like hints, broken hints, of its teaching.

By the way, one or two of my friendly critics have said to me, 'You are founding your argument on an already exploded theory.' Having myself no first-hand acquaintance with these branches of science, I have asked some of my friends who have. Their answer is, 'No, certainly not. The broad general teaching of evolution has taken its place like the Copernican system among the undoubted truths of science, but in a certain sense, 'Mendelism has taken the place of a part of Darwinism' . . . all which shows us how little we yet know. Not that by accepting evolution we have got on a wrong road, but that the road stretches before us, on and on to an apparently infinite distance and (here you and I are in hearty agreement) that not in *that* way shall we find out God. . . . So the upshot of it all is, we must seek to know God by doing His will. *Tanto sa ciascuno quanto opera* (each one *knows* as much as he *does*). For you in Ceylon, among your dear, sad-eyed Singhalese, and for me in my too comfortable, less fruitful life here in Northumberland, the rule is the same, 'If any man well do His will he shall know of the doctrine.'

That same year he refused to give the Sidgwick lecture at Cambridge.

To Miss Alice Gardner. 7 June, 1911.

I wish you could know how much I should have enjoyed writing that un-materialised lecture and—though to a less degree—delivering it: but I feel strongly that I must now be a miser of my remaining days. Oh, those happy years from 40 to 60 when I could accept any number of lecture invitations and set myself any quantity of German mono-

graphs to study, and be none the worse for it all. However, old age is a very happy time also.

He continued to lecture occasionally either in his own neighbourhood or elsewhere.

In 1910 he was elected President of the Falmouth Polytechnic Society, and gave his inaugural address there on August 27, on 'The Weather,' a subject in which he was always much interested. His diaries are full of remarks about it, and a sun-recorder at Barmoor was one of the amusements of his later years. In this lecture he spoke of the advances that had been made in the power to predict the weather, and went on to show how great would be the gain to humanity if it could become possible to predict it a year, or even a few months, ahead. He asked whether the way to do this might not be to study the causes which led to the variations in the climate. 'Why is not the law of this change itself unchangeable?' He recognised that his meteorological friends would treat him like an intelligent child and bid him wait in patience till the day came when he could answer their questions. He ended his lecture by speaking of the millions of money which accurate, reasonably accurate, forecasts would save to the Commonwealth.

Would it not be worth while to stop the building of one or two Dreadnoughts and spend hundreds of thousands, instead of millions, on scientific work of this kind which brings no hatred, no jealousy or bitterness of competition, but in which all would labour for the good of all nations.

On August 7, one of the many fine days of the glorious summer of 1911, Thomas and Lucy Hodgkin celebrated their Golden Wedding.

To W. B. Matheson, of Rongomai, New Zealand.

10 August, 1911.

We celebrated the 50th anniversary of the day when we two in the Friends' Meeting House at Falmouth took each other by the hand and promised, by divine assistance, to be one another's loving and faithful partner until it should please the Lord by death to separate us. I do not think either of us has found the promise a hard one to keep. . . . We had a delightful gathering of friends and relations.

Thomas Hodgkin

7 Aug 1911

Children and grandchildren filled, and more than filled, this roomy house, and our friends came by railway and motor, some of them as far as 100 miles, to give us their blessing. We had a little meeting for worship, in our club room, at 11 A.M. at which my dear brother Jonathan and his wife from Darlington were present. The weather was all that could be wished, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Elsewhere he describes it as

A most joyful time. Golden vessels of all kinds came to us from near and far. It was very wonderful to contrast this harvest-home of friendship and family joys with the somewhat overshadowed, anxious, though happy day, the 7th of August, at Falmouth half a century ago. Hitherto the Lord has helped us.

In his diary he wrote the following quaint sentence: 'A delightful, exhausting, joyful, sad back-looking on—trembling, exalting, humbling day.'

Such an anniversary could not be without its inevitable sadness. Writing to his cousins, the Wilson Kings, who had sent a golden bowl as their present, he said:

It makes me think of the breaking of the golden bowl, but not sadly. That will be in God's good time, and meanwhile I will trustfully enjoy this singularly happy old age which He has so generously granted me.

Again he writes of 'the mingled feelings which it brings, chiefly gratitude and quiet contentment, but also some sadness in looking back over the beautiful irrevocable past.'

To his niece Joan Fry. 9 August, 1911.

I wish you could have been with us. It was a memorable day. Children, servants, friends, all united in their efforts to make us happy and to prevent our thoughts from dwelling sadly on the fifty irrevocable years.

Thanks, dear niece, for the golden threads of your present and for your golden words. If it is in any sense true as you say that we belong in heart to the younger as well as to the older generation, we owe it greatly to two dear ones, yourself and Violet, who have made the amalgam between us and them.

But indeed I do in heart feel myself still a little child, unwise, unstable, and ignorant. But :

When I am feeble as a child
And heart and strength give way ;
Then in Thine everlasting arms
I make my perfect stay.
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Of what these fifty years of perfect married happiness meant to a man of Hodgkin's temperament it is hardly necessary to speak. His sensitive, affectionate nature needed the atmosphere of love and perfect understanding which alone made it possible for his mind and heart alike to grow and develop in happy harmony. It is impossible to think of Thomas Hodgkin without the background of his home and family, and the beauty of his home life was due to the perfect love and confidence between husband and wife upon which it was built.

For one with such an intense interest and joy in life, growing old was not easy ; above all, he dreaded the possible failure of his mental powers and, as all must do, he felt deeply the repeated loss of old friends. ' The saddest part of old age,' he wrote, ' is the falling out of the ranks of so many of one's old comrades.' Yet with these sad thoughts were always mingled thoughts of thankfulness for his rich and happy life. Writing to one who had sent him a batch of old letters, he said :

You will easily understand how sad all these reminders of the vanished past have made me, but they have also filled me with gratitude to God who has given me so full and interesting a life, enriched with so many noble friendships.

To Miss Fanny Arnold. Glendurgan, Falmouth : 3 February, 1910.

. . . I suppose that to all of our generation the chief joy now is that of retrospect. You have such splendid memories of Father, Mother, Brothers, to look back upon, and I too in this beautiful home where Caroline Fox and her circle lived forty years ago, feel that I am living far more in the past than in the present. Often one feels like a

person standing on a narrow ledge of shore with the rising tide carrying off one after another of one's companions, and wondering how soon his own turn will come.

Well, we are in God's hands and we may safely leave the 'when' to Him; and whatever may happen to us, I cannot believe that the beautiful Past which He has given us is really lost. Somehow, somewhere, somewhen, it is surely laid up in store for us by Him to whom Past, Present, and Future are all one.

The thoughts which filled his mind on his eightieth birthday are shown in the following letters:

To Lily and Herbert Gresford Jones. Barmoor: 29 July, 1911.

My dear Pair,—Thanks for your two delightful letters, and for the beautiful Prayer and Lesson book which has arrived all safe this morning with my name in letters of gold inside.

I do not feel that I am in any way breaking with my happy 'Friendly' past in receiving this gift at your hands. We all three know how much there is of good, both in the Church of England and in the Society of Friends, and we all three I believe wish 'to hold fast what is good' both there and in all other countries of the great Kingdom.

I am having what children call 'a happy birthday': lots of presents, beautiful weather, luncheon on the lawn: all our children here *but* two (and that is a great *but*), the dear mother getting about again (though she has to go softly): but with all this there is an undertone of sadness in my soul. To have survived so many with whom I started in the race, to look on the very beauty of the world and feel that it will not be beautiful for me during many more years: to think of all one's wasted opportunities and too self-centred life, and also sometimes (not often) to have a fear, not so much of Death as of the Death-in-life which comes from a man 'outliving his faculties,' these are the things which make one sad rather than glad on one's eightieth birthday. But I will trust Him who has led me thus far; and the sadder Human Life is, the more we need Human Love, such love as yours, dear Lily and Herbert.

To his sister Elizabeth. 29 July, 1911.

Well, and so I have now definitely passed into another room in the long gallery of human life . . . looking forward

to this new horizon I feel that I may and must like St. Paul on the Via Appia, ' thank God and take courage.'

To the same. 30 July, 1911.

. . . Thou knowest exactly how I feel: glad to be so far safely on the way, full of thankfulness for all the abounding mercy which has accompanied me on my journey, but rather sad too, because the world is so beautiful and the beloved ones are so dear and I cannot say that I rejoice at the thought of leaving them before long. Perhaps before bed-time comes I shall have become more tired.

It is so very sad, too, to think of all the companions of my earlier years with whom I have had to part company, especially of late. . . . Oh, don't leave me alone just yet: let us hold one another's hands for several years longer, if it may be God's will. You are so *very* dear to me though we meet but seldom.

The thought of becoming again as a little child seems to have been much with him at this time. He returned to it more than once in his addresses at Meeting, where he urged the cultivation of the spirit of the little child, unsuspicious, eager, questioning, but full of hope for the future. Even the child's habit of asking endless questions should be imitated. Mrs. Waterhouse says: ' he kept his childhood always there, on into what, as years are reckoned, was old age.' So, too, his joy in children and simple human happiness ever grew. He speaks, on a visit to Newcastle, of walking in Hodgkin Park and watching with delight the happy crowds there, and adds: ' This is a better work than " Italy and her Invaders." ' The prattle of his little grandchild, Diana, as she played on the floor by his side was to him ' like a little stream running by with gladness.'

Much in public affairs weighed upon his mind in these years. Immediately after his visit to Australia the question of the Australian Defence Bill had arisen, and he felt great concern for the trouble it must bring to his friends.

To - 26 December, 1910.

I cannot get out of my mind the thought of this *Australian Defence Bill* and of the cruel oppression it may bring upon our dear Australian Friends. . . . I made a

slight, very slight, acquaintance with Fisher, the Labour Leader and present Premier of the Commonwealth, on the way out. Would it be of any use to write privately to him and point out to him the disgrace which he will bring on the cause of democracy by imprisoning Quakers for not violating their well-known conscientious convictions ?

To the same. 21 June, 1912.

My view, which I daresay will not be the popular one, is that we have not so much to make an appeal to the masses and try to stir up revolt against the Act, as to get at the rulers (Premiers, Party Leaders, Members of Council, Parliament, and so on) and help them to frame such legislation as shall really safeguard the rights of conscience. As for those who believe in force only and wish to fight, let them do so.

When the carrying out of the Act led to the treatment of pacifists as felons, he protested in several letters to the *Daily News*. In one of these he wrote :

It must be admitted that there is enough in the New Testament to raise a doubt whether, in some minds, the war system, as we know it, is altogether in accordance with the mind of Christ, and if the effect of this Conscription Act, ruthlessly enforced, is to crush out all independence of thought, to make it impossible for a George Fox or a William Booth to arise in future generations, it will not have wrought well for the true defence of Australia. With all one's love for her light-hearted and happy children, it is impossible not to recognise the fact that spiritual fervour is not a striking attribute of the national character, that religious enthusiasm is not a rock on which the Commonwealth is likely to be wrecked. . . . It is not the fact of the preparation of national defence for Australia to which we object. It is the compulsory nature of the service and especially its enforcement on immature youths, which seems to us so monstrous, and I must again say, so un-English. It reminds us of the old bad days of the press-gang, and it reminds me of the fact that even then it was a common saying, ' one volunteer is worth ten pressed men.' There is, as we gladly recognise, a certain nobility in the action of the man who voluntarily accepts the danger of death on behalf of his country. One does not see the glory or the

dignity of going forth to shoot a fellow man in order to prevent wearing the felon's dress. . . .

I am not one of those who think that Australia need have no fear of hostile invasion. I think there is danger, and will be danger, so long as her population continues so absurdly small in proportion to her territory. . . . But what is the safe-guard against such a danger? Not the training or the drilling of soldiers but a large, speedy, yet well-guided increase of population.

He urged the Australians 'to welcome emigrants, to guide them into the lands which needed tilling, not into the crowded cities, and by no drastic legislation for national defence to bully the lads and scare away the intending emigrant with a family of growing boys.'

To an Australian Friend who was disturbed on the whole question, he wrote as follows:

London: 1 June, 1911.

. . . About the defence question, I recommend you not to worry because you cannot accept the apparently awful paradox of the Quaker position. Neither can I *fully*, but I find that I am getting nearer to it, and I think the whole world is getting a little more power to accept the elimination of war from practical politics as a *possibility*. This last speech of Sir E. Grey's on Arbitration with America seemed to bring us miles nearer to the goal.

To the same. 31 December, 1911.

. . . I am afraid from your letter that you are still rather worrying yourself over your inability to accept the extreme Peace view which is held by most Friends, and which their present resistance to the National Defence Act is bringing freshly into prominence. I hope you will not do this. There must be liberty in a Christian Church for considerable variety of opinion on a speculative question like this: How far may we use physical force to protect life and property? I think you hate the swash-buckler spirit of the militarist party and the irritating articles in the Jingo Press as much as we do, and I think you agree that the conscientious convictions of those who believe that obedience to Christ involves entire abstinence from war-like procedure ought to be respected by the rulers of the nation. So far you and —— are practically agreed; for

what lies beyond, in the difficult region of theoretical ethics, you and he must be content to differ, believing that the difference will disappear when 'we shall know even as we are known.'

To the same.

6 March, 1912.

I have just been reading your letter to —— on the National Defence question, and though I do not altogether agree with it, I do not think we are very far apart. I quite agree that if a nation is to have an army, a citizen army like that of the Swiss is better than a professional army composed of those whose sole career is war, only, unfortunately, both the German and most of the European armies are this in theory; but in practice they engender a huge officer-class who are everlastingly planning campaigns and playing brilliant games of chess with the big battalions whom national conscription puts under their orders. And this does not make for peace.

I think Norman Angell's book, though it does not appeal to the highest class of motives, has a good deal of truth in it. Even this present miserable strike shows what a complicated and delicate machine our modern commercial system is, and how increasingly true it is becoming that if one member suffer, all the members must more or less (and often very much *more*) suffer with it.

I think also—this is an argument specially for the colonies—that you have to recognise that anything like a *rigorous* enforcement of conscription, or even of the military training of Australasian boys, will have a serious effect in checking the tide of emigration; and it is by emigration alone that your 'industrial garrison,' the true permanent weapon of National Defence, will be recruited.

To Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice of South Australia.

2 January, 1913.

. . . As for your National Defence Act, I know that it is impossible for me, with my Quaker education and the conviction of the essentially anti-Christian nature of war (a conviction partly inherited from six generations of Quaker ancestors), to look upon the question in the same way as yourself or any other of our responsible statesmen. I have a conviction that in some way or other the words of our Lord will yet be proved true, and I do really hope that we are tending towards the abolition of war, at any rate,

between professedly Christian nations ; but I quite admit that things being as they are, if I were Premier of Great Britain or Australia, I should have to use the weapons of warlike defence. But even so, and even in present conditions, I think it is well that the host of persons who, for selfish reasons, *love* war, and whose livelihood depends on the maintenance of the war system, should be to some extent counterbalanced by men who want Christ's Kingdom to be brought somewhat nearer and who yearn to find out ' the more excellent way.'

I never talk to members of the ' services,' and still less to their female relations, without feeling ' If a way were shown to us to-morrow by which war might be permanently banished from the world, these people would have none of it.'

And now in all this Lord Roberts' propaganda of universal service, this talk of raising a National Defence army of three millions, and so on, I certainly feel that if we yield our judgment to these men's arguments we shall *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

I have listened lately to some very forcible addresses by Norman Angell and have reason to believe that he is producing some real effect in influential circles on the Continent, even, it is said, on the mind of the Kaiser himself, who is really more of a Peace-lover than is generally supposed.

Hodgkin believed that the example of Australia with regard to compulsory military service would be followed in England, and wrote in September, 1912 : ' It is no doubt meant to introduce it here also, but it will meet with bitter opposition.'

He was much concerned at the growing antagonism between England and Germany. Already, in 1905, he had been on a special committee appointed to prepare a message from the Society of Friends to the peace-lovers in Germany. In that message, for the wording of which he was principally responsible, are the following words :

Not only as members of a community which has always protested against war, but also as citizens conversant with a large section of English society, we can assure you of our firm conviction that anything like an unprovoked

attack by our country on yours would be absolutely abhorrent to the English nation. . . . We do not forget that we are both branches of the Teutonic stock, allied to one another by a common faith and long friendship, and that we, with the rest of the civilised world, owe a great debt to Germany for her achievements in literature, science, and art. . . . We trust that we have learnt the lesson that there is nothing in competitions of commerce which need interfere with esteem and mutual friendship between nations and individuals.

Whilst in Australia he had written in a letter to his son : 'Nothing will go very much amiss if we may have peace for the next ten years ; but war, a big European war in which England is engaged, will ruin everything.'

In the middle of the election of 1910 he wrote :

I do not entirely agree with either party, but, on the whole, my sympathies are with Asquith. And it seems to me both wicked and unpatriotic to use the German war scare as an election cry on either side. If it were what the alarmists say, a case of war in six months, why we ought to put all party strife aside and have Balfour serving under Asquith or Asquith under Balfour.

He had been one of those who had helped to found the Anglo-German Friendship Committee in 1905, and he had always taken a warm interest in its work.

To Francis William Fox. 13 April, 1910.

I have been reading the report of the Caxton Hall meeting of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee, and it stimulates me to write to you in order to enquire if nothing can be done to neutralise the effect in Germany of the outrageously wicked and foolish article in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. Of course, you have seen this article, which calmly proposes that we shall at once pick a quarrel with Germany, smash her fleet, and (I suppose) forbid her ever to build another.

It seems to me that the folly of this article is even greater than its wickedness, because it is just the very stimulus that was required to provoke the ordinary German citizen to demand still larger naval programmes from his Government ; and this at a time when some indications

seemed to show that the pace was beginning to tell, and that the German taxpayer was getting a little tired of the mad competition in Dreadnoughts. I cannot understand how a respectable publication like the *Nineteenth Century* could allow itself to be made the medium of such criminal absurdity.

But it has not yet, I think, been sufficiently disavowed by the English public. We shrug our shoulders and pass on, not enough considering how such ravings must weaken the hands of the peace-lovers in Germany.

At first Hodgkin hesitated as to whether it would be wise to write a protest against this article, feeling that to do so would only advertise it. But ultimately he did write a short article which appeared in the next number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The Taft-Grey Arbitration proposals made in May, 1911, seemed to him to ' throw a gleam of light in the darkness,' and he had great hopes that these would prove ' to be really a step towards the reign of peace.'

To W. B. Matheson.

Barmoor Castle: 6 April, 1911.

. . . By the time this note reaches you . . . we shall be just setting about our Yearly Meeting. The chief topic both there, and at many similar gatherings, will be the great stride towards Peace which has been made by our Government and that of the United States, in accepting the proposal for unlimited arbitration. I entirely agree with the enthusiastic welcomers of this scheme, and only hope we shall not overdo our welcome; and so play into the hands of the pessimists and militarists who are waiting to denounce us as cowardly and unpatriotic dreamers.

Germany is, I cannot help hoping, not so hostile as the Chancellor's speech would lead us to suppose. There are immense pecuniary and class interests involved in the extension of the war system (I am told that the anti-English paper, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, is actually the property of the Krupp firm), but, on the other hand, I think the common-sense of the mass of the German peoples is beginning to resent the dictation of the swashbucklers.

Towards the end of the year anxious thoughts again

predominated. He wrote : ' The two nations, England and Germany, are thoroughly out of temper with one another, and it will never take much to plunge us into war.'

To Miss Paula Schuster. Barmoor : 30 July, 1912.

. . . Your letter ' touches the spot ' ; for with all my great family happiness I am rather sad about the present state of our country. If we are indeed heading—as some think—straight towards a great European war, in which Germany and England are to be the protagonists on opposite sides, I am tempted to fear that our civilisation, and even our Christianity, will perish in the struggle.

But let us take courage. ' The Lord sitteth King for ever,' and I have a hope that He will still the madness of the peoples.

In the election of 1910 he had supported the Liberal party and spoke at Berwick in favour of Sir Edward Grey's candidature. He said :

I do not fear Socialism, at any rate for this generation, but I fear the utter bewilderment of our public men and the introduction of a lower tone of political morality which must, I fear, result from the government by the *Daily Mail* and the *Observer*, by mere party tactics and by suddenly excogitated schemes of constitution-making, which seem to be the characteristic of the Unionist party in these later days. At the present crisis I feel that the Asquith ministry represent the cause of moderate constitutional reform and Lansdowne and Balfour the methods of revolution.

He held that the trouble over the House of Lords' veto arose because Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne ' strained the constitutional rights of the House of Lords.'

To W. B. Matheson. Barmoor Castle : 10 August, 1911.

. . . Whether this intense heat is favourable or unfavourable to political debate I do not know. Certainly, our excited politicians are calling one another a good many hard names up in Westminster, but I rather think that the debates would be even more fast and furious were it not for the limpness which is caused by the heat.

You may be anxious to know what I think of it all.

Well, I think that both the limitation of the powers of the House of Lords and some form of Home Rule for Ireland are changes which in the evolution of our form of Government were bound to come; and I cannot echo the shrill condemnation which the defenders of the present order of things hurl at the attackers, or the attackers at the defenders. Without being a Fatalist, I hold that each party, democratic and oligarchical, acts according to the law of its being, and I cannot be indignant with them for doing so. . . . I am very glad to hear such a good account of the Conference at Dunedin. It certainly seems to have been what Friends call 'a uniting time,' and I am glad that your slightly dissentient note on the National Defence question did not produce discord. I feel more and more strongly that we must, on that difficult problem of Peace or War, 'go as we are led.' Some of us will, perhaps, be led farther than others, but with all of us, I hope, obedience to the Mind of Christ will be our goal.

He was not happy about the Persian policy of the Government and could not approve of the Anglo-Russian agreement, though he felt, as he wrote to Sir Edward Grey (January, 1912), that perhaps he had no right to criticise as he did not know 'what pieces are on the board,' adding, 'May you, and not the enemies of England and of freedom, win the game.' Some months later (October 10, 1912), he felt obliged to withdraw from the Northern Liberal Federation because of his strong disapproval of the foreign policy of the Government. Their Home Rule policy did not trouble him so much. On April 12, 1912, after reading the debate on the new Home Rule Bill, he wrote: 'How different are my feelings about this (almost acquiescence) from the intense antagonism of 1886.'

To his brother Howard. Barmoor Castle: 12 April, 1912.

. . . And so Home Rule is once again above the horizon. It is strange to feel so apathetic about it, remembering my intense and hostile feelings about it in 1886–1893. I don't think I am a Home Ruler, but I am so disgusted with the bluster of Ulster and the vulgarities of —— and ——, that I shall not weep if they are beaten. Besides, I feel more and more what a miserable business politics is whichever side you are on.

He was much distressed by the disputes in the labour world which led to the disastrous strikes of 1911 and 1912.

To his son-in-law, R. C. Bosanquet. 25 August, 1911.

I hear that —— has driven two railway trains successfully. He enjoyed it immensely and I should not wonder if this was the very decisive moment of his life; to have to exert himself, to face difficulty and danger, to recognise the existence of duty to the Commonwealth, this was surely the very lesson he had to learn. . . . I think this persuasion of a duty owed by us to the State is just the tonic that we comfortable middle-class people need.

Still I cannot think that the strike, especially at such terribly short notice, was justifiable. It does seem to me like the son holding the dagger at the mother's throat and saying 'Give me money or die!' . . . what do the violent men care for so long as 'the capitalist' is ruined and they get a share of the plunder?

Of course, this is putting the thing at its worst and ignoring the lot of sound-minded moderate men who exist in the ranks of the railway workers and who would never allow the war to be pushed to these extremities. But as mathematicians say, we must sometimes examine a proposition or a formula 'in the limit,' and I think the result of viewing the national railway strike in the limit convinces me that it is a weapon that never ought to be employed. It is distinctly anti-social and tends towards 'red ruin and the breaking up of law,' and no patriotic Englishman ought to dream of getting his grievances in that way redressed.

But there *are* grievances evidently, and if they had not been heavy and hard to bear we should not have had this outburst. How are they to be redressed? One way, which I think has not been sufficiently tried, is through the *Shareholders' Meeting*. As things now are, I know these meetings are the most formal, dead-alive hopeless things possible. Nobody thinks of anything but the Dividend, and if that is good, no whisper of criticism is heard. But it need not always be so. We shareholders or at any rate some of us, have hearts and consciences, and if the workers showed us that our dividends were being earned by grinding men's lives out of them, and paying cruel starvation wages, we should go to the Shareholders' meetings and make things so unpleasant for the directors, traffic managers, and the

like, that they would be *compelled* to obey the precept, 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.'

To his brother Howard. Barmoor Castle: 29 August, 1911.

. . . I have been reading—I wonder whether many people will—the proceedings before this Railway Commission. Though I do not expect to see any justification for such a tremendous blow as the universal strike, I think one can already see that there was callousness and indifference on the part of the railway managers in listening to the complaints of the men.

> Evil is wrought for want of thought
> As well as want of heart.

To R. C. Bosanquet. Barmoor: 14 September, 1911.

. . . What I think the labour leaders (and still more the labour followers) have to learn is that 'though it may be an excellent thing to have a giant's strength, it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.'

To W. B. Matheson. Barmoor: 6 March, 1912.

. . . We are all now immersed in speculations about this hateful strike (so called), really a civil war between coal-owners and coal-hewers. It has not lasted quite a week yet and already trains are being discontinued and workmen in countless trades being paid off, and the whole machinery of social life is getting out of gear. If it should continue for a month, still more for six months, what is to become of England? One feels that such a suspension of our basic industry is really treason against the Commonwealth and that the planners of it ought to suffer long terms of imprisonment. And yet, though I say this, I am inclined to believe that the masters may be as much to blame as the men. Utter want of sympathy, of imagination, of power to put yourself in the other man's place, is I expect the chief cause of most of these labour wars. Oh! for a little real Christianity. What a different world the practice of it would give us!

To Sir Samuel Way. 19 March, 1912.

We find it difficult to turn our thoughts away from this hateful and wicked coal strike which threatens to bury the whole Commonwealth in ruin. Asquith is, I suppose, at the present moment introducing his Bill for establishing

a minimum wage for pit-workers. It may be necessary, I am afraid it is, but I hate legislative interference between employers and employed.

To the same. Barmoor: 20 June, 1912.

You will have seen what wearisome work we have had with our strikers—railway, coal, transport. I am not one of those who put all the blame on the men, for I am afraid our big companies are often very conscienceless, and do not sufficiently attend to the Apostolic precept, 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.' But I think it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the standard of the union-leaders has been steadily declining, and that some of the men who are now coming to the front would throw the whole country into confusion and kill thousands of little children by hunger, if they saw a chance of making themselves famous, writing M.P. after their names, and drawing their £400 a year from the State.

A very different matter, with particular difficulties of its own, occupied much of Thomas Hodgkin's time and thought during 1912. It became known that Swarthmore Hall, the house which Margaret Fell and her husband had allowed George Fox to use as a constant place of rest and shelter, and which became his home when he married Margaret Fell on the death of her husband, was for sale. Swarthmore, the place where George Fox had found the most eager acceptance of his message, was described by Hodgkin as 'a sort of Mecca of Quakerism,' and it was now decided that the Society of Friends should try to buy the property.

This was first discussed privately at the time of the Yearly Meeting in Manchester in 1912. By a general consensus of opinion, it was arranged that Hodgkin should collect the money to buy Swarthmore for the Society. He notes, 'This, for the remainder of the year, was the dominating interest of my life.' It proved a more troublesome business than had been expected, for a descendant of Margaret Fell's, Miss Abraham, came forward and wished to buy Swarthmore Hall. Ultimately a compromise was arranged. The property was to go to Miss Abraham and after her to her nephews for their lives, and then it was to pass to the Society. All the tiresome delays over this business

were very vexatious to Hodgkin. Another trouble which absorbed much of his time and energy was connected with a strong difference of opinion within the Society of Friends. His labours to find a peaceful conclusion to this dispute did not lead to the desired result, and it hung like a heavy, brooding cloud over the last years of his life.

One of the pleasures of this year was the acquisition of a motor. No one had been more prejudiced than he against motors at their first introduction. When a car passed him on the road he would invariably mutter, ' selfish rich.' But the fact that the Bosanquets settled at Rock Moor Farm near Alnwick, which was too far from Barmoor for a carriage drive, led at last to the breakdown of his prejudice. He wrote to a friend explaining his former feelings : ' I have for years objected to the introduction of automobiles into our modern life, as they seemed to me to encourage a selfish, ostentatious, unsocial behaviour in the rich.' Having become the possessor of a car, he frankly owned ' it has enormously added to our happiness this summer.' He wanted to know all about its mechanism, and bought a book in order to instruct himself in every detail. Like all his servants, his chauffeur adored him, saying, ' Never was such a master.' After this there are constant allusions to his enjoyment of the rides in his new motor, and he would note with satisfaction the distances he accomplished with it. His daughter's birthday was kept on March 19, 1912, by motoring to St. Abb's Head.

In the course of 1912 the indications that he felt the weight of his increasing years grew more frequent, though he still showed much activity in going about to attend meetings or give an occasional lecture. Early in January he was at Falmouth and wrote on his last day there : ' So ends a very happy and uniting visit, one of the brightest and most love-encompassed that we have ever paid to Falmouth.'

To his daughter Nelly. Falmouth : 12 January, 1912.

You will easily understand that the dear mother and I are not living much in *this* Falmouth with its brand new rows of ' picturesque houses ' and its swarms of valetudinarian visitors (whom for their sakes I am delighted to see here),

but in the Falmouth of long ago with our parents and all that noble generation to which they belonged, with Anna Maria, and Caroline, and the dear Sterlings. We live in the past, and it is not all sadness : there is so much love and spiritual beauty there ; and, after all, there is a future full of hope and promise.

On March 28 he writes that he has got to work again on his paper on ' The Wardens of the Marches,' and adds, ' It is pleasant to have a bit of steady historical work on hand.' The next day four grandchildren arrived to stay, and he writes, ' Oh, we are rich, but it is not *embarras de richesses, Laus Deo.*'

In July he went to the Friends' Summer School in the Highlands and gave an address on ' Membership ' and another on the Prophet Amos, and shared with much enjoyment in all the social intercourse of the days. On July 29 he reached the age of eighty-one, and was amused by receiving a congratulatory telegram from Sir William Bailey addressed ' to the grand old schoolmaster of humanity.'

Occasionally he amused himself with jig-saw puzzles. In 1910 he had decided that as he could not do them with moderation, he must make a rule of total abstinence. Now the rule seems to have broken down, and he speaks of ' wasting time over a heart-breaking jig-saw.'

On October 5 his brother Eliot[1] died, and he wrote :

Of course, the thought, my turn next, is often with me, not altogether a mournful one, but a thought which makes one think much of the Eternal Realities. And that is good both for mind and soul.

To his two sisters. 8 October, 1912.

I expect we shall all feel, all of us *three*, that we must just clasp one another's hands and look into one another's faces (in a figure) though we have not much to say. Yet it is so wonderful to think that the first breach in that little band of four has come seventy-three years after *her* death, and when the youngest of us is seventy-eight years old. For this long preservation of our lives we do give thanks.

[1] Circumstances had prevented his seeing much of this brother during late years, and, unfortunately, none of his letters to him have been preserved.

In that year his youngest son and the constant companion of later years, George, had become engaged to be married to Mary F. Wilson. He rejoiced in George's happiness, but the thought of losing him as a home son was hard to bear. His sons had brought him nothing but happiness, and there is an entry in the diary of this year, 'Thank God for my splendid sons.' Speaking at the Newcastle Meeting on December 1, he dwelt on 'the necessity in this our age of making a good fight against pessimism and laying hold on Eternal Life.'

To Miss Paula Schuster. Barmoor Castle: 24 December, 1912.

. . . It is very kind and *helpful* of you to speak as you do of the service that Barmoor and its friendships have rendered you. For myself personally, looking back over the 81 years of life, reading some old letters which have brought past mistakes of mine vividly before me, and feeling now how much my power of 'serving my own generation according to the will of God' is diminishing and must continue to diminish, my temptation is to pass a very hard judgment (perhaps too hard) on the weakness and unprofitableness of my life.

So your words of cheer, dear friend, come at a particularly welcome time. You seem to be saying to me, 'Courage, brother! do not stumble,' and that is the watchword that I need.

The usual home party now consisted only of father, mother, and eldest daughter. When they were quite alone they always called themselves 'Zero,' the place they had started from in the old days before the other children arrived. Then, when some of them came back for a time, they counted 'one,' 'two,' or 'three above Zero,' as the case might be. There was always something rather snug in getting back to Zero again. It was a joke between them that Zero showed its attachment to itself by their choosing to work in three different rooms. But this did not keep them apart. Dr. Hodgkin would wander into the rooms of wife and daughter, bringing his letters that he might talk them over. He called his daughter's room 'the Maëlstrom,' because he accused her of sweeping into it the books he wanted. Mrs. Hodgkin's room was the sunniest, and there they gathered

for afternoon tea and gossip when the post had gone. A friend remembers how once sitting there with the western sun streaming in over the tea-table, he bent his head and said : ' Thank God for this beautiful sunshine.'

It had been a family habit, a habit not always appreciated by Dr. Hodgkin, to have as many meals as possible out of doors. But in 1912 they noticed that he really dreaded chills and sitting out, and so out-door meals were given up except on very hot days. He continued to take his little walk round the garden, that much-loved earthly paradise, before breakfast every morning. His hair had turned silvery, but his thick curls still showed under his brown hat. That last winter, those watching him with anxious love noticed that his memory was not so clear as it had been. He was touchingly anxious not to make mistakes and liked wife or daughter to see every letter that he wrote before it went. To them it seemed as if his own personality were growing deeper and richer every day. In his face there was a look of illumination and radiance from within which made it more beautiful than ever before. Other eyes noticed this difference though they could not explain what it was. At the little Sunday meetings his daughter would think of the words spoken of Stephen, ' looking upon him it was as it were the face of an angel.' And to one anxious loving heart came the thought as she watched him praying, that perhaps they would not be allowed to keep him with them very long. He hated being alone, even for a little while, during this last winter, and would fetch out his wife or daughter for the little stroll that broke his morning's work, or the longer walk in the afternoon, from which not even driving snow and bitter wind could keep him.

Letters, 1909–12

To his son-in-law, the Rev. H. Gresford Jones.

Melbourne : 27 August, 1909.

. . . I am extremely interested in your account of the resumed Education Conferences. As it happens, that is a subject which is now rather uppermost in my thoughts. I went yesterday to a ' Council of the Churches ' and,

being invited to address them, I asked for their advice and opinion on the working of the purely secular system of education in Australia. The verdict was unanimous and emphatic: 'On no account accept it for England if you can possibly keep it out. The thing is not carried quite so far as you suppose: the name of God is admitted into our school-books, but all references to Christ and Christianity are supposed to be excluded, though the hostility to them is a little weakening. This is done to conciliate a few Jews: but the exclusion of the Bible is the work of the Roman Catholics: and we are all bitterly regretting that our politicians for party purposes consented to that exclusion. We are working very hard to get it back, but Secularism, once admitted, is very hard to expel. The system which in our opinion works best, and which we believe would suit you in England, is the New South Wales System.' Here, though the teaching is said to be secular, the word secular is defined as unsectarian. A great deal of Bible history is taught simply as history and as literature in the hours allotted to secular instruction: but in addition to that one hour is set apart for religious instruction by clergyman, minister, or school teacher who is willing to undertake it. This is during the school day and the children of objecting parents go on with ordinary school work in another room. (Right of entry. Parental choice of religious teaching.) . . . I find it very hard to discover any reason why this New South Wales arrangement should not be accepted both by Lord Hugh Cecil and by Dr. Clifford. Oh that you and Runciman and the beloved Archbishop might have the glory and the joy of settling this weary controversy on these or similar terms.

Well, our time in this wonderful Australia is drawing to a close and we shall really leave it with rather heavy though very grateful hearts. Everybody has been so very kind, so grateful and welcoming, and the sun here is so bright and cheering.

To Howard Lloyd. Melbourne; 1 September, 1909.

. . . Your letter finds me in a very sympathetic mood to your remarks about irreligious education. I have had a good deal of talk about it with 'people who know,' both here and in New Zealand, and almost all agree that the practical exclusion of the Bible and religious teaching from the schools is doing infinite harm to the national character.

I hope that before it is too late some success may be attained in the reversal of this policy. Already in New South Wales (but not in Victoria) a good deal of the Bible is taught as literature, and the ministers of religion have a certain right of entry to teach the children of their own Churches. I believe the New South Wales system would furnish a basis for the much-desired compromise between Church and Dissent in education in England . . . The one thing wanting in this wonderful Australia is religious earnestness : a living faith in Christ and love to Him. If things go on in their present line for another generation, I tremble for the result in the national life.

In their tiny way, even Friends might do something towards breathing the necessary fear and love of God into the hearts of Australians, and I have some hope that they will, but even if all Friends became as earnest Christians as we want to see them, ' What are they among so many ? '

Remember poor, rich, sorely-tempted Australia in your prayers.

To Howard Lloyd. 5 September, 1909.

Here follow one or two points in your last letter which in my hasty reply I omitted to notice : ' Father Tyrrell.' Yes, I agreed with you in feeling myself much drawn to this man though, even apart from Roman Catholicism, I don't suppose I should agree with nearly all his conclusions. . . . To us it seems strange that there can still be any clinging to the ' Holy Roman Church ' after his emphatic experience that in her there is not the liberty which is ' where the Spirit of the Lord is.' I am in especial agreement with you in what you say about the great Epistles of St. Paul—though my favourites at the present time are not your two so much as Philippians and II. Corinthians. The first furnishes some much-needed texts exhorting to unity and brotherly love, and the second seems to bring one so very near to the strong, tender soul of the writer—a lake reflecting so vividly all the passing clouds of love, indignation, anxiety, delight. I am feeling St. Paul to have been in many ways the greatest man—mere man—that has been produced by our race (far above Napoleon or Cæsar, though I know how some of my friends would howl at the comparison).

You need have no fear as to the warmth of the welcome

given here to our party. It could not possibly have been more loving, and the bitter part of it is to feel that *I* cannot hope to see these dear people's faces again except those of a few who may come 'home' (England is always home) before I die. The *family* character of our visit has been triumphantly vindicated. Over and over again there has been work to be done of a kind which obviously was either not a man's work, or not an old man's. There is no slight implied on the old man in saying this. There are diversities of members and all members have not the same office. On the other hand, sometimes a piece of work presented itself which was evidently an old man's or an elderly woman's job, and in such matters as this the dear Lucia and I have been, I think, evidently of some little use.

To J. F. Mather. Barmoor Castle: 15 December, 1910.

I have to thank thee for thy long and interesting letter and also for the minute of the Hobart School Committee enclosed with it. It is very gratifying to receive this word of appreciation for the efforts of English Friends on behalf of the school, and I trust it will stimulate us to further exertions in the same direction. For myself, I can truly say that though I went out believing in the school, I came back believing in it far more. And less than ever am I disposed to regret that some non-members' children get their education there, for I think one thing we want to cultivate in Australia is the kind of general knowledge of 'the ways of Friends' and respect for their character as a religious body which is generally diffused in this country, but which, through sheer ignorance, seems to be wanting in many parts of Australia. Too often there we let judgment go against us by default.

The *Australian Friend*, which has lately arrived, is full of deeply interesting matter. We are watching with keen sympathy the progress of your National Defence Bill. I can hardly think that any Australian community will be so unmanly as to harass and imprison young boys for adhering to the well-known faith of their fathers. Surely some proviso or exempting clause will, even at the eleventh hour, be slipped into the Bill to relieve Australian magistrates from the necessity of performing so odious a task. If not—well, we must possess our souls in patience and see what comes next.

You will no doubt have been watching the course of the English elections, and I hope sympathising with us all in the stir and turmoil through which we have been passing. I have taken but little part, just speaking once for Sir Edward Grey and once taking the chair at a meeting of his supporters. Probably most Friends have been on the Liberal side, which certainly seems the most likely to pursue a peaceful European policy (some of Balfour's references to Germany have been very irritating and I think unstatesmanlike), but the cry—unfairly raised, I think—of Socialism, has frightened some timid middle-class men. . . . I do not doubt myself that the Constitution has been somewhat strained by the way in which the Conservative party has been of late using the powers of the House of Lords for their party purposes, and I think it is quite right that the absolute veto which they have theoretically possessed should be taken from them.

To Miss Marian Pease. Barmoor Castle: 10 May, 1911.

. . . I must thank you for sending me the pamphlet of the Church League for Women's Suffrage, which certainly shows that 'Friends' are not the only body who are pressed to join the Women's Suffrage movement on religious grounds. But I must confess that I am not convinced. It is not that I am an opponent of Women's Suffrage, though, as many of my friends know, I have a peculiar fad of my own for bringing it into being (the Women's Parliament). But my point is that, like Free Trade or the veto of the House of Lords, it is not a subject on which we, as a Christian Church, need have, or even *ought* to have, a collective opinion.

Will you just turn this question over in your mind? If your party carry the day in Yearly Meeting, shall I be dismissed if I do not 'toe the line' as a supporter of Women's Suffrage?

I know that you will say 'No,' but I think you ought in consistency to say 'Yes.' Our Society is a body of which it ought to be said, 'It moveth altogether if it move at all,' and if you can establish the concession of the Parliamentary Suffrage to Women as one of the essential principles, we weak-kneed brethren who cannot accept that proposition, ought to be asked courteously but firmly to betake ourselves elsewhere.

To Richard Westlake. Barmoor Castle: 10 June, 1911.

. . . Thou hast mentioned Frederick Maurice and his Theological Essays. What a noble deep-thoughted man he was, and yet to how many of his fellow believers a *Vox Clamantis in Deserto*, and what a shriek of alarm the Theological Essays aroused! We have to possess our souls in patience and believe those comforting words, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' On the whole, I think we may take comfort in the thought that among those who reflect at all on religious questions there is more true reverence than there was in the 'fifties.' But the depressing thought is, what an immense majority of people seem never to think of the Unseen at all, but dash through this stage of life in their motor-cars, rushing from pleasure to pleasure, from excitement to excitement, never asking themselves the question, 'Why am I here?' Yes, I am on the verge of eighty and am bound to confess that so far the Lord has given me a very happy old age.

To his son-in-law, R. C. Bosanquet. 14 September, 1911.

. . . I have been reading with great interest two very different books, both dealing with Greece, Gilbert Murray's 'Rise of the Greek Epic' and Grundy's 'Thucydides, and the History of his Age,' and I find myself yielding a tolerably submissive assent to the conclusions of both of them. How excellent is Murray's account of the Great Migration across the Ægean. One feels that he really must have been there in a pre-existent state, and been himself one of the Migrants. And I think Grundy (though incomparably less 'literary' than Murray) does good work in showing us the true inwardness of that Greek history of the fifth century B.C. which we have hitherto known chiefly from its political, personal, dramatic side.

To Mrs. J. W. Pease. 17 November, 1911.

Many loving thoughts are in our hearts towards thee on this thy seventy-third birthday. Though I am so much older, still I can sympathise with the feeling of thankfulness which even the early seventies bring with them. Looking back over the past—the happy past—ringing with voices which we shall hear no more in this life, we seem to me like sailors who have escaped on a raft from a noble ship and are now 'marooned' on a lonely island. Well, while life

lasts, let us few who are left as the marooned ones, love one another. Heaven is over us always.

To his sister Mariabella. 26 October, 1912.

. . . In the course of my tidyings I have been going through some old letters, the letters of 1853, the saddest year of my life, and they have brought before me again very vividly the sense of the immense debt that I owe to thee and dearest Bessie for all your sustaining love and sympathy in my great trouble. Wave after wave swept over me, but you two dear and noble sisters were always with me, cheering me and breathing hope into my poor disheartened spirit.

I do not feel as if I had ever thanked you as I ought to have done for this. Take now, dear Bella, these few words of deepest gratitude, while I am still alive to utter, and thou to hear, them.

To Colonel Young. Barmoor Castle, 16 March, 1912.

Your letter of the 10th inst. is very interesting, but almost compels a reply. Like you, I distrust Gibbon (much as I admire him) whenever he gets on the question of Christianity *v.* Paganism, and I shall hail with delight any confutation of his arguments which you can achieve. But I shall not be with you if you refuse to recognise *decline* in the Roman Empire from Commodus onwards. I think if ever there were symptoms of decay and dissolution, they were shown by the Empire in the third century. If I had the pleasure of conducting you over our Roman Wall, I could show you a striking illustration of this in the Mile Castle of Borcovicus, built as if for eternity, with grand squared masonry under the Antonines, then evidently ruined by the barbarians, and rebuilt in such a pitiably inferior style with poor little stones, with narrowed entrances, evidently by men uncertain of their hold on Britain, in the third or fourth century.

No doubt Constantine was *Restitutor Imperii*, but did he raise it again to the same level of security and strength as it had attained under Hadrian and Pius? I doubt it. Probably, too, the Christian Emperors were better men than Zosimus painted them, but I do not find a Trajan or a Marcus among them, far less a man like our own Christian kings, Edwin, Oswald, or Alfred.

However, I shall be greatly interested in your argument, only, may I suggest, do not include any untenable positions in your line of defence.

To the same. 9 April, 1912.

I have received the papers mentioned in your letter of 4th inst., have read them with much interest, and am now returning them.

Whatever may be the final judgment on the issues raised by you, there can be no doubt as to the importance and interest of the discussion which they will raise. Most true is the poet's dictum as to the value of the 'animated No' in conversation, and such your preface seems to me emphatically to be, challenging the sleepy acquiescence with which some of us may have accepted Gibbon's assertion that the decline of the Roman Empire began towards the end of the second century (not Gibbon's only, I think, Montesquieu, if I remember right, puts it about at the same time). I felt in reading your paper as I did when watching the curve described on the barograph (which curve has been unusually interesting during the last forty-eight hours owing to the occurrence of a great cyclonic storm). I do not think that anyone can fail to see a great downward curve after the death of Marcus, and I think most will admit that the downward curve continues till the accession of Diocletian. At that point there is an upward tendency. Does it regain its former high level or go even higher? This is what you would fain persuade us, and I see some strong arguments in your favour. If you succeed entirely, I think your book will be 'epoch-making.'

I agree with you also that Gibbon had no right to call Constantine either 'dissolute' or 'tyrannical,' though I feel that the tragedy of the deaths of Crispus and Fausta needs a good deal of explanation. And surely the orgy of bloodshed after the death of Constantine shows a lamentably low state of public morals. Can you imagine it happening after the death of Hadrian or Antoninus? And I think it cannot be denied that the pressure of taxation was terribly heavy.

These are some of the thoughts suggested to me by your most interesting papers. You will see that you have not quite won me over to your side, but you quite convince me that there is a case for further enquiry.

To Eliot Howard. Barmoor: 26 July, 1912.

. . . I entirely and heartily agree with you about the folly and ingratitude of trying to repudiate our spiritual

ancestry. How delightful it is to feel that there are still ties of celestial brotherhood which unite us to some of the saints of the Middle Ages (I have sometimes thought of translating for Friends, Gregory the Great's 'Regula Pastoralis,' in which, according to my remembrance, there is a great deal of Christian common-sense applicable to the needs of the Quaker Churches and of all the Churches), but I cannot feel any brotherhood with them when they mount the Grand Inquisitor's stool and begin examining and torturing heretics.

It was certainly a strange experience for all of us, Howards as well as Hodgkins, when our parents took divergent ways, and while still loving and honouring one another, renounced the privilege of the common Christian life which I am sure they loved and valued.

To the Editor of the *Spectator*.

Barmoor Castle:
3 August, 1912.

Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to point out what must, I think, be a *lapsus calami* in the interesting article, 'From Religion to Philosophy,' in the *Spectator* of July 27?

The writer says: 'We shall be accused of verging on the Quaker doctrine of the inner light, if not indeed of that full-fledged antinomianism which, it will be said, has always haunted the Society of Friends.'

I observe the cautious clause, 'it will be said,' but I do not think that even this saves the situation for your contributor. As a matter of fact, the Society of Friends has never, as far as I know, been accused of 'full-fledged,' or even of half-hatched, 'antinomianism.' We are in truth quite at the opposite end of the scale from that error. It was exaggerated Calvinism which said (or was believed to say), 'Let us continue in sin that grace may abound,' and so got itself labelled Antinomianism. Our early forerunners were always in deadly conflict with Calvinism, and would no doubt be accused by its adherents of believing in 'the covenant of works.' I cannot better illustrate the Quaker position in this matter than by an anecdote which I heard in my childhood but have not met with in any Quaker biography. A certain 'Friend' preacher (I think, Thomas Shillitoe), travelling on the Continent, delivered a sermon, probably at Geneva, having a well-known Calvinist minister for his interpreter. The preacher, anxious to impress the need of right living on his hearers,

said, 'My friends, Faith, Christian Faith, is necessary for salvation, but Good Works are also necessary.' This proposition came forth from the lips of the interpreter: '*Mes amis, la Foi, la Foi Chrétienne, est necessaire pour le salut. Les bons oeuvres n'y font rien.*'

To Richard Westlake. Barmoor Castle: 11 August, 1912.

. . . I think with reference to our 'Verbal Inspiration' friends—to use a convenient label—the difficulty arises from their confusing Inspiration with Infallibility. I wrote a long paper, thirty years or more ago, on this subject. . . . I think the difficulty has arisen historically out of the conflict between the Church of Rome and Protestants. Infallible is not, or is hardly, a Bible word; but when the old dominant Church claimed Infallibility and had accustomed people to the idea of it, the Reformers thought themselves obliged to set up an opposing Infallibility, and claimed it for the Bible: every line of it and every word.

Long before 'Higher Criticism' was talked of at any rate in England men like Coleridge and Alford saw that this claim of absolute inerrancy for every word of the Bible could not truthfully be maintained: and yet many of us felt that we could not and need not abandon its inspiration. I am sure that we were right both in renouncing and in retaining. . . . There remain the 'exceeding great and precious promises' of which prophets and apostles and martyrs have been the heralds to us: and I do not feel that my hold on any of these is weakened because the numbers of the Hebrew armies are evidently incorrectly stated in the Book of Chronicles, &c. . . . No, a thousand times No! to thy correspondent who wrote, 'There is now practically no belief in God.' There is far more real belief, to my apprehension, than there was half a century ago. Tyndall and Huxley have spoken, and have shaken the faith of many: but their doctrines of Materialism have been rejected by the Soul of Man as impossible to believe: and even the figure of the Christ of history is I think more truly loved and reverenced now than it was in the days of noisy Evangelicalism and noisy Tractarianism.

However this may be, I am sure it is not true that 'there is now practically no belief in God,' though there is far too little obedience.

To his son Edward. Barmoor: 19 September, 1912.

Dearest Son: You will know with what mingled feelings of joy and sadness I have been thinking of your birthday. Forty: actually forty: an age which once seemed hopelessly out of reach even for myself, and now my son has climbed up to it. That makes for gladness, but the thought how few more of your birthdays I can possibly hope to witness makes rather for sadness, though I do not wish to be sad at the thought of receiving God's angel-message of death.

Dear Son! More and more I feel the difference between the things that endure and those which are mere breaking bubbles on the stream of life. Money, pleasure, politics (especially politics) and literary chatter: how small they seem now. The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. Hold fast by these last, dear son: let no man take thy crown.

Dear love to Catharine.

Thy ever loving and grateful father,
THOMAS HODGKIN.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JOURNEY'S END

THOMAS HODGKIN spent his last Christmas at Barmoor, where there was a happy gathering of some of his family and relations. There was a Christmas tree for a hundred village children in the Club House, at which he played his part by shouting out the names of the children and giving the toys, which his sons cut down from the tree, into the little eager hands stretched out to him. The next day was Sunday, and at their little meeting the Christmas tree, thrust into a corner of the Club-Room, suggested to him to speak on the words: 'and on the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' Perhaps many a little child had feared the night before that it was going to be forgotten, and yet, after all, its name was called and there was a present for it too. He spoke of the children's joy in their toys, and of the Heavenly Father who will rejoice to give to each of His little children the very thing their hearts most long for, when, this life over, they at last reach the better Home. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him and He will show them His covenant.'

He wrote to Lady Fry on Christmas Day, 'I find it rather hard to keep up my courage, with the many indications I have of gradually fading powers.' And to Mrs. Waterhouse, a few days later: 'It is not patience that I most need, but courage to look forth trustingly to the future, being assured that it is in the Father's hands . . . it may be that He will give us brightness and confidence at the end more than we have had on the journey.'

In the early days of 1913 he was in London for some Friends' Meetings and stopped at Newcastle on the way

back, speaking at meeting on Sunday, January 5. At the evening meeting his subject was Christ's presence in Samaria as healing national and ecclesiastical divisions. He records that Edwards the miner prayed, and describes it as 'a delightful meeting.'

As usual, he worked at his yearly balance and hunted for 'a recalcitrant penny' which he at last found. Then he helped George with his balance and, when it could not be got right, recommended him to 'own up to an error of 6*d.* in cash, instead of wasting more time over it.'

Hunting one day for some old letters, he wrote, 'The search did me good. It made me feel what an extremely interesting life mine has been. I must not grumble if, towards the close of it, the pace slackens somewhat.'

The last days of January were spent in York with his daughter for a Peace Conference, when the question of the Australasian Defence Bill was discussed. He presided and gave the opening speech, but he was tired and flurried and felt that things went lamely. Joshua Rowntree wrote of this Conference:

It was worth while for any deaf person to have gone to it just to watch Thomas Hodgkin sitting there, its leading figure, at fourscore years and over. He sat erect as if to prove that 'the labour and sorrow' predicted under the Old Dispensation, may be turned into gladness and tranquillity under the New, as if to make it plain by the example which speaks more plainly than precept, that it is possible for men in this panic-stricken twentieth century, as it was in the seventeenth, to live in the virtue of 'that life and power which takes away the occasion of all wars.'

Several of the audience spoke to his daughter afterwards about the good and helpful speech he had made, but she felt that the old fluency was gone and the old days over, when they used to marvel at the way in which his best lectures and addresses often came to him almost impromptu. He said to her rather sadly, 'I see I must not depend on myself now, I must write what I want to say beforehand. I did not make my points as I had intended.'

In April, 1912, he had been to a meeting for silent worship

in Mr. Cyril Hepher's church in Newcastle, and wrote of it: 'The Church meeting, which was the object of our journey, was a very happy time. We do seem to be getting down to deep underlying unity.' Early in February, 1913, he had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Cyril Hepher at Barmoor. They talked much about Silent Worship and the book, 'The Fellowship of Silence,' that was shortly to come out. Dr. Hodgkin took his guests to Flodden, and in the evening made the story of the battle living by reading 'Marmion' to them.

His last excursion from Barmoor was on February 11, when, having some business to do in Berwick, he motored there with his daughter. The business done, they rambled about the old town together, pretending they were exploring a foreign town, and they each showed the other some special bit of old Berwick they had discovered. He enjoyed his tea at a little cake shop known to his daughter, and was full of admiration for the establishment and indignant that such a remarkable place should have been 'kept from him' for so many years. As they drove home a big moon shone down on them cold and clear, and his daughter reminded him how one of her earliest cries, as a baby in his arms, had been 'Moon, Moon,' when he took her to the window to see it on some beautiful night. There was that same old moon and there they were. This led on to a deep little talk about change and changelessness and identity; what it was in them that was still the same as when she had first cried out at the moon, and why just they two shared that experience, that thrill of remembrance, into which no one else could enter. They went on to talk of that identity that may survive the greatest change of all.

It was as they drove to Berwick that morning that he spoke definitely for the first time about leaving the North, and said that he began to wish to get away from the long dark nights and dark mornings, and felt that he must get nearer the sun before another winter. George's packing up his belongings and taking his final leave as a home child, no doubt helped to make Barmoor seem too vast and lonely for those who were left. Parting from George was a great

wrench, but his father was very thankful at the prospect of his marriage and very insistent that nothing must be allowed to put it off.

After this there was more and more talk of the possibility of settling in a new home in Falmouth. They had heard of a possible house on the coast about four miles from the town, which they had seen and liked. It was called Treworgan, andwhen some one objected to the name, Hodgkin answered, 'I don't agree: I rather like the name. It reminds me of one of the Eliot family farms that was called Trewergy.' It was decided that they should take Treworgan for the month of March and try how they liked it, before coming to a final decision. On one of the last days at Barmoor his neighbour, Bishop Neligan, then vicar of Ford, came to see him and wrote of his visit: 'I can never forget the uplifting joy of that hour I had with him. Then, as always, I came away from him with higher thoughts and the feeling of having breathed purer air. His walk with God was so real.'

They planned to go all the way to Falmouth in the new car, and left Barmoor in glorious weather on February 22. The first pause in the journey south was made at Darlington, at his brother Jonathan's house, Elm Ridge, where he used always to stay for Quarterly Meetings. He went in to meeting on the following day, Sunday, and spoke on the message of Habakkuk, given in a time of stress when God seemed to hide Himself. He bade the old have courage and in spite of difficulties still to rejoice in the Lord. Then addressing the young, he warned them that they would have to face much greater times of difficulty than their elders had known: things would not grow easier. But though God might hide Himself, he bade them wait for the vision. 'Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, wait for it.' He ended with a strong note of hope for the future. Those who heard him were deeply moved by the solemnity and beauty of his words.

Next day they motored on to Sheffield, where he stayed for two quiet days with his daughter Lily, Mrs. Gresford Jones. He was not very well and spent what he described as a 'disgracefully lazy day.' Many hours were given to a very

difficult jig-saw puzzle. He asked for help with it, a rare thing with him, and seemed as if he could not rest till it were finished. As he lay back tired with closed eyes he said: 'I suppose it is Anno Domini, but these last few days I do so long for rest.' It was decided that the remainder of the journey to Falmouth should be by train. His daughter Violet had an engagement to lecture on Australia at Sheffield, and though she felt it very difficult to part from him, she knew that he would not wish her to give up anything connected with Australia. Her last sight of him was as she saw him off in the train. His wife had been obliged to leave him at Sheffield, but she joined him at Birmingham and they went on together to Bristol for the night, where he wrote in his diary: 'It feels delightful to be again in the dear west country.' He felt 'a great sense of peace and rest at being at the journey's end.'

Next day they had a sunny train journey to Falmouth. Several times during that day he said: 'It feels like coming home.' He was bringing his wife back to the place from which he had taken her more than fifty-one years before, bringing her back that she might spend her last years there amongst the scenes of her youth. He much enjoyed the drive out from Falmouth to Treworgan, though when he spoke of how in the past he had thought nothing of the walk into Falmouth, he added rather sadly: 'I shall never do it again.' Often he remarked: 'This dear west country. There is no other place I love so well as Falmouth—unless it was Ackworth.' He was pleased with the house at Treworgan: its mottoes in Greek and Latin on the chimney-pieces, the easy stairs, and his sunny study with its beautiful sea-view. Next day he explored the garden and walked down the steep path to the shore, saying as they came back: 'I can take the hill to-day better than I have done lately at Barmoor.' Many letters were written with the help of his secretary, and in the evening he was rejoiced by the arrival of his daughter Nelly, with two of her children. He read aloud for a long time to his grandson Charles, both equally unwilling to break off the reading, when the time came for the boy to go to bed.

The next day was Sunday. At first he decided not to

go to meeting that day, as the motor was not in good condition, and he was tired and felt it would be an effort to go. At the morning family prayers he read the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, dwelling, before he began to read, on the meaning the words had for them. 'The wanderings of the children of Israel are so like our wanderings away from the Lord our God. We build up our own idols often and forget Him. We have to take heed to ourselves.' He read with much emphasis and power, and prayed with deep earnestness that they might 'seek God with all their hearts and souls and give to Him all their hearts' love and all their souls' devotion.'

He had not been able to feel satisfied with not going to meeting and finally sent for a carriage to take them into Falmouth. At ten the carriage was there and his wife in it waiting for him. But even as he got ready to go, the swift summons came to another meeting, the meeting with the Master whom he had loved and followed all his long life. Without a word or a struggle, he who had feared death and disabling illness, passed from the fulness of life to meet Him of whom he had written:

> Oh Son of Man! if Thee and not another
> I here have known,
> If I may see Thee then, our First-born Brother,
> Upon Thy throne,
> How stern soe'er, how terrible in brightness
> That dawn shall break,
> I shall be satisfied with Thy dear likeness
> When I awake.

One who had never seen death before, his son George's betrothed, thus describes his earthly form as it lay at rest:

There was no sense of death in that room—not as I had imagined death. On his breast was a tiny wreath of lilies sent by Rachie King. His face was so wonderfully beautiful, majestic and peaceful, and yet it was not the face I knew.

If some sculptor had determined to carve a face which should show to the world his ideal of a great and good and noble man, if he had been gifted with skill and wisdom and

inspiration from God, he could have made nothing so perfect as the face we saw. Here God had been the sculptor—one knew it, and knew that the greatest human mind could add nothing which should make His work more perfect.

Yet this was not the one whom we knew.

Suddenly I realised what life meant.

In death we were seeing God's perfect handiwork, in life we had seen God Himself.

It was utterly impossible to believe that the least little pool or backwater of the glorious river of his life with us here, could be cut off or hindered from reaching God's infinite sea of life.

Once speaking of a dear friend's wish to be cremated, Thomas Hodgkin had said: 'I do not agree. I should rather give my body to dear Mother Earth.' As he had always wished, his body was laid to rest in the Friends' graveyard at Budock, a few miles from Falmouth. Here, high among the green fields with distant glimpses of the sea, grey walls enclose a quiet space of grass with a few trees. The whole spot breathes of rest and peace. Simple stones tell the names of those whose bodies have been brought there to their last resting-place, amongst them many of the Fox family and other well-known Falmouth Friends. In the dear south country which had brought him so much happiness, rather than amongst the smoke of Newcastle, the scene of his active life or by the wild Northumbrian shore which he had loved so well, it seemed fitting that the body of Thomas Hodgkin should lie. At the side of his grave they sang 'For ever with the Lord,' and 'The sands of time are sinking.' Friends gave thanks for his beautiful and fruitful life. The little company gathered there could not come as mourners when they remembered the rich harvest of his life, and gave thanks for him who had left them full of days and honours, but whose spirit seemed near them still to comfort and encourage. All could truly join in the prayer of thanksgiving offered by J. H. Fox for 'the beautiful life that had been such a help to many.'

Then Thomas Hodgkin's brother Jonathan spoke as follows:

There is a large fellowship of sympathy encircling the earth to-day, as many hearts here in England, away in Aus-

tralia, and in many other places share with us who are here the sense of loss. I only long that we may share also the sense of thankfulness, the thankfulness and peace which are truly in harmony with the truest sense of personal bereavement, as all of us can give thanks, not only for what our loved one has been to us, but for what the Lord Jesus Christ was to him. Perhaps there is hardly any thought which comes more closely home to one to-day than that of thankfulness for the wonderful simplicity of his own personal faith. Many an one, gifted in various ways, has sought after that simplicity and not known where to find it. With all the breadth of his outlook and the large-heartedness of his sympathy, all his readiness to welcome light, from whatever quarter it came, there was always at the bottom the reality of a wonderfully childlike faith, that childlike faith which is far from being inconsistent with the truest and deepest reason. And so to him our Father in Heaven was a real Father—no shadowy figment of the imagination. All the more real because he knew, more than most men, what true fatherhood means, in his relation to his own father and in relation to his own children, and therefore the infinite blessing of the Fatherhood of our God in Heaven meant much to him and much to us through him. He accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, as a personal Friend, in a way which many with lesser gifts than he had, might well have desired, and that friendship with his Saviour was one cause of the brightness of his face and the youth of his heart to the very end. And the guidance of the Holy Spirit was no mere fancy of the imagination to him. In his daily life, his home life, his business life, his literary life, the guidance of the Holy Spirit meant much to him, and I am sure the longing of his heart to-day would be, if he could speak to us, that others might come into this same simplicity of faith, this true trust in God's fatherly love, in the Lord Jesus Christ's redeeming grace, and in the all-sufficient guidance of the Holy Spirit for everyone, whatever the difficulties and perplexities of this life. He who has led many others on by his wise counsel and loving sympathy and helpfulness in all sorts of ways, would seek to lead us on to a fuller reality of our faith, the reality of our relationship with the Unseen and Eternal Father, and that this might be more and more seen in the daily life of each one of us. May those of us who love and honour him, seek so to do, stimulated by his example, inspired by what he would have said

to us, and may our simple trust lead to lives, we dare not say like his life, but to lives of obedience to the God who loves us and wants our best energies and our best service, and, most of all, our deepest heart's love, as He had the deepest heart's love of the one who has gone before, who is calling us one day to meet him in glory.

One who was there wrote :

I had never before realised how true the words could be, ' Oh death, where is thy sting, oh grave, where is thy victory ? ' The sense of personal loss was swallowed up in one of triumphant possession. . . . Instead of a day of sorrow, you had made it one of inspiration.

Thomas Hodgkin's brother-in-law and lifelong friend, Edward Fry, one who felt that in losing him he had lost the ordinary background of his thoughts, so often did he refer to him in mind, wrote the following lines in memory of him :

> As towards some low horizon of the West
> Begirt with clouds, and nebulous with mist
> Sink the pale stars, and fade, and die away
> So gently, that the eye can scarce discern
> The moment of their setting. So, too, die
> We old men often. Yet not such thy lot,
> My brother and my comrade.
> But as when
> Over an alpine valley cliff begirt
> Shines near the zenith in the clear cold air
> The star of midnight, which then, quick as thought,
> Falls behind some high crag, or beetling rock,
> And so, dies in its glory : such in sooth
> Seemed thy fair setting to our sorrowing eyes.

CHAPTER XVII

CHARACTERISTICS AND SAYINGS

The character of Thomas Hodgkin will have disclosed itself in the story of the activities of his life and thought, but it may help to complete the picture if some few touches are added in order to bring out if possible more clearly some of his little ways and habits, and to show something of the impression that he made upon others.

It is not easy to give any idea of the fun with which he was constantly bubbling over. Family jokes were many, and the memory of them is delightful to those who loved him, but family jokes can seldom bear repetition to outsiders. His fun and his jokes remained for his children the outstanding things in the daily family life. He belonged to an age that loved puns, and his puns were often atrocious, though at other times really witty. He confessed once that it was a calamity to be the possessor of a punning mind; possible puns would come to him at the most inconvenient moments. During the Palestine journey it used to be said that the heat of the weather might be known by the badness of his puns. He had a habit of meeting his children's exaggerations by most provoking understatements; for instance when they complained of the bitter, frightfully arctic cold, he would quietly reply, 'I have known it warmer.'

He did not much like chaff, but could indulge in gentle teasing. When some plan or letter was being discussed that he really knew all about, a look of mock injury would settle on his face as he uttered a favourite phrase, 'It has been kept from me.' Then, when an indignant protest was made with a demand that he must promise never to say that again, he would answer with another favourite phrase,

quoted from his old Nurse Betsy, ' My Dear, it all depends upon your behaviour.' The real fact was that nothing was ever kept from him. His children found him the loveliest person to tell secrets to, because, if they did not interest him, he would be safe to forget them after having given all the needful sympathy at the time. He was particular in his observation of birthdays and other anniversaries. Writing to a sister on this subject, he said :

The remembrance of one another's birthdays ought not to be allowed to become anything of a bondage, and no one of us should feel in the slightest degree hurt when the day slips by unnoticed. Still, it is pleasant to find that though our lives are flowing on in such widely different channels, one stream is, so to speak, within hearing of another, and the sound of the water falling over these little weirs, which we call birthdays, does not pass unnoticed.

His love of fun and nonsense made him always ready to join in his children's games, and not only to join in them but to enjoy them as if he were a child himself. He was very good at all writing games, at Lavaters and epigrams. ore serious games, such as chess or whist, he did not greatly care for. It was the games he could play with his children and other young people, games in which his overflowing sense of fun found scope, that he enjoyed. In the same spirit he enjoyed reading aloud to them at all times. No schoolboy enjoyed the first Sherlock Holmes more than he did. When his youngest son was twelve and he was sixty-two he read to him ' The Blue Carbuncle,' enjoying it quite as much as the boy himself. Opportunities of all kinds were seized for reading aloud. On a driving tour in 1900, when three of the family were in a wagonette, climbing slowly up the valley of the Teviot to Mosspool, in spite of jolts and jars he read to them an important speech just made by Lord Rosebery, to the great pleasure of the whole party. He had plenty of poetry stored up in his memory, knowing much Shelley and Milton by heart, and would repeat it on journeys when it was too dark to read.

His happiness was never kept to himself. It had to come out, and he always wanted some one to share his joys. Once having gone to Holland after the rest of his

party, he was travelling alone to join them from Leyden to Amsterdam in tulip time. He said that the tulips were so wonderful that, as there was no one in the carriage to share his admiration, he was obliged to stand up by the window and throw out his arms and shout out 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' all to himself.

How stimulating he was as a travelling companion has been made clear in the accounts of his journeys. But what was even rarer, he was gifted with a patience and good temper generally able to rise above the little irritating trials of travel. On one occasion which lives in the memory of his family, he was travelling to the Historical Congress at Cividale with his two children, Nelly and George. Sleeping-berths had been reserved for them in the express from Ostend to Vienna. Dr. Hodgkin was seeing the luggage through the Douane, and George took the small bags and put them on three seats in what he thought was the right train. Nelly and he waited for their father in vain, till suddenly it dawned upon them that they were in the wrong train. Their train had not started, but the right one had gone with their father on board, who, having been delayed at the Douane, jumped in just as the train was starting. After some hesitation, they decided that it would be best to stay at Ostend and await instructions. Much telegraphing was necessary before they met at last again at Brussels, but they lost their wagon-lits, their luggage, the through connexion, and twenty-four hours of the Congress. They reached Brussels very crest-fallen about midnight. But, as George writes:

> There was father on the station beaming smiles of love and thankfulness at getting us safely. He had spent the time of waiting buying in the peasants' market, hair-brushes and night things for us, as we were without luggage. The Belgian nightdress he purchased for Nelly was rather peculiar, but his loving welcome was wonderfully unforgetable.

His children do not remember that he ever alluded to the incident again, though they never forgot the misery of their feelings that night.

Delightful though he was as a travelling companion, he could not always be dragged away from the things he was

interested in, to look at what others wanted him to see. His daughter Violet records of one visit to Rome that he had been boasting of never having been to the Vatican that time, so that they insisted on carrying him off there ; but she continues :

Though one man may lead an archæologist to a museum, ten can't make him drink anything but inscriptions when he gets there. I thought we should never get him to the Braccio Nuovo. Edward and I had been twice round before he came in, and then I thought we should never get him to the Diana end, he would stay finding out little nameless Cæsar busts. . . .

' But, all the same, to see sights without him was like the play of "Hamlet" without Hamlet.' He had, too, unexpected uses as a travelling companion. Once at Gravedona, on Lake Como, Violet was so tormented by a flock of screaming, chattering children that neither rest nor sketching were possible. She went into the church for a few minutes, leaving her sketching things under her father's care. She was only away three minutes, but when she came back, to her surprise, he was alone and the children had disappeared. To her amazed inquiry as to how he had got rid of them, he answered : ' Oh, I told them to go away, and as they wouldn't —I made a face ! '

His family could never feel sure whether he was one of the most or one of the least observant of people. Most often he seemed to notice nothing, especially as regards dress. He used to say that he might pass one of his own family in the street without noticing them. Then suddenly he would upset all calculations by unexpected quickness of observation. Questioned once on the subject, he answered : ' I notice more than anybody thinks : especially hats, and I nearly always think them hideous.'

How far he was observant may be doubtful, but there is no doubt about his constant consideration for others. He used to blame himself for being preoccupied, and once in a letter, after praising the thoughtfulness of his children for others in little things, he added, ' I think I could without much struggle jump out of an over-full boat leaving a capsiz-

ing steamer: but the little self-denials of daily life, the opening doors and giving up easy-chairs and so on are very much against my nature.' If this is true, it is true also that he conquered his nature. He was always considerate of servants, whether his own or other people's. He had a kind word for the maids and waiters at hotels, and for the porters and cab-drivers whom he met on his many travels. At Schwalbach, finding on Sunday that the hotel servants had no opportunity to go to any church service, he gathered those who cared to come together in his room for a little meeting for prayer, at which he spoke and prayed in German. On his journeys he chummed with everyone he came across, of whatever age or nationality; with his fellow-travellers, with the peasants on the roads, the hotel-keepers, the shop-keepers. And as he used every opportunity for increasing his knowledge of human beings, so no interest that came in his way was neglected. His mind was always growing, always open to a new interest. It is this quality that seemed to keep him perpetually young, his mind ever fresh and open.

One reason, no doubt, why he was able to get through so much work was that he knew how to order his life. He was a man of regular habits, always up and dressed about three-quarters of an hour before breakfast, when he would first read Hebrew or the Greek Testament and then take a little walk in the garden. His morning's work was regularly broken by a short walk in the garden of fifteen or twenty minutes. After a little rest in the afternoon, there followed another walk, and, whether there were visitors or not, he would go to bed punctually soon after ten o'clock.

Literary work was never a toil, but always a delight, to him. It was natural to him to use his pen as a means of expression and he wrote quickly and easily. His daughter says:

He knew exactly what he was going to say and how to say it. It used to amaze me to see the way his sentences and paragraphs flowed easily on, without any rough copies or writing and rewriting. Now and again he would draw a pen through a sentence or paragraph and remodel it, but not often.

His verse also flowed easily, sometimes it seemed almost to write itself, and it was natural to him throughout his life to express in poetry anything that touched him closely. Several long dramatic poems, planned or written in early manhood, seem to show that he may at one time have cherished ambitious schemes and hopes of poetical distinction. Of these 'Iphitus' is the most important. Many lines in it reveal the bitterness of the disappointment caused by his breakdown in health in early manhood. When once he had settled to his life-work as a historian, the writing of verse receded into the background, but it always remained an occasional solace. In 1900 those of his poems which seemed to him the best, were collected under the title of 'Thoughts of Many Years.' The pleasure this small volume gave, not only to his own immediate circle, but to many unknown to him personally, and the many enthusiastic letters he received about it, were an unexpected happiness. He had expected criticism for daring to appear as a poet.

'Emori Nolo,' his best known poem, stands on rather a different level of attainment from his other verses. It has even been said by one at any rate, that he would live by it when 'Italy and her Invaders' was forgotten. His most important piece of verse in later life was a Jubilee Ode written for the opening of the Exhibition at Newcastle. Its first line, 'Upon a bleak Northumbrian moor,'[1] was quoted so repeatedly in the local newspapers that summer, that it became a family joke that the printers kept it in type to use on all possible occasions The last verse contains some of his deepest thought on the lessons of history.

Lord of the Ages! Thine
Is the far-traced design
That blends earth's mighty Past with her To-be.
Slowly the web unrolls,
And only wisest souls
Some curves of Thine enwoven cipher see;
Power fades and glory wanes,
But the Unseen remains,
Thither draw Thou our hearts and let them rest in Thee.

[1] See Appendix.

The 'Unseen Nile,' written on his first day in Cairo in 1889, was one of the latest of his travel poems. After this date original poems came more rarely ; but to the end of his life he enjoyed making translations in verse. His translations of Claudian were written in early life ; later on came paraphrases of Horace and St. Augustine. On the voyage to Australia he amused himself by translating his beloved Boethius into English verse.

His irrepressible fun was always ready to bubble up in verse or epigram. At the family breakfast one morning he announced, with the air of one who had made a profound discovery, that

> A gentle marmot in her nest
> Two orange eggs had laid,
> There came by three, men from Dundee
> And made them *marmotlade*.

His two romantic passions, for Queen Bess and for milky puddings, were commemorated in the following lines :

> He loved his puddings nice and plain,
> He worshipped Queen Elizabeth,
> And 'twixt these adorations twain
> Was faithful unto death.

Verses of this kind were the delight of his younger guests when he joined with keen zest in their writing games. Dumb Crambo and any kind of private acting were a real excitement to him. His filial piety had kept him from ever visiting a theatre, though there was much in his nature which would have made the drama a special delight to him. Only in late life did he go once to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. He was not quite happy or comfortable there, and said afterwards that he felt he had been right in keeping away from the theatre. One summer, whilst he was at Bamborough, Sir Henry Irving was staying in the village, and they used often to take walks together. Sir Henry said that he found it most refreshing to talk with some one who had never been to a theatre.

Thomas Hodgkin's friendships were many and various, with people of different nationalities, of different ages, and

of different tastes. He was much interested in his children's friends, and especially he shared in a wonderful way his daughter Violet's friends. He said to her once in her girlhood, as she showed him her birthday presents and told him about the friends who had sent them, 'You seem to have struck oil in friends.' With one of these friends, Mary Coleridge, he read Hebrew and shared many interests in poetry and art. Another, Paula Schuster, let him use her London house almost as his own whenever it suited him, and filled him with gratitude for her beautiful hospitality. With a third, Edith Sichel, he leapt into friendship in a moment, owing to their common historical studies. She said of him once, 'He wears his learning like a rose in his cap.' Another of his younger friends in later years was Henry Newbolt, who, with wife and children, was a regular summer visitor. These children gave the first radiant promise of joys to come, before Hodgkin was blessed with grandchildren of his own. The children's father, more than any other of those who knew Hodgkin in later years, had the power of making his host become for the time being the same age as himself, as they discussed together the many topics—political, literary, historical—in which they were both interested. Hodgkin's hospitality was unlimited. Friends, old and new, were always welcome at his house. He was a perfect host, able both to entertain his guests at times and to leave them to themselves at other times, able, too, to go on with his own work during their visits, so that they had no cause to feel themselves a burden on his time. But his many friends added to the ever-increasing burden of his correspondence. People of all kinds, many of them personally unknown, wrote to him about historical, archæological, religious, social, and political questions. Many are the groans in his diary over the burden of his correspondence, which sat heavily upon him. He called it 'the great and unprofitable burden of my life.' 'Nobody writes such interesting letters as I do or receives such dull ones,' he said sometimes. That his correspondents thoroughly enjoyed his letters and found them helpful and sympathetic, is shown by the nature of their answers to him. Each year new correspondents were added to the already immense

number, and the nature of the questions addressed to him shows the estimation in which his wide knowledge was held. He never found it easy to depute work to others, and it took a long time for him to get used to dictating to a secretary, though he took to it in his later years and was very thankful for the help given him. He shared his letters with wife and daughter and readily agreed to the compact made with him by his daughter, that she might open and read any letter to him or from him, but that he must on no account touch her letters. The latter part of the compact caused him no difficulty, for he was quite without inquisitiveness. He had no desire to know anything not meant for him, though love affairs always interested him. He was particularly keen to find wives for his sons. On being shown a new doll by one of his daughters in early days, he would say, 'No, I don't like her. I don't think she would make a good wife for Edward'; or 'That doll's expression is vapid; I shouldn't like Edward to marry a wife like that'; or 'I'm afraid there's no doubt she's a minx. Whatever happens, Edward must not marry a minx.' Perhaps the three happiest days in his life were those after his eldest son's engagement. But the mere thought of losing one of his daughters terrified him.

He did not, especially in later years, allow sad thoughts or worries to hang about him. His was a very sensitive nature, joys and sorrows alike were keenly felt, and in letters and diaries sometimes the sad side of life seems to be prominent in his thoughts. But joy and thankfulness, too, find constant expression, and more and more as the years passed did he feel it a duty to cultivate the spirit of joy, so that he seemed to express the sunny joyousness of life. Worries were put away by a definite effort of will, and by a determination to turn his thoughts to happy things. If a letter came that he expected would be worrying, he used to give it to his wife to open and read first, or, if it came at night, keep it unopened till the next morning. He would write out a full answer to a quarrelsome letter in order 'to get it out of the system,' and then tear it up and write a much shorter and gentler one, which at least clothed with kind words what he really felt. A worry would

keep him awake, but, as a rule, he was a splendid sleeper, and his sleep was enriched by the most wonderful dreams. He used to say that it was a characteristic of the Hodgkin family to spend their brain power in dreaming, and so to be less clever by day than they might have been. In 1897 he records the following dream in his diary:

For some reason or other I knew that I was about to die, and I ordered my coffin (of elm wood) and made other preparations for the event. When the bill for the coffin came in, it was full of elaborate particulars like a coach-builder's or an old-fashioned attorney's bill; and at the end of many pages it totalled up to £1,034 19s. I said, 'This is monstrous. If I am to be charged all this for a coffin I won't die,' and straightway I recovered.

Here we see the banker's mind even in his dreams. He was always interested in expenditure, and notes in his diary when hotel bills or other charges are extortionate. But if he was wise and prudent in business matters, and careful in his own expenditure, he was also most generous. He gave much away of which no one ever knew, and his large gifts were always made as quietly as possible. He had a horror of betting and gambling, and in 1885, when his eldest daughter and son were respectively sixteen and thirteen years old, he spoke to them very seriously on the subject, telling them 'how dangerous it was to begin in any form to play for money: how easily those who began by playing for penny or sixpenny points went insensibly further, till it was impossible to stop.' He said the only safeguard was to have a rule never to play for money, and urged them to tell his wish to their younger brothers and sisters in later years.

Liberal and tolerant in his ideas, he had a great dislike for controversy or bitter personalities. In spite of all his varied activities, and the many different interests he touched in his life, he was never engaged in anything that could be called a controversy. Yet he did not keep out of difficult questions; on the contrary, he was always ready to plunge into them, when he felt it his duty to redress an evil or take up a cause. But the spirit in which he intervened prevented

contentiousness or personal feeling. He always wished to give people credit for good intentions and laboured earnestly and sympathetically to understand both sides that he might bring opponents together. It is very rare to find, even in his most private letters or diaries, anything that the severest critic could call an unkindly, critical, or prejudiced remark. The suspicion of prejudice and want of understanding and sympathy comes out more than anywhere else in his attitude towards what he called Anglo-Catholic opinion. This came no doubt mainly from what has been described as 'a natural shrinking from creeds and ceremonies. His was rather a rich and joyous Catholicism which somehow had overleapt all symbolic expression.' [1]

His son-in-law, Herbert Gresford Jones, writes:

It was at Family Prayers that he revealed himself most intimately. No one privileged to share in that calm and wide-hearted circle with which the day began—children and grandchildren, guests and servants forming in their varied postures one quiet, composite whole—would ever forget at once the depth and the joyousness of the impression. First a terse, deep-voiced summary of the argument—whether of Prophet or Apostle—then the resonant, impressive reading, and finally, after the long characteristic pause, the fervent, comprehensive, paternal Prayer. The reality of the moment was infectious; still more the indefinable joyousness with which this domestic exercise of Faith and Charity opened at his touch the varied programme of each new day.

No kind of party spirit ever found expression in his historical writing. In reading his history we feel

that the craftsman is largely lost in the prophet. His study of the struggle of nations and ideas culminated in his love of freedom. He was no sectarian, no mere party man—he stood for all that concerned the welfare of humanity—he claimed that the true reformer cannot have sectarian aims. Above all, he believed in the mighty and energising power of the Christian Faith. He lived his faith.[2]

[1] Harold Anson in *The Commonwealth*. See Appendix. [2] G. Newman.

His character found expression in his literary work.

His merit as a historian was greatly increased, if not created, by his large amount of human nature. He lived in the past and made it live to others—yet in past as in present he felt the obligation of keeping the balance true, and of examining the evidence before coming to any conclusion. Perhaps no one ever came nearer to my ideal of a Christian gentleman. You see it in his books and you felt it in his talk. His beautiful self came out in all that he wrote and said and did. His charity and kindliness, with his high standard of moral rectitude, marked all that he uttered about men and women of all ages, our own included, and his modesty with all his learning was to me most touching.[1]

Perhaps no adjective describes his manner and the effect his temperament made on others so well as urbane. There was a quiet dignity and thoughtful consideration for others, a spirit of moderation and width, which found expression both in his manner and his talk.

The following quotations tell what some of those who knew him well felt about him.

I always came away from him with higher thoughts and the feeling of having breathed purer air. His walk with God was so real. He was one of those men who make us feel that personality is more real and more immortal than anything else in this world. . . . He certainly had the secret of happiness, unselfishness and sympathy.[2]

His face, naturally beautiful, had in it that serenity and light that made one wonder if John Keble looked like that. I think of him as I saw him in my church in Newcastle, at one of our Quiet Meetings, kneeling, doubtless out of his most Christian courtesy and consideration for our ways rather than his own. The old grey walls which for five hundred years had enshrined the splendour of a mediæval Catholicism, and now were again the home of a rich Catholicism restored, looked down upon him there as upon the living image of worship and adoration. It was delightful to see him in his beautiful home at Barmoor, for me a never-to-be-forgotten visit, alas only just in time ;

[1] Alice Gardner. [2] A. L. Smith (now Master of Baliol).

or on the field of Flodden with 'Marmion' on his lips, or receiving with his incomparable dignity and grace a Bishop fresh home from the Antipodes. Wherever he went he carried with him the atmosphere of still peace won in many a Quiet Meeting. That atmosphere pervaded Barmoor Castle.[1]

Whatever success I have had, secular as well as spiritual, is practically due to his initiative. Going into business, walking safely along the most slippery and dangerous paths (which were not so to *me*, owing to his constant vigilance and support), I always looked like a child to him for advice and guidance. There are no more powerful bankers left like him and John William Pease, and there will be no more men like me, who succeeded simply on account of the consistent and loyal support of their bankers. . . . I never hardly saw a man who could so instantly make up his mind as to the best course of action in a difficulty, and then never waver or deviate.[2]

His was indeed one of the purest and sweetest natures, and one of the most high-minded and public-spirited that I have ever known. To be with him always made me feel happy and tranquil; there was such a simple sincerity of goodness about all his thoughts.[3]

Such width of thought and such simplicity of character are very seldom found united. He seemed to have come nearer than, perhaps, any of his contemporaries to solving the problem of modern life for the individual. The growth of knowledge, the perplexities of thought, the weight of affairs, the worries and disasters which continually called to him for sympathy—these seemed only to ripen his nature without ever complicating or distracting it. His power was kindly and tonic, mellowing rather than fierce, vitalising by tranquillity rather than by impulse—the fine urbanity of a Roman gentleman he had to the full—the spirit and the fruit of his religion were in sight of all who knew him.[4]

Nothing will ever be nearer or more vivid to me than those days of Bamborough and Barmoor, and that broad

[1] Cyril Hepher, in *The Fellowship of Silence*.
[2] Sir Benjamin Browne.
[3] James Bryce (now Viscount Bryce).
[4] Henry Newbolt, in the *Times*.

sunshine of his nature, in which every moment was delightful—more than that it strengthened the nerves of the heart. Let us often go through our memories together. I am this very instant standing in the autumn garden with him, talking of Sacraments, and looking down on the bees swarming on the bast-matting at our feet.[1]

As for him—I can only repeat what you know so well—how I love him—what he has meant to me during these last years, to the ignorant, striving, insignificant life of my mind and spirit—and what a joy-bringing, fun-giving sunshine he has made for me as for so many others. His good, delicious laugh and drolleries on the top of that *ocean* of knowledge was always just like the sea with the sun on it, and the waves racing and the gulls dipping (happy gulls, I among the most happy) and the clouds scudding—and the sky and what is above the sky. For me he will never have passed away.[2]

Sayings gathered from Talk and Letters

I sometimes think when one is alone one visits all one's friends more equally. One pictures first one and then another, imagines their pursuits and interests, and links oneself for a little while to their present and future. (Ætat. 25.)

There is a great deal of teaching I am persuaded in this ordinary, very routine work of business, if one could only have one's eyes opened to see it all. There is something especially in being, as the centurion expressed it, 'a man under authority,' in having to receive orders from those above one and to transmit them to those below, which to me, after my long and apparently irresponsible student life, often suggests analogies full of meaning. (Ætat. 25.)

Money spent in travelling is never regretted.

So long as England is strong it will not be possible to find out whether she is loved or hated.

It is easier for demagogues, like the wind, to stir up passion than to allay it.

[1] Henry Newbolt, from a letter.

[2] Edith Sichel.

A Church, like a political party, has the right to define what the limits of its platform are, exclusively as well as inclusively.

I think one feels in German work the absence of that habit of weighing evidence and attributing to it its full weight, nothing more and nothing less, which generations of jury practice have made a second nature to the English intellect.

God speaks to us pre-eminently by human lives, and no other mode of teaching is so impressive at the time or abides longer in the memory.

For all successful biography there should be a very close union of soul between the biographer and his subject.

Speaking about a lecture on the frequency of earthquakes in Japan :

No lives seem to be lost and I suppose the houses being built of paper do not suffer much or irreparably. Perhaps you just stick a little stamp-paper over the tear and there you are. This presents the subject of house *rents* in quite a new aspect.

After sleeping in a steamer saloon :

One feels somewhat degraded by sleeping in one's every-day clothes ; but, after all, it is what Bede and the monks of his day did habitually.

Of a day of cold drizzle in May :

It would not have got a pass if it had gone up for examination in November.

Fear of making a loss is quite as powerful a motive as hope of making a gain.

Manner in this world, and especially with people whom one slightly knows, counts for so much more than matter.

Speaking of a certain writer's style :

It always reminds me of chopped straw, though I do not know from present experience what eating chopped straw would be like.

He describes an acquaintance as—

In that needlessly elderly condition into which so many of our contemporaries subside.

Writing to his daughter at College on the need of daily exercise :

If ever you find evening coming on without your having put your nose out of doors all day, may your conscience prick you so that the blood comes.

Deep down in my heart there is a tendency towards the Chinese worship of ancestors.

The mistakes of good and holy men and women, how strange they are and how difficult to rectify.

Always try to keep the sunward side of your nature uppermost.

When, having left his keys behind, his wife sent them to him :

A new verse must be added to the celebrated chapter in Proverbs, ' She remembereth the keys of her husband when he hath forgotten them, and sendeth them after him into the city.'

After describing a crowded meeting :

Had a fly been interested in the subject, it would have had some difficulty in finding a place.

Of the Newcastle climate :

Our shy Newcastle always puts on her veil when people come to visit her.

Routine is a good servant, and one that we cannot wholly dispense with, but a bad master.

When reading for a lecture :

How much pleasanter is the work of filling the cask than that of emptying it.

I look up to those early volumes of ' Italy and her Invaders ' with the same respect for their judgment that I feel for our dear Edward's, and feel that my child is now wiser than I.

In the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, but there is also perplexity.

Like property, membership in a Christian Church has its duties as well as its rights.

The sense of need is the beginning of worship.

If you do not see your way clearly upon it just at first, have patience. Keep the matter well in view, and light will arise upon your path.

On the absurdity of making St. Peter the first of a long line of infallible pontiffs:

He was one of the most delightfully fallible of the whole band, as all his history shows.

When preaching about the Ark of the Covenant:

The Ark was meant to be *secret* within the veil, we do not well when we draw out our soul's secret experiences and parade them before the world or try to do battle by their means with the Philistine.

Of one who spoke about the future life in detail:

He has too much of the upholstery of Heaven for me.

Between the extremely sharp and clear notions about Heaven which some of our popular religious teachers present and this *gran rifiuto* of immortality there is surely room for something better, 'a reasonable faith and quiet exercise of the patience of hope.'

It seems to be quite as true in reference to our material as to our spiritual existence, that we can only live by accepting, without trying to think out, the unthinkable.

We are meant to take our faith into the world and use it, not to shut it up in a hothouse.

There are shadows across our paths, but let us not lengthen the shadows by our own forebodings which have so often proved vain and needless, but go forth to meet the unknown without fear and with a manly heart.

And so with a good hope and with courage drawn from our Captain's words, we look towards the wonderful—not terrible—Beyond.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

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APPENDIX II

EMORI NOLO: MORTUUM ME ESSE NIHIL ÆSTUMO.[1]

I

One wrote of old, 'The struggle of this dying
Is all I dread:
I shall not heed when men above me, sighing,
Say, "He is dead."'

Not in such words, oh Father of our Spirits,
Speak we again:
A fear, a hope each child of us inherits,
Making them vain.

II

Awful the hour, and shall be through the ages,
That closeth Life;
With the worn Soul the weary Body wages
Self-torturing strife.

Till far, so far from loving eyes around them,
One journeyeth lone,
And that close wedlock that for years hath bound them
Ends with a groan.

The pale, still Form, so late so dear a treasure,
Its fate we know;
The Dust, the Worm, its depth of ruin measure
Where it lies low.

[1] 'Dying I abhor: I care nothing about being dead.' Translated and adopted by Cicero, in his Tusculan Disputations, I. 8, from Epicharmus, the Sicilian comic poet. The circumstances of Cicero's death are well known. Epicharmus died at the age of 95. Sir T. Browne (*Religio Medici*) erroneously attributes the sentiment to Cæsar.

But the vast doubt wherewith our souls are shaken
Outlasts the tomb!
'Where, in what regions, shall the Wanderer waken,
Gazing on whom?'

III

Father! I live or die, in this confiding,
That Thou art King;
That each still Star above me owns Thy guiding,
Each wild Bird's wing.

That Nature feels Thee, great unseen Accorder
Of all her wheels,
That tokens manifest of Thy mightier order
Her strife reveals.

And that without Thee not a wave is heaving
Nor flake descends,
That all the giant Powers of her conceiving
Are Thy Son's friends.

IV

Yet, I beseech Thee, send not these to light me
Through the dark vale;
They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
And I so frail.

No! let me gaze, not on some sea far reaching
Nor star-sprent sky,
But on a *Face* in which mine own, beseeching,
May read reply.

For more than Poet's song or Painter's seeing
Of fiery Hell,
Thrills me this dread of waking into Being
Where no souls dwell.

V

Such was my cry: hath not the mighty Maker
Who gave me Christ,
Hath He not granted me a sweet Awaker
For the last tryst?

Given a Son who left the peace unbroken
That reigns above,
That He might whisper God's great name unspoken
The name of Love!

VI

Have I not known Him? Yes, and still am knowing,
And more shall know;
Have not His sweet eyes guided all my going,
Wept with my woe;

Gleamed a bright dawn-hope when the clouds of sadness
Made my soul dim,
And looked their warning when an alien gladness
Lured me from Him?

VII

Lord, when I tread this valley of our dying,
Sharp cliffs between,
Where over all, *one* ghastly Shadow lying
Fills the ravine,

E'en then, Thy kingly sceptre being o'er me,
I will not fear;
Thy crook, my Shepherd, dimly seen before me,
My way shall clear.

And when the grave must yield her prey down-stricken,
When sleep is o'er,
When the strange stirs of life begin to quicken
This form once more,

Oh, Son of Man, if Thee and not another
I here have known,
If I may see Thee then, our First-born Brother,
Upon Thy throne;

How stern soe'er, how terrible in brightness
That dawn shall break,
I shall be satisfied with Thy dear likeness
When I awake.

THOMAS HODGKIN.

San Remo, 1868.

APPENDIX III

JUBILEE ODE. 1887

I

Upon a bleak Northumbrian moor
Behold a palace raised: behold it filled
With all that fingers fashion, deftly skilled,
With all that strongest-fibred brains have willed,
When they, like Nature's self, have vowed to build
Structures that shall for centuries endure.

How came these marvels hither? By what power
Have all been gathered in the self-same hour
Upon a bleak Northumbrian moor?
Why should both East and West for ever pour
The willing tribute of their golden store
In ceaseless tide upon thy storm-swept shore
O little island in the Northern main?
O little isle between two oceans' spray?
Deep lies the answer: endless is the chain
That binds the far-off ages with To-day.

II

Here, when the North-wind raved,
The giant tree-trunks waved;
We see them o'er the unimagined tracts of time,
Yet never eye beheld
Those woodlands fair of eld;
No hand those tree-trunks felled
Scarred by the summer's flash, silvery with winter's rime.
For countless years the sun
Through steaming vapours dun
Beheld their growth renewed
In sylvan solitude,
While the green-mantled earth slept in her innocent prime.

Wave! fronded forests! wave!
Sink gradual to your grave
Beneath some nameless river's oozy bed.
Roll! myriad ages! roll!
So shall the treasure, Coal,
Be stored for some new race, Creation's crown and head.

III

But vain is Nature's store,
Vain as the golden ore
Upon some barren isle for famine-wearied men,
Unless her sons be true,
Mighty to dare and do,
And bind with each new need the social bond again.
Patience and mutual trust
And courage to be just,
And the frank, fearless gaze that seeks its fellow's eyes,
And loving loyalty
Law-bound, yet ever free:
Upon these deep-laid stones enduring Empires rise.

IV

Thus hath our England grown
E'er since, long years agone,
She first did turn her face towards Freedom's holy light,
When Alfred, best of kings,
Beat back the raven's wings,
And gave her law for war, sweet day for barbarous night.
Till now, when Alfred's child
Sees 'neath her sceptre mild
Wide ocean-sundered realms in loyal love unite.

V

Lady, who through thy tears
Surveyest the traversed years,
The glad, the sad, the strange half-century,
Thy people's shouts acclaim
Thy loved victorious name.
Oh! be that name the pledge of conquests yet to be
O'er want and grinding care,
Faction and fierce despair,
Dark ignorance in her lair
And all that mars this day our joyous Jubilee.

VI

Lord of the Ages! Thine
Is the far-traced design
That blends earth's mighty Past with her To-be.
Slowly the web unrolls,
And only wisest souls
Some curves of Thine enwoven cipher see;
Power fades and glory wanes
But the Unseen remains.
Thither draw Thou our hearts and let them rest in Thee.

APPENDIX IV

A NORTHUMBRIAN SAINT

By Harold Anson

(From *The Commonwealth*, June 1913)

The Commonwealth can hardly pass by without a word the death of so great an Englishman as Thomas Hodgkin, for indeed it would be difficult to find a nobler example of that kind of character which we should like to think was typical of English Christianity.

It is indeed a rare thing to find a man who is at once keen and successful in business, an historian and scholar of the first rank, a noble type of country gentleman, a lover of Peace, and an ardent and passionate upholder of all great social and philanthropic causes. Dr. Hodgkin was all of these, and there must be many who knew him in one or other capacity who were quite unconscious of his excellence in other walks of life of which they themselves had no experience, and yet, beyond all this there was something for which those who knew Dr. Hodgkin even a little loved him more and held him in greater reverence.

He was surely the type of English mysticism at its best. We have become familiar of late years, as we used not to be, with the great mystics of mediæval times, St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Francis, and St. Ignatius. We realise and revere their greatness, and yet many of us surely feel that their lives leave us convinced that for us there must be a way of following Christ which is different from theirs. We reverence them for their sanctity, for their marvellous intuition of God,

for their self-devotion, for their simpleness, but their experiences require translation for us Englishmen: they do not speak to us in our own tongue. We know that we have something to express in our national consciousness which was not given to them.

And here we find a new expression of the immanent life of Christ. A life lived in the profound and passionate conviction of the reality of the Inner Light: a countenance which shone with the realised presence of Christ: an experience of the powers of the Invisible World which could not be mistaken or concealed. To know such a man as Dr. Hodgkin even a little is to be assured of the reality of the unseen Kingdom, and yet you see with it a heightening of all the best characteristics of the modern Englishman. His religion when applied to his daily work raised the standard of business (we are told) in Newcastle: it brought in new ideals to the profession of banking: it made him an ardent antiquarian and an accurate and learned historian: it induced him to travel in his old age to the remote corners of the earth that he might visit the Churches of the new worlds, and brought him into sympathy with Colonial ideas and hopes: it gave charm and dignity to a beautiful and radiant home. Here was a man who had never known the Sacrament of Baptism, but who was beyond all manner of doubt 'born again' and seeing every day the Kingdom of God; here was one who had never partaken of the Eucharist and who fed daily of the Heavenly Bread.

Here was a Quaker who had about him none of the sectarian spirit which sometimes mars the witness of a member of a small and select religious community: his was rather a rich and joyful catholicism which somehow had overleapt all symbolic expression.

The life of his own Church filled him with enthusiasm, but never bounded his sympathies: he had none of that anti-clerical narrowness which makes some men slow to recognise natural priesthood just because it has an official stamp: he had a natural shrinking from creeds and ceremonies, but only a wide and genuine love for those who found help from them.

It might be said that such a character can only be produced where there is a background of material comfort and leisure, and must therefore be always a rare exception; but we find just the same ideal of simple and profound spiritual vision combined with great practical sense, the same ardent love of education, the same independence of outward rites, the same simple and beautiful courtesy in many an artisan home of our great industrial towns. Surely English Christianity was meant to produce just such characters as these: they are to us in England what

St. Francis is to the Latin races: they show us the ideal of our stern and homely race transformed by the indwelling of Christ.

Nowhere else, surely, in the world would you expect to find this combination of deep religion, practical worldly ability, and love of learning. And where else in the world shall we find a friendship such as that between Bishop Creighton and Thomas Hodgkin, the Statesman Bishop and the Quaker mystic? That such a friendship should exist is the glory of our Church and of our race.

Where else in the world shall we find a great scholar and social reformer facing death with words like those which Thomas Hodgkin wrote in 1868 in his poem 'Emori Nolo'?

This life, lived first by Tyneside and afterwards within sight of Lindisfarne, surely binds the religion of modern England to the tradition of Bede and Cuthbert, and reveals to us that which is the undying secret of religion, manifested in many ages and under many forms.

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